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# THE NEW YORKER

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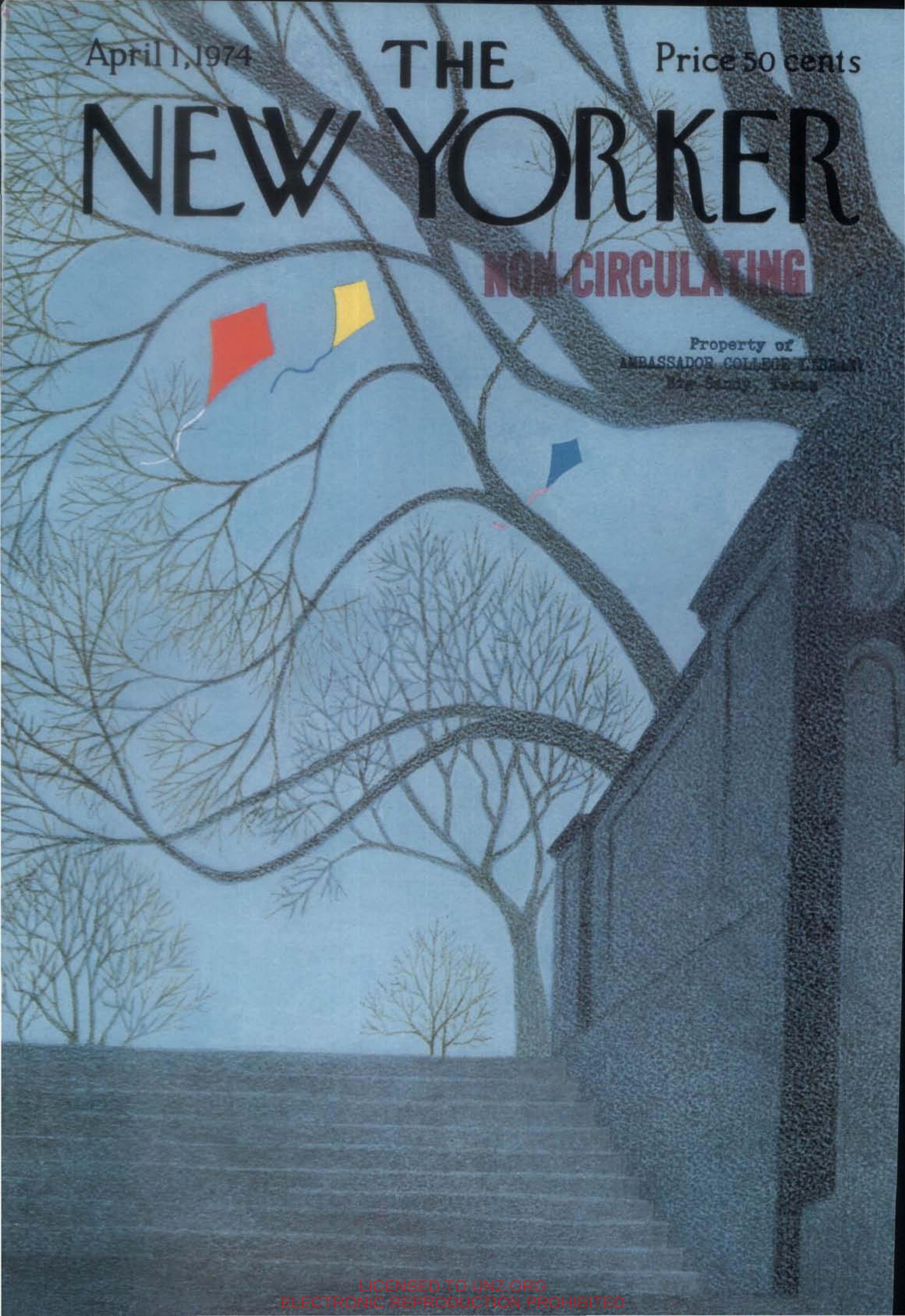

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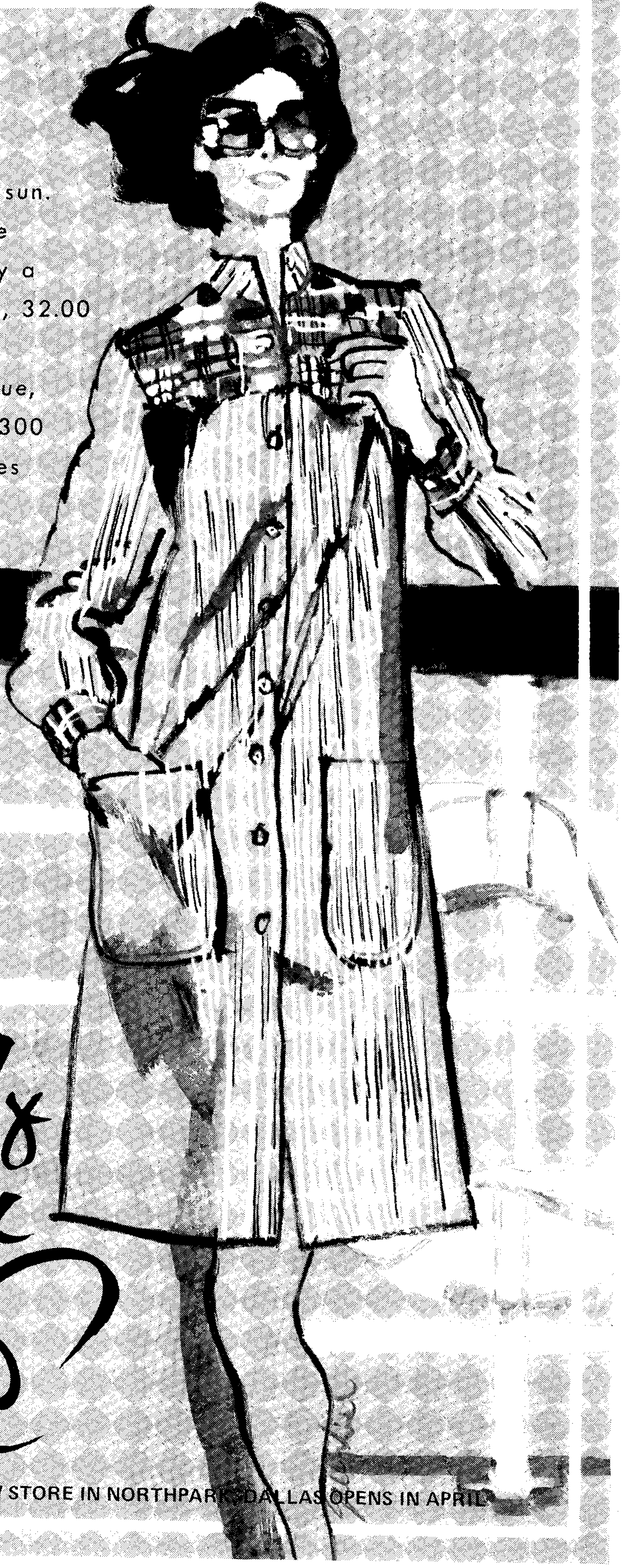

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Bad Habits**—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set at a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**British Theatre Season**—Final performances by the Young Vic at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. SCAPINO, adapted from Molière, in the Lepercq Space: Wednesday, March 27, at 8, and Saturday, March 30, at 2. . . . ¶ Terence Rattigan's FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS, in the Lepercq Space: Thursday, March 28, at 8. . . . THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, in the Opera House: Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, at 8, and Sunday, March 31, at 2 and 7:30. Starting Thursday, April 18, the Royal Shakespeare Company will be back for *its* windup performances. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

**Candide**—A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Clarence Darrow**—Henry Fonda in a five-week engagement of a one-man play by David W. Rintels, based on Irving Stone's book "Clarence Darrow for the Defense." Directed by John Houseman. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

**The Dance of Death**—Strindberg's play, adapted by A. J. Antoon (who also directed) from a translation by Elizabeth Sprigge. Robert Shaw, Zoe Caldwell, and Hector Elizondo are the entire cast. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Previews through Wednesday, April 3. Opens officially on Thursday, April 4, and will run through Sunday, May 5. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**Dear Nobody**—This recitation, by Jane Marla Robbins, of entries from the diaries of Fanny Burney becomes, at its best, a gossipy evocation of life in eighteenth-century England. Miss Robbins has chosen well, and the evening is consistently entertaining. Patricia Zipprodt designed her lovely costumes. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—A revival of the 1918 Kern-Bolton-Wodehouse musical OH, LADY! LADY! is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 31. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**Fashion**—A musical adaptation in modern dress of Anna Cora Mowatt's hit of 1845, with a cast of nine women and a man. There is some ridicule of the original play, which is annoying at first, but soon charm conquers all. Don Pippin is responsible for the melodic score, Steve Brown for the bright lyrics, and Mary Jo Catlett (as a social-climbing matron) for one of the funniest, most delightful performances around. Anthony Stimac was both adapter and director. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**Les Femmes Noires**—The black women of this city, and some of their men, speak about the circumstances of their lives and a number of other matters. Edgar White's play as a whole doesn't add up to much, but episode by episode it is often interesting and dramatic. The acting, under Novella Nelson's direction, is excellent. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 31.)

**A Festival of Short Plays**—Lonnie Carter's "Cream Cheese," William Hauptman's "Shearwater," Maria Irene Fornés's "Dr. Kheal," and Robert Coover's "Love Scene." Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30, and Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 30.)

**Find Your Way Home**—A married man falls in love with a young male hustler with unpleasant results. A play far more entertaining than one might suppose from its subject matter, and exceptionally well acted by Jane Alexander, Lee Richardson, Michael Moriarty, and John Ramsey. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Good Doctor**—An uneasy marriage between Neil "Doc" Simon and Anton "Doc" Chekhov. The cast—Christopher Plummer, René Auberjonois, Barnard Hughes, Frances Sternhagen, and Kathryn Walker—is superb. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Good Evening**—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

**The Great MacDaddy**—This new musical, the first offering this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, has a very musical score by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. Paul Carter Harrison's script, though murky with symbols and ritual, is serviceable, and the performance—acting, dancing, and singing—is absolutely fine. With Roscoe Orman, Cleavon Little, and Marjorie Barnes in the leading roles. Direction by Douglas Turner Ward, choreography by Dianne McIntyre. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St.

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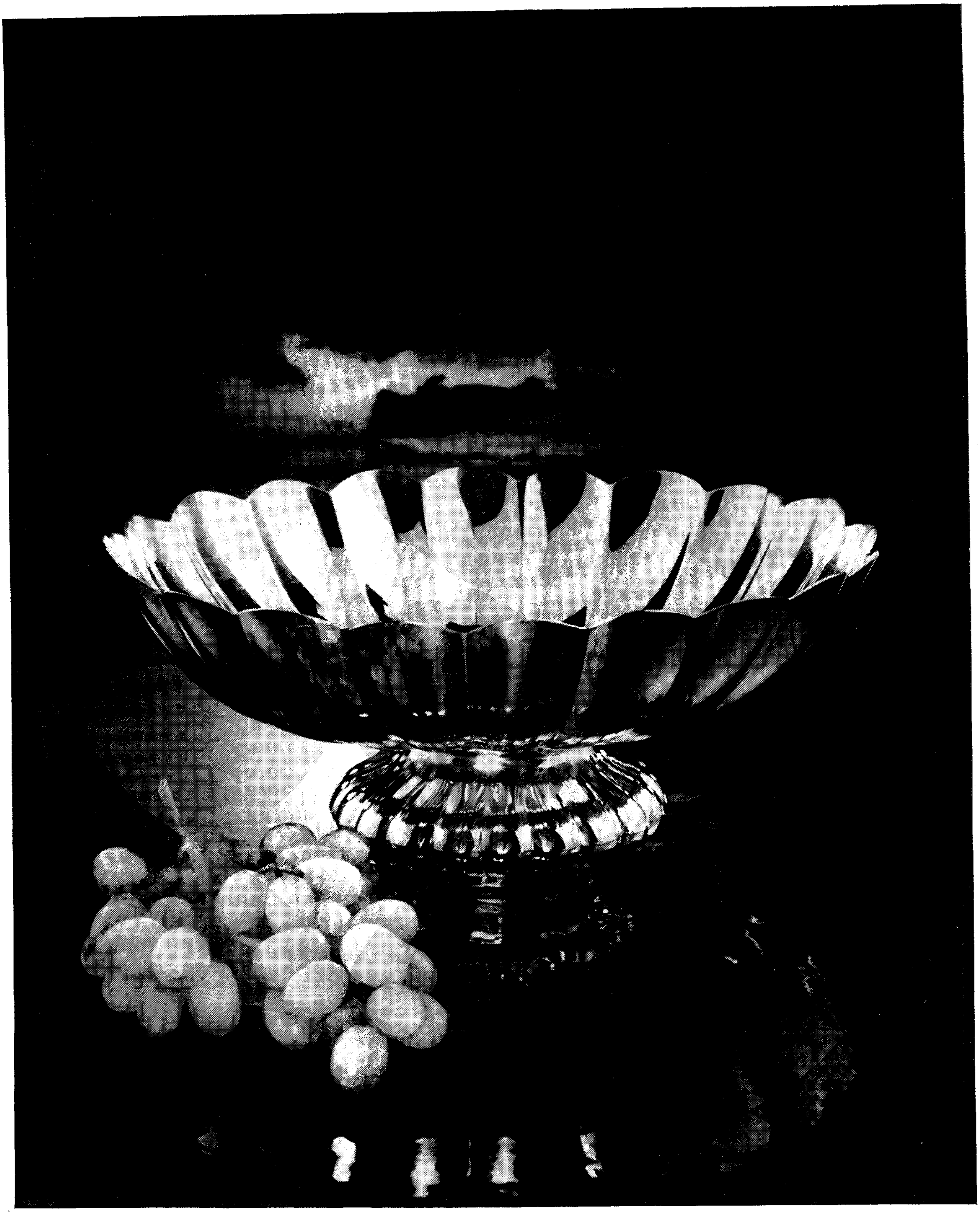

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**Here Comes the Groom**—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesday and Friday at 8, and Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Thursday at 2; Saturday at 2:30; and Sunday at 2 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, March 31.)

**The Killdeer**—A play by Jay Broad, with Barbara Barrie, George Voskovec, and Ralph Waite. Preview Wednesday, March 27. Opens officially on Thursday, March 28. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Lorelei**—The first ghost musical. The only thing in it that is not ectoplasm is the star, Carol Channing, who has true grit and would break her own leg for a laugh. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Manhattan Project**—Two André Gregory productions: **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**, Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, April 7. . . . ¶ Open rehearsals of a new play by Wallace Shawn, **OUR LATE NIGHT**, Wednesdays at 8, through April 17. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

**Moonchildren**—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play *always* seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

**A Moon for the Misbegotten**—O'Neill's sad and comic tale of a rude farm girl and her one encounter with love has been brilliantly revived, with Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders. The director is José Quintero. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée for the Actors' Fund Thursday, March 28.)

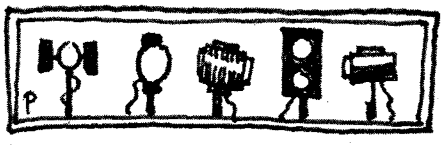
**My Fat Friend**—Lynn Redgrave and George Rose in a comedy by Charles Laurence, imported from London. Directed by Robert Moore. Previews through Saturday, March 30. Opens officially on Sunday, March 31. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Noël Coward in Two Keys**—A couple of neatly turned one-act plays by the late Master, delightfully enacted by Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Anne Baxter, and Thom Christopher. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Over Here!**—A musical about the war-torn forties, little of which is to be believed, though nearly all of it can be enjoyed. With the Andrews Sisters and a large, capable cast. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Raisin**—A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**A-Season-Within-a-Season**—The Negro Ensemble Company, presenting four plays, each running for a week, by new black playwrights. Through Sunday, March 31: **NOWHERE TO RUN, NOWHERE TO HIDE**, by Herman Johnson. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, April 2-7: **TERRACES**, by Steve Carter. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through



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Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

**Short Eyes**—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are almost as important as the plot. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**The Tempest**—Sam Waterston is the young, keyed-up, dynamic Prospero in this magic production under Edward Berkeley's direction. Randy Kim is the funniest Trinculo imaginable, and Christopher Walken the most sinister, mocking Antonio. Santo Loquasto's setting and Jennifer Tipton's lighting are very effective indeed. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 7.)

**Thieves**—Marlo Thomas and Richard Mulligan in a play by Herb Gardner. Charles Grodin is the director. Previews Thursday, March 28, through Saturday, April 6. Opens officially on Sunday, April 7. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Ulysses in Nighttown**—Zero Mostel in exquisite eruption as Leopold Bloom. Fionnuala Flanagan as his Molly is a sight for sore eyes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?**—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,793 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **IRENE:** A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Jane Powell and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Love in three-quarter time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, William Daniels, and Hermione Gingold. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Thursdays at 7:30 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi as a pair of acerbic old clowns in a characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 21.) . . . **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?:** A merry satirical revue, as topical as today, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-3789. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

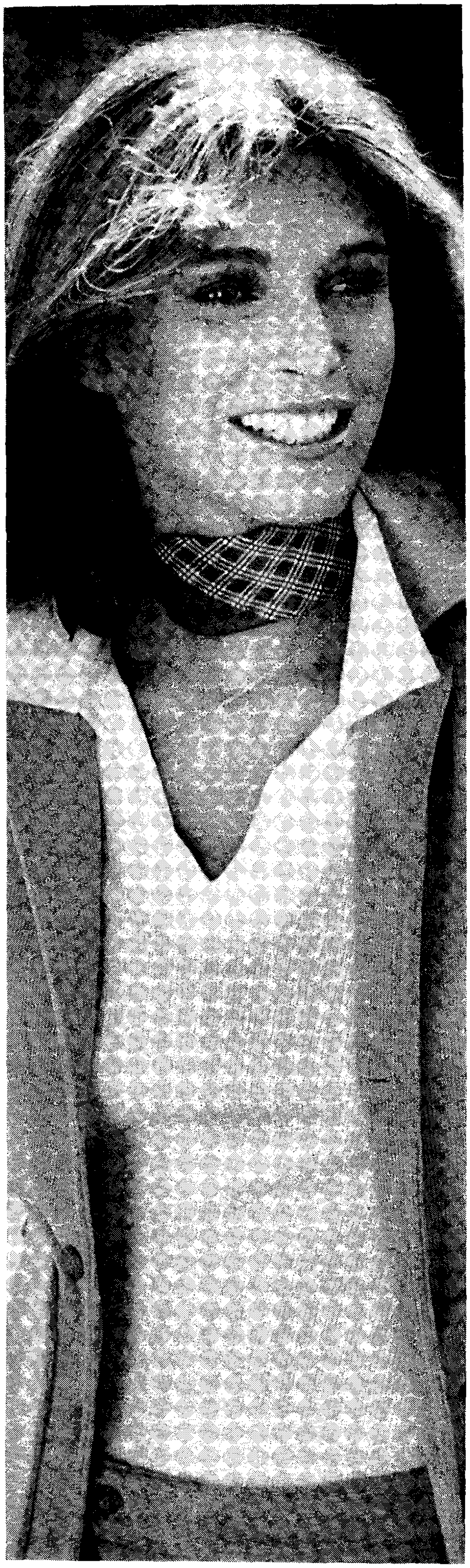
## MISCELLANY

**The Circus**—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, the surest sign of spring, will open Thursday, March 28, and run through Monday, May 27. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Opening night at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and, except Wednesday, April 3, at 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Monday, April 1, at 10:30 A.M. Because of basketball playoffs, the evening performances on Friday, March 29, and Tuesday, April 2, will be cancelled.)

**Hasty Pudding Show**—A musical, "Keep Your Pantheon," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 28, and Saturday, March 30, at 8.)

## DANCE

**City Center Joffrey Ballet**—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, March 27, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 28, at 8: "The Dream," "As Time Goes By," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Friday, March 29, at 8: "Parade," "The Moor's Pavane," "As Time Goes By," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 2: "Petrouchka," "As Time Goes By," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 8: "Parade," "Remem-



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brances," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Sunday, March 31, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Sunday, March 31, at 7:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Remembrances," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

**Kathak**—The classical dance of North India, performed by Birju Maharaj and his company. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, March 28, at 8.)

**Jamaica National Dance Theatre Company**—The first three in a series of ten performances that will run through Sunday, April 14—"Revelry," "Interlude," "Thursday's Child," "Homage," "Street People," "Windsongs," and "Kumina." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, April 4, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, at 8.)

**Juilliard Dance Ensemble**—A benefit program of works by Anna Sokolow, Kazuko Hirabayashi, and José Limón, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble conducted by Peter Leonard. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, at 8, and Sunday, April 7, at 3. For tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

**George Benson**—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Guitar, with his quartet, from nine (Friday from nine-thirty). Through Saturday, March 30.

**Ruby Braff and George Barnes**—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (PL 7-8970). Cornet and guitar, respectively, in a quartet. Nightly, at dinner and supper, through Saturday, March 30.

**Jaki Byard**—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine, on Sundays.

**Betty Carter**—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Singing, with a trio, from nine (Friday from nine-thirty). Through Saturday, March 30.

**Ron Carter and Frank Wess**—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Bass and flute, respectively, in a quartet. From nine to three, through Saturday, March 30.

**Tiny Grimes**—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

**Chico Hamilton**—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a trio. From ten to three, Thursday through Saturday, March 28-30.

**Jimmy Heath**—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Tenor saxophone, leading a quartet. From nine to three, on Monday, April 1.

**Earl Hines**—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with his group, from nine-thirty to one, through Saturday, March 30.

**Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band**—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. Mondays at ten.

**Rahsaan Roland Kirk**—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Saxophones, stritch, manzello, flute, black mystery pipes, etc., leading a sextet. Beginning Tuesday, April 2, from ten.

**Ellis Larkins**—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Harold Arlen on Sunday, March 31, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

**Dave McKenna**—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with a trio, from nine to one, beginning Tuesday, April 2.

**Jimmy McPartland**—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

**Joe Newman**—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, leading a quartet, beginning Wednesday, April 3, from nine to three.

**Jimmy Rowles**—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Buster Williams, from eight to one, except Sundays.

**Bobby Short**—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

**Billy Taylor**—Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Piano, leading a trio, Thursdays to Tuesdays, from nine-thirty.

**Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma**—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Guitar duo. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

**Angry Squire**, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An informal sort of bar, with kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz. The John Foster trio holds forth on Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dining.

**Arthur's Tavern**, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Monday, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classics. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

**Bitter End**, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Having midwifed the American folk renaissance, this simple setting (little changed in fifteen-odd years) now gives its attention to singer B. J. Thomas and comic Freddie Prinze. Through Monday, April 1. (Prinze will be absent on Saturday, March 30.) On Wednesday, April 3, rhythm-and-blues and rock-and-soul singer Ann Peebles brings in her group. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Ice-cream concoctions or, for spartans, coffee, tea, or water.

**Boomer's**, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Despite the obstructing pillars and a glare that pours out from the kitchen whenever the doors swing open, the jazz that is featured here is well chosen and well miked. Flutist Frank Wess and super-bassist Ron Carter join forces and perform with a quartet through Saturday, March 30. Tenorman Jimmy Heath and Pat Martino, a young, impressive traditional guitarist, lead their respective quartets on Monday, April 1. On Wednesday, April 3, trumpeter and Basie alumnus Joe Newman begins working with his quartet. Nine to three are the music hours.

**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house somehow doesn't seem so amphitheatrical as it does intimate. Its top-notch sound system adequately projects even private, diffident performers, and its sensible seating plan provides tiered sections of aisled tables and chairs. The British rock quintet, the Strawbs, test the amps through Thursday, March 28. On Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, the country-rock Stone Canyon Band headed by singer Rick Nelson ascends the stage. Alan Price—ex-Animal, arranger of the version of "House of the Rising Sun" that became a rock classic, and, more recently, motion-picture composer and personality ("O Lucky Man!")—sings opposite Al Stewart, a Scottish folkster, Wednesday and Thursday, April 3-4. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

**Bradley's**, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this intimate, warmhearted bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Mondays through Saturdays, one can listen to pianist Cedar Walton and bassist Sam Jones. Sundays, Jaki Byard, a fine pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

**Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties are in safe hands here. Bobby Short knows how to choose them, how to play them, and, what's more, how to sing them. Mr. Short's respectful and energetic voice and piano are well served by drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

**Churchill's**, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, well-lit bar and restaurant overflowing with enthusiasm (and patrons). Twenty-two-year-old stride pianist Brooks Kerr, Sam Woodyard on drums, and Paul Quinichette on tenor sax perform Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band, another traditional combo headed by another youthful leader, clarinettist Art Miller, takes over Mondays and Tuesdays. The Original Traditional Jazz Band plays Fridays. Music from eleven until four. Dining.

**Cookery**, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Pianist and occasional singer Jimmy Rowles (see p. 43, this issue) works with bassist Buster Williams from eight to one Mondays through Saturdays. Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

**Grand Finale**, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large room, with red walls, red carpeting, red tablecloths, and Italian dishes with tomato sauce. Alaina Reed, a pleasant enough gospel-and-soul singer, appears through Saturday, March 30. On Sunday, March 31, Bob Garrett and the Hot Act, a rock assemblage, perform. Singer Leata Galloway begins a week's stay on Tuesday, April 2. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Shows begin at nine and midnight.

**Gregory's**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the gently playful piano stylings of Ellis Larkins (see p. 43, this issue) with Al Hall on bass Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sunday, March 31, from five-thirty to seven-thirty, Larkins and Hall will play works by Harold Arlen. Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard with bassist Johnny Williams from nine-thirty on Mondays. Snacks.

**Guitar**, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—With its casual atmosphere, sparely designed chairs and lamps, and large, sprawling square tables, this spacious room looks not unlike a student-union lounge. The bandstand, which is also expansive, accommodates the polished guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, March 31-April 1, guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Tommy Bryant alternate with guitarist Anita Sheer. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

**Half Note**, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Having moved this enterprise uptown from its former well-worn and warmly regarded informal quarters on Spring Street, the management has proved shrewd. For night-clubbing has lately reacquired something of its old cachet, and the Half Note is now, by virtue of its polish, decorum, and black-tied waiters, a night club. The very fine guitarist George Benson leads a quartet opposite singer Betty Carter and her combo. Through Saturday, March 30. On Monday, April 1, singer Gloria Lynne comes in with a trio. Music from nine (Fridays from nine-thirty). Closed Sundays.

**Jacques**, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Lance Hayward is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts takes over. Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays (except on March 29-30, when Gino Biondi sits in). Live sounds from nine-thirty to three. Singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth performs on Sundays from five to eight.

**Jimmy Ryan's**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

**Jimmy's**, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A frenetic three-story convention hall. In the **52nd Street Room**, on the lower level, impressionist and potshooter David Frye plays on his audience's dislikes. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

**Kenny's Castaways,** 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Weathered wood, ropes and riggings, a young, ardent clientele, and an amicable staff form a setting for fairly reliable entertainment that varies from rock, folk, and blues to jazz. On Tuesday, April 2, Buzzy Linhart, a buffoonish folk-rocker, begins scatting, yodelling, and singing. Shows start at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

**Max's Kansas City,** 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—With absolutely none of the characteristics of the famous Kansas City clubs of the past (e.g., the Sunset, the Subway, and the Reno), this New York pinnacle on the folk, rock, and blues circuit might just as well have been christened Max's Secaucus. The second-story music room has recently been refurbished—the white walls have been painted dark gray to hide the dirt, and they are now adorned with blown-up photographs of the hip and famous—but the disagreeable seating plan was, regrettably, not tampered with. Manhattan Transfer, the vocal-and-instrumental group that celebrates the forties and swing jazz, carries on here through Monday, April 1, along with comic Ed Begley, Jr. M.T. comprises four vocalists—two women, all feathered, sequinned, and slinky, and two men in dashing tails (with pomaded hair and lip makeup)—who sing, scat, sway, dance, and snap their fingers in front of a casually attired four-man ensemble—guitar, piano, bass, and drums. The period pieces that they perform—and perform very well—include "Java Jive," "House of Blue Lights," "Candy," and "Give Me Some Skin." R. Crumb realized at last! Returning to 1974: country-and-Western folkie B. W. (Buckwheat) Stevenson blows into town, as do a West Coast rock trio, Chunky, Novi, and Ernie, on Wednesday, April 3. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

**Metro,** 188 W. 4th St. (675-0802)—A new Village citadel upholding the doctrines of folk, rock, and pop. Mount Airy plays camp-counsellor rock through Monday, April 1. On Tuesday, April 2, bluegrass fiddler Vassar Clements begins a stint here. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The great Earl Hines guides his group—drummer Ray Mosca, bassist James Leary, and vocalist Marva Josie—Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. On Tuesday, April 2, pianist Dave McKenna (see p. 43, this issue) brings in his trio—bassist Bucky Calabrese and drummer Joe Corsello. Woody Allen, now a stand-up clarinettist, performs with the Monday-night Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. The Chico Hamilton quintet is featured Thursday through Saturday, March 28-30. The hours are ten until three.

**Peacock Alley,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Peacock feathers are representationally strewn over the drapery, the wallpaper, and the formica-topped tables in this nook just off the main drag of the Waldorf lobby. Billy Taylor, ex-disc jockey, jazz promoter, composer, one of four musical directors of the New York Jazz Repertory Company, and expert pianist, is here with bassist Lisle Atkinson and drummer Bobby Thomas from Thursdays to Tuesdays after nine-thirty. Dinner.

**Reno Sweeney,** 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano and a forties campiness. Gospel-voiced singer Linda Hopkins synthesizes Bessie Smith blues through Saturday, March 30. A unique double bill begins on Tuesday, April 2: Holly Woodlawn, the Warholian female impersonator, conjures up images from the forties and other times with torch songs and ballads. The other half of the program belongs to Patti Smith, a young writer and actress, who presents unusual and very funny material. She reads her poems (one is entitled "Seventh Heaven" and deals with original sin) and stories ("The Wallflower" is about adolescence), and she sings songs about Jesse James' woman and Bob Dylan's winged dog, who alone is allowed to look Bob Dylan in the eye. Shows begin at nine and midnight. Intermittent piano music is provided by pianist Jeremy Stone from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, March 31, is given over to puppeteer-comedian Wayland Flowers, at nine and eleven-thirty. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

**Soerabaja,** 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by the subdued chordal guitar solos of Bucky Pizzarelli. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

**Stryker's,** 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. The Kenny Reed trio plays on Thursday, March 28. Fridays and Saturdays have been claimed by flutist Richard Clay and his quartet. Sunday, March 31, guitarist Gene Bertoncini and his bassist collaborate. On Thursday, April 4, pianist Stephen Browman leads a trio. Music from nine-thirty until three Thursdays through Saturdays and from nine until two Sundays. Snacks.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now forty) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Saxophonist Joe Farrell and guitarist Joe Beck co-lead an exciting jazz-rock quartet through Sunday, March 31. On Tuesday, April 2, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who is a reed section all by himself, descends the murky staircase with his sextet. On Mondays, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation lets go with its big-band seriousness. Not always as serious but just as intense is the band's vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. Music from ten.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right off a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and the varied keyboard musings of Kenny Brawner Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

**West End Café,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This wood-and-brick-walled retreat for Columbia students has recently revived poetry readings during the daylight hours on Sundays and has installed a music room for nighttime diversion Sundays through Thursdays. The music that is keeping the students from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. The students appear quite knowledgeable about their new enthusiasm, and one surmises that they've picked up a good bit of their sophistication from their campus radio station, WKCR-FM, which has turned much of its air time over to jazz and jazz commentary. (An ID card isn't required to tune in the station or, for that matter, to visit this club.) In short, the audience here is exemplary, and so is the music. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to Brooks Kerr and his quartet of perfectly preserved swing-era activists—trumpeter Franc Williams, drummer Sam Woodyard, and tenorman Paul Quinichette. Guitarist Tiny Grimes and his trio vigorously fill the Wednesday and Thursday slots. Now almost sixty, Grimes, like practically every other jazz guitarist, owes his soul to Charlie Christian, but, unlike most, he has nurtured the master's raw bluesiness along with his zigzagging melodies. The result occasionally sounds like B. B. King playing bebop. Sundays, Mabel Godwin plays piano and sings with the No Gap Generation Jazz Band. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

## BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ**, from seven-thirty until curfew, Herb Winner's dance threesome calls the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's crew fills in on Sundays and Mondays. Also, Tuesdays through Saturdays, Joseph Murello plays cocktail piano from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Comedian London Lee and singer Rick Daniels finish their stay in the **PERSIAN ROOM** on Saturday, March 30. Monday, April 1, brings on the songs of Hildegarde. At ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while pianist Ruth Andrews provides the music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling on Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown, Damita Jo and the Ruby Braff-George Barnes quartet finish their words-and-music display on Saturday, March 30. On Monday, April 1, singer Helen Forrest and the Lee Evans quartet come aboard. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, the piano duo of DeMaio and Silver is presenting an anthology of musical-comedy numbers Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

**St. Regis-Sheraton,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** is host to caroller Barbara McNair at dinner and supper. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini band. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE**, the next-door sylvan glade, offers accordion and piano music, from seven to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays. A Russian menu. . . . ¶ Jazz singer Chris Connor and the Mike Abene trio are the present incumbents in the **ST. REGIS ROOM**. Their schedule is Tuesdays through Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Snacks.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **EMPIRE ROOM**, at dinner and supper, there are songs by Sergio Franchi. Bob Rosengarden's dance orchestra is on duty all evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

# ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

## GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Richard Ahntholz**—Brightly colored landscape paintings. Through April 13. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Horst Antes**—Paintings and works on paper of imaginary figures. Through Saturday, April 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jean Arp** (1887-1966) / **Isamu Noguchi**—Collages and sculptures. / Sculptures and related collages. Through April 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Leland Bell**—Self-portraits, portraits of family groups, and still-lifes. Through April 11. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Elaine Breiger**—Abstract landscapes in acrylic. Through April 17. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Ronald Julius Christensen**—More abstract landscapes in acrylic. Through Saturday, March 30. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St.)

**Antoni Clavé**—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by a Spanish artist who lives in Southern France. Through April 13. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Robert Dash**—Paintings of the artist's surroundings in the Hamptons. Through Saturday, April 6. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**Ronaldo de Juan**—Abstract Expressionist paintings by an Argentinian. Through April 13. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Stephen Edlich**—Small three-dimensional bronzes and bronze reliefs, and collage-drawings. Starts Saturday, March 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Frank Gallo**—A series of small erotic sculp-

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tures, plus graphics. Through Saturday, April 6. (Circle, 1081 Third Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10; Sundays, noon to 8.)

**Pierre Haubensak**—Paintings and drawings by a Swiss artist. Through Saturday, April 6. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Will Horwitt**—Ten abstract painted-wood sculptures and four abstract paintings. Through May 4. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Martin Hurtig**—Indoor and outdoor sculptures in various mediums. Starts Saturday, March 30. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Barbara Londin / Kieff**—Pastels of nostalgic, dreamlike memories of childhood. / Abstract bronzes by a Spanish sculptor. Through Saturday, March 30. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Rodger Mack**—Sculptures cast in bronze at a foundry that the artist designed and built for Syracuse University, where he teaches. Starts Saturday, March 30. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Brice Marden**—Paintings composed of two or three panels of single colors. Through April 17. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

**Herman Maril**—Landscapes, still-lifes, and tapestries. Starts Saturday, March 30. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Edith Schloss**—Thirty or so freehanded drawings and fresh, lighthearted watercolors in clear, childlike hues, plus several small boxes that frame a potpourri of found objects. Through Saturday, March 30. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

**Joseph Shannon**—Large paintings, most of them crowded with social, sexual, racial, and political motifs, plus a self-portrait and small figures. Through Saturday, March 30. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

**Francisco Toledo**—Oils and gouaches concerned with the relationship between animals and people, by this Mexican artist. Through April 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Robert Wade**—Hand-colored landscapes on photosensitive canvases. Through April 11. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Hannah Wilke**—Small terra-cotta representations of female genitalia. Through Saturday, March 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

**Marguerite Zorach** (1887-1968)—A show of landscape and figure paintings and drawings that is running concurrently with her exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum. Through Saturday, April 6. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: A small exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs done in the thirties under the Public Works of Art Project, the Works Progress Administration Federal Art Project, and the Treasury's Relief Art Project. The show is dominated by paintings and sketches for abstract murals, some of which were executed and some of which, mercifully, weren't. These derivative (of European abstract art) works have a timidity and a left-footedness that is not obscured by the period flavor they have acquired, and the show's single example of thirties' "social realism"—offered in the form of nine watercolor studies by a deserving loser in the St. Louis Post Office Mural Competition of 1939—suggests that work on that side of the street wasn't any more impressive. Stuart Davis's handsome black-and-white composition for a May 1, 1935, cover of *Art Front*—filled with slogans ("union wage scale for artists," "for social insurance," "for extension of art projects") and with abstract representations of the tools of art—forms an exception to the low aesthetic level of the show, as do Berenice Abbott's familiar but always illuminating photographs of gas stations and New York scenes. Through April 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Braque, Picasso, Ernst, Ensor, and others. Through Saturday, March 30. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Dove, Gwathmey, Goodman, King, Lawrence, and others. Through Saturday, March 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: De Kooning, Hofmann, Diller, Avery, Bowling, and Ward. Through Saturday, March 30. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 *Madison Ave., at 78th St.*: Works in mixed mediums on the theme of flowers. Alice Neel, Edward Sorel, Jane Wilson, and other contemporary Americans are represented. Through April 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Twenty Years of Post-Impressionism, 1880-1900," a show including works by Bonnard, Gauguin, Lacombe, and Vuillard. Through April 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, cartoons, and drawings by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through April 13. (Opens at noon, Mondays through Fridays.) . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, graphics, watercolors, and sculptures by School of Paris artists. Through April 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SOLOMON**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and graphics by Chagall, Gottlieb, Hofmann, Miró, and Picasso. Through April 30. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Sculptors' drawings and prints, by Archipenko, Lehmbruck, Kollwitz, and others. Through Saturday, March 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Cone Collection at the Baltimore Museum of Art. On view will be thirty-eight paintings and drawings by Matisse and thirty-one by Picasso, plus works by Gauguin, Sisley, Lipchitz, Zorach, and others. Starts Friday, March 29.

**Sculpture**—Small bronzes by Barbara Lekberg, James Kearns, Vincent Glinsky, and others. Through Saturday, March 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

## GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

**Feliciano Bejar**—Sculptures in plastic and metal. Starts Saturday, March 30. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Cecil C. Bell** (1906-70)—Paintings of New York City by an artist who studied with John Sloan. Through Saturday, March 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

**Giorgio Cavallon**—Paintings by a veteran New York abstractionist. Through Thursday, April 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**John Gundelfinger**—Landscapes of the area around the Delaware Water Gap. Starts Saturday, March 30. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Barbara Hepworth**—Abstract sculptures, mostly in stone. Starts Saturday, March 30. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Darryl Hughto**—Abstract diamond-shaped paintings. Starts Saturday, March 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Hubert Long**—Assemblages pieced together from fragments of weathered wood, often suggesting temple ruins, altars, and totems. Through April 13. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Eliseo Mattiacci**—Conceptual sculptures. Through April 13. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

**John McLaughlin**—Black-and-white hard-edge oils. Starts Saturday, March 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Edgar Negret**—Sculptures in painted stainless steel by a Colombian. Through Saturday, April 6. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Ray Parker / Doug Davis**—Abstract paintings. / Videotapes that show the artist typing out his observations on art and life, as well as the words he is typing. Through Wednesday, April 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Alexander Russo**—Abstract paintings and prints from the last three years. Through Saturday, March 30. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

**Lucas Samaras**—Self-portrait photographs distorted by the artist. Through April 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: "25th Anniversary Exhibition—Part II" is a self-congratulatory, if disinterested, exhibition of paintings and sculptures that were sold by the gallery during the past twenty-five years and have now been borrowed back to attest to Sidney Janis's prescience. Choice examples of Abstract Expressionism, Pop, Op, and sharp-focus realism are offered, and the artists include Pollock, Rothko, de Kooning, Kline, Albers, Kelly, Vasarely, Dine, Segal, Oldenburg, Lichtenstein, Warhol, Wesselmann, de Andrea, Parrish, and Kacere. The works are grouped by school, but the schools are not exhibited in chronological order, which detracts from the show's instructiveness as a survey of the main art movements of the fifties, sixties, and seventies. The present arrangement, one suspects, was arrived at in order to zap arriving visitors with the cheerful indelicacy of Wesselmann's "Great American Nude." But the most startling work in the show is the life-size sculpture "Standing Woman with Gold Earrings," by de Andrea, which looks so real that it's scary. The question "Is it good?" is difficult to answer; one could ask the same question about an actual moderately attractive, not too intelligent, utterly dispirited naked woman with gooseflesh. Through April 13. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: American paintings executed in 1961, the last year in which Abstract Expressionists dominated the New York stage and the year when Pop and figurative artists began emerging. Through Friday, April 5. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Sully, Eilshemius, Bierstadt, and others. Through May 25. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.) . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Aubusson tapestries by Albers, Arp, Kandinsky, and others. Through Saturday, March 30.

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**Calvin Albert**—Contorted sculptures in plaster and bronze suggesting the male torso, as well as charcoal drawings. Through Thursday, April 4. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

**Edgar Buonagurio / William Canavan Tucker**—Abstract paintings. / Small, delicate watercolors suggesting seascapes and plant life. Through April 11. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**William Copley**—Paintings and drawings from 1946 to 1972 in a show that will run concurrently with his exhibit at the New York Cultural Center. Starts Saturday, March 30. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

**David Diao**—Abstract paintings. Starts Thursday, March 28. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

**Audrey Flack**—Photo-Realist paintings. Through Saturday, March 30. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

**Samuel Gelber**—Landscapes of Maine, mostly dominated by solitary forest giants. Through April 11. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Grace Graupe-Pillard**—Paintings resembling Indian blankets. Through Thursday, April 4. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Nancy Graves**—Large shaped canvases in sections. Through Wednesday, April 3. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

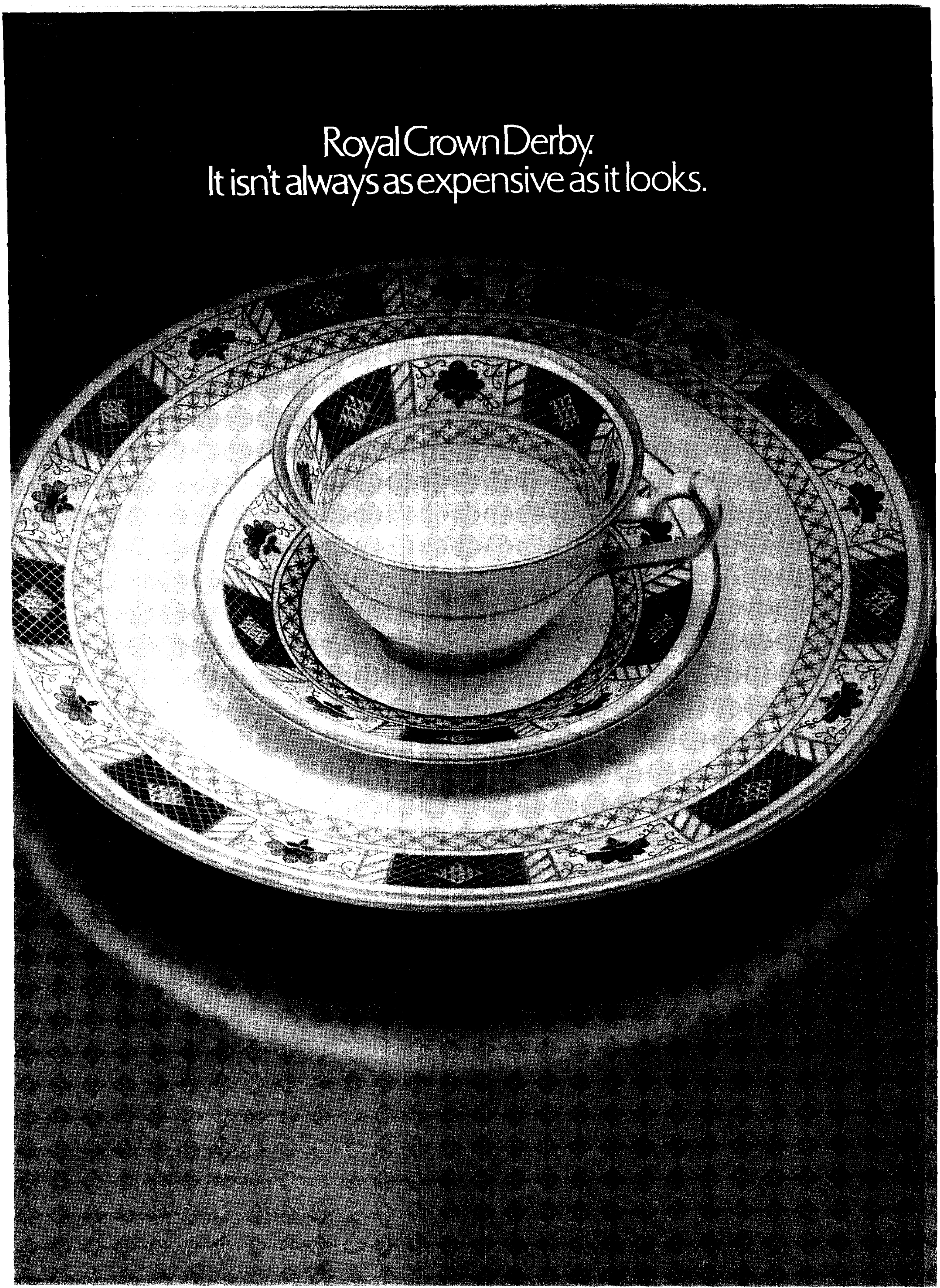
**Steve Kelsey**—Abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, March 30. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Marjorie Kramer**—Unblinking portraits, plus a number of city vignettes, mostly well out of the high-rent districts. Through Thursday, April 4. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Noel Mahaffey**—Realistic paintings of city buildings. Starts Saturday, March 30. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Roman Opalka**—Seven gray-and-white paintings of tiny numbers in sequence, accompanied by a tape recording of the artist, a Pole, reciting the numbers as he painted them. Through Saturday, March 30. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

**Celeste Rehm / Agnes Denes**—Surrealistic paint-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ings. / Geometrical drawings on grid paper. Through Friday, March 29. (Yu, 93 Prince St.)

**Alan Scarrity**—Black-and-white abstract paintings and photos to do with water flowing from a tap. plus a tape recording of water flowing from a tap. Through April 13. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Oleg Sohanievich**—Metal sculptures stressing tension by a Russian artist. who now lives here. Starts Saturday, March 30. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Keith Sonnier**—More aural than visual. Radio transistors tuned to different stations compete with one another. Through Saturday, March 30. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**Eileen Spikol / Elena Borstein**—Figures molded out of cotton-rope, reed, fabric, and wood, and coated with latex. / "Mexican Series," paintings and drawings based on architectural structures. Through April 17. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Jack Tworkov**—Paintings and drawings from 1971 to the present. Through April 10. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Grace Bakst Wapner / Merrill Wagner**—Two large sculptures in satin. / Abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, March 30, at 1. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

### OTHER GALLERIES

**Hannah Achtenberg**—Landscapes in acrylic. Through Saturday, March 30. (Grenvil, 118 Christopher St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 4 and 6 to 8:30.)

**Ruth Gikow**—Drawings and watercolors depicting contemporary life in New York. Through Saturday, March 30. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Anne Healy**—Sculptures for outdoors, made of fabric. Through April 20. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade. 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

**Richard Hunt**—Welded-steel sculptures, and graphics. Through Saturday, April 6. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE,** 833 United Nations Plaza, First Ave. at 47th St.: An exhibition of traditional art and crafts from the states of Chad, Mali, Mauritania, Niger, Senegal, and Upper Volta. Through May 3. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER,** 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Paper cutouts from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from all over the world. Through April 20. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING,** 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: More than a hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures by contemporary Americans. Through Friday, March 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**James Van DerZee**—The demise of the neighborhood photography studio has gone almost unnoticed and unmourned in this age of the Polaroid and the Instamatic. The photographs on view here, by an octogenarian who was a leading Harlem studio photographer of the twenties and thirties, evoke those store windows one used to see filled with soft-focus portraits of brides, girls in First Communion dresses, graduation classes, athletic clubs, and abashed-looking couples. But Van DerZee's photographs have a naturalness of pose and expression and an elegance of composition which were rarely achieved in that vernacular genre, and it is this that gives the exhibition a substance beyond nostalgia and sociology. Although Van DerZee did not know the work of Stieglitz and Steichen and White (the only influence he acknowledges is that of a photographer named Eddie Elcha), his studio work has a pictorialism and romanticism that strongly evoke the Photo-Secession. Van DerZee was "discovered" during the preparation of the 1967 "Harlem on My Mind" show at the Metropolitan Museum, when the young black photographer Reginald McGhee, sent to Harlem to find old photographs, came across Van DerZee's carefully preserved negatives. Since then, Van DerZee's reputation has grown, and a second book of photographs, entitled "James Van DerZee" (Morgan & Morgan), has been published. (The first was "The World of James Van DerZee;" Grove Press.) His pictures of attractive and prosperous-looking people provide a sharp contrast to the pictures of poor, ill, shabby, hopeless people that one has come to associate with the terms "Harlem" and "pictures of black life," and they have been praised for the support they lend to the "black is beautiful" idea. "To the black viewer, the revealing glimpses of people and activities in America's most unique black community are bound to instill an element of pride and self-respect," Regenia A. Perry writes in her introduction to the new Van DerZee book, and she goes on to say that "to the non-black viewer, Van DerZee photographs represent black Americans in all their grace and dignity—an impressive point of view which should dispell existing misconceptions." But, in fact, the pictures—of handsome, Fitzgeraldesque couples in raccoon coats stepping into glossy coupés, beautiful girls dressed in exotic costumes, contented mothers and children, and serene, self-possessed men—only confirm what has never been in doubt: that prosperity is beautiful. The underfed, ill-housed, overworked, and sick, no matter what their color, race, or nationality, don't make pretty pictures, and this, unfortunately, is the indelible picture of present-day black America. Through Saturday, March 30. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Bernd and Hilla Becher**—Photographs of framework houses, taken from 1959 to the present. Through Saturday, March 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**Libby Freidman**—Photographs that reflect the influence of Diane Arbus. Through Sunday, March 31. (Midtown "Y" Gallery, 334 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8.)

**Horst**—Photographs of famous writers, movie stars, and rich and fashionable people, taken in the thirties and forties by the well-known *Vogue* photographer. Through April 13. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**William Henry Jackson** (1843-1942) / **Timothy H. O'Sullivan** (1840-82)—Large prints of Mexico and the West. / Prints from a post-Civil War expedition exploring the Wild West. Through Saturday, March 30. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

**Joseph Sudek / Thomas Barrow**—Small, quiet, mysterious photographs of gardens, parks, window views of streets, and still-lifes by a seventy-seven-year-old Czech photographer who lives in Prague. / Pink-toned silver and Verifax prints. Through Saturday, March 30. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Shabtai Tal**—Photographs of the Yom Kippur war. Through Sunday, March 31. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Group Shows**—At the Museum of Modern Art—An elegant exhibition of work by André Kertész (b. Hungary 1894), Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (b. Hungary 1895), and Alexander Rodchenko (b. Russia 1891) done in the twenties and thirties. Through April 7. . . . ¶ Approximately two hundred prints by fifteen Japanese photographers. Through May 19. (11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Ninety-seven medieval tapestries, on loan from museums and private collections all over Europe and North America. Among them are the enormous tapestry from the "Apocalypse" series at Angers and the six pieces of the "Lady with the Unicorn" from the Cluny Museum in Paris. Also, of course, the "Hunt of the Unicorn" set from The Cloisters. Through April 21. . . . ¶ "The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31. . . . ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art."... ¶ Ninety-four French drawings ranging from the work of Jacques-Louis David to that of Picasso. Through April 14.... ¶ Works by Albers, Hofmann, Klee, David Smith, and others, acquired since 1967 by the museum's Department of Twentieth Century Art. Through April 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Woodcuts of the eighteen-nineties by Félix Vallotton depicting all levels of Parisian society. Through April 28.... ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through April 28.... ¶ Works by Giulio Paolini, a contemporary Italian artist. Through April 14.... ¶ Photographs by Kertész, Moholy-Nagy, and Rodchenko; see above, under "Photography." (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, including several diptychs and triptychs, executed between 1969 and the present by Joan Mitchell, a second-generation Abstract Expressionist. Through May 5.... ¶ Works by Ree Morton, an environmental sculptor. Through April 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Downtown Museum,** 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Landscapes, urban scenes, portraits, and figures. Through Thursday, April 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—Etchings from the seventeenth century to the mid-twentieth, from the museum's collection. Through April 21.... ¶ Early paintings, drawings, and prints by Marguerite Zorach (1887-1968). Through April 21. A complement to this show is her exhibit at the Kraushaar Galleries, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.... ¶ More than fifty collages by Anne Ryan (1889-1954). Through April 21. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—Realistic wood carvings, by Gilbert Maggioni and Grainger McKoy, of shore birds, waders, birds of prey, waterfowl, and gamebirds characteristic of South Carolina's coastal inlets and marshes. Through May 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters,** Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Lipchitz, Evergood, and four other recently deceased members of the academy. Through April 7.... ¶ A show of the works of twenty-three painters and ten sculptors who are candidates for Academy-Institute awards. Through April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**China House,** 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of bronze and gilt images and tankas which were used in Tantric Buddhist meditations and rituals. Through May 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Grolier Club,** 47 E. 60th St.—A thorough review of the life and work of Gertrude Stein, on the centennial of her birth, including manuscripts, first editions, presentation copies, letters from her writer friends, photographs, and other memorabilia. Through Saturday, April 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Watercolors by Leonard Baskin, devoted to the ancient Passover story. Through April 21. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—"Great Acquisitions of Fifty Years: 1924-1974," an apt banner for a breathtaking alignment of medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, Old Master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts—areas in which the library is outstanding. Through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Primitive Art,** 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating how art is used to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Cultural Center,** 2 Columbus Circle—Erotic paintings and drawings by William Copley, an American Surrealist. Through May 19. A complementary show (starting Saturday, March 30) will be at the Onnasch Gallery, 139 Spring St.... ¶ Forty-two prints by Richard Hamilton, the English Pop artist, covering his entire work in the medium, from 1950 to 1973. Through April 28.... ¶ Metal collage constructions made during the past seven years out of printed tin throwaways and raw-aluminum sheeting by Jim Nichols. Through April 7.... ¶ Monumental fibre-glass sculptures by Walter Redinger, a young Canadian. Through May 12.... ¶ Drawings of collectors, writers, artists, and actors by Don Bachardy. Through April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

**New-York Historical Society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of photographs of New York City between 1853 and 1901. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Byron on the Continent & Lord Byron's Women," a two-part exhibition of letters and books commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the poet's death. Through April 30.... ¶ "Other People's Mail: Letters of Men and Women of Letters," an exhibit of letters by fifty Americans and fifty Britons. The writers range from Benjamin Franklin to Clifford Odets and from Jonathan Swift to George Orwell. Through May 11.... ¶ Seventy-two original prints, a quarter of them Japanese, on the theme of the weather. Among the artists are Utamaro, Hiroshige, Vallotton, and Hassam. Through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

**New York Public Library at Lincoln Center**—Original scores, posters, photographs, sculptures, programs, correspondence, and costume designs tracing the career of composer Elliott Carter. Through Friday, April 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—"Southern Scenes and City Streets," a show of paintings by Palmer Hayden (1890-1973). Through April 21. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday, March 27, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Brigitte Fassbaender, Mildred Miller, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; conducted by Karl Böhm.... ¶ Thursday, March 28, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Walter Berry, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)... ¶ Friday, March 29, at 6:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, Bengt Rundgren, and Marius Rintzler; Rafael Kubelik.... ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, Russell Christopher, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo.... ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Brigitte Fassbaender, Mildred Miller, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm.... ¶ Monday, April 1, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Walter Berry, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; James Levine.... ¶ Tuesday, April 2, at 6:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Rita Hunter, Nell Rankin, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, Bengt Rundgren, and Marius Rintzler; Rafael Kubelik.... ¶ Wednesday, April 3, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Jean Kraft, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo.... ¶ Thursday, April 4, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Marion Lippert, Judith Blegen, Brigitte Fassbaender, Shirley Love, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm.... ¶ Friday, April 5, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Walter Berry, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 1:30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Luciano Pavarotti, John Reardon, and Ezio Flagello; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 6:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Rita Hunter, Nell Rankin, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, Bengt Rundgren, and Marius Rintzler; Rafael Kubelik.

**New York City Opera**—Wednesday, March 27, at 8: "The Consul," with Olivia Stapp, Muriel Greenspon, Barbara Hocher, John Darrenkamp, and Edward Pierson; conducted by Christopher Keene.... ¶ Thursday, March 28, at 8: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Ruth Falcon, Herman Malamood, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Friday, March 29, at 8: "La Bohème," with Shari Anderson, Noelle Rogers, Luciano Rampaso, Adib Fazah, Richard T. Gill, and William Ledbetter; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Glenys Fowles, Johanna Meier, Michael Devlin, Edward Pierson, and David Clatworthy; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Olivia Stapp, Muriel Greenspon, Jeanne Piland, Francisco Ortiz, and William Justus, and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Brooks, Herman Malamood, Vasile Martinoiu, Melvin Lowery, and David Holloway; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Sunday, March 31, at 1: "La Traviata," with Angeles Chamorro, Beverly Evans, Helene Guilet, Richard Taylor, and William Ledbetter; Mario Bernardi.... ¶ Sunday, March 31, at 7: "Tosca," with Luciano Rampaso, Richard Fredricks, Jerold Siena, and Robert Paul; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Tuesday, April 2, at 8: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Ruth Falcon, Yoshi Ito, Francisco Ortiz, and William Justus; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Wednesday, April 3, at 8: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Noelle Rogers, Frances Bible, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Thomas Jamerson, Richard T. Gill, and David Griffith; John Nelson.... ¶ Thursday, April 4, at 8: "La Bohème," with Emily Derr, Noelle Rogers, Luciano Rampaso, Adib Fazah, Willard White, and William Ledbetter; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Friday, April 5, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Olivia Stapp, Jeanne Piland, Muriel Greenspon, Francisco Ortiz, and William Justus, and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Brooks, Robert Nagy, Vasile Martinoiu, Melvin Lowery, and David Holloway; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 2: "The Barber of Seville," with Susanne Marsee, Beverly Evans, Adib Fazah, Michael Li-Paz, and Samuel Ramey; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Nancy Shade, Diane Curry, Thomas Jamerson, Howard Fried, and Irwin Densen; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 28.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Thursday, March 28, at 8:30; Friday, March 29, at 2; Saturday, March 30, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 2, at 7:30 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano); and Thursday and Friday, April 4-5, at 8:30, and Tuesday, April 9, at 7:30 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin).

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, April 1, at 8:15.)

**Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra**—Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting, with Carol Neblett, soprano, and Hilde Somer, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 4, at 8.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting a program of twentieth-century music, with Susan Belling, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 27, at 8:30.)

**Brooklyn Philharmonia**—Lukas Foss directing the third in the "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one a program of music by American composers, with commentary by Aaron Copland. Also with the Juilliard String Quartet; Jesse Levine, viola; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 30, at 8.)

**Symphony of the New World**—Paul Freeman conducting, with André Watts, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 31, at 8.)

**Carnegie-Mellon University Kiltie Symphony Band**—Richard E. Strange conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 5, at 8.)

**Musica Sacra of New York**—Richard Westenburg directing the second in a series of four concerts of Bach Cantatas, with Benita Valente, soprano; Shirley Love, alto; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 28, at 8.)

**Collegiate Chorale**—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with soloists and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8.)

**Dessoff Choirs**—Michael Hammond directing a predominantly Ives program, with Lucy Shelton, soprano; David Smith, tenor; Arthur Burrows, baritone; and Raymond Beegle, piano and organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 30, at 8.)

### RECITALS

**Christoph Eschenbach**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 27, at 8.)

**Jean-Pierre Jumez**—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 28, at 8.)

**Luciano Pavarotti**—Tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 29, at 8.)

**Lynn Harrell and James Levine**—Cello and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, March 31, at 2:15.)

**Beverly Sills**—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 31, at 3.)

**Isaac Stern and Pinchas Zukerman**—Violin and violin/viola. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 3.)

**Vermeer Quartet**—With Peter Serkin, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, March 31, at 3.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—Jaime Laredo and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 5, and Tuesday, April 2, at 7:30.)

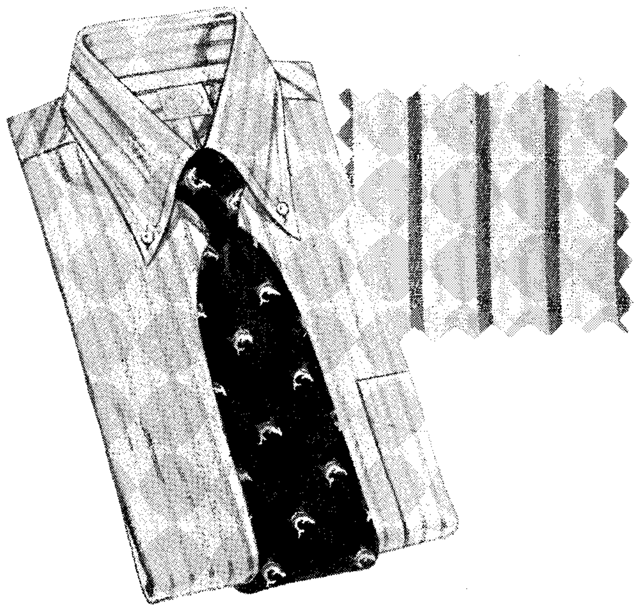
**Gina Bachauer**—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Sunday, March 31, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

**New School Concerts**—The second of two all-Mendelssohn concerts, this one played by Alexander Schneider, Jaime Laredo, and Ani and Ida Kavafian, all violin; Walter Trampler and Scott Nickrenz, viola; and Leslie Parnas and Timothy Eddy, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, March 31, at 8:30.)

**Maria Callas and Giuseppe Di Stefano**—Soprano and tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 2, at 8.)

**Norman Foster and Leonard Shure**—Baritone and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 3, at 8.)

**Alexander Schneider**—Violin, in a program of chamber music, with others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 3, at 8.)

**Samuel Lipman**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 4, at 8.)

**Dorian Woodwind Quintet**—With Lili Chookasian, contralto. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 4, at 8.)

**Rudolf Serkin**—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 5, at 8.)

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**Interludes**—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 27, at 5:45: RONNY WHYTE AND TRAVIS HUDSON. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 3, at 5:45: MAX MORATH.

**Shawn Phillips**—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 27, at 8.

**Jay & the Americans**—Town Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8 and 11.

**Anita Sheer**—In a benefit concert. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Saturday, March 30, at 2:30.)

**Miles Davis**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 30, at 8.

**Jimmy Reed, Lightnin' Hopkins, and Black Night Road**—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 30, at 8 and 11.

**Jimmy Giuffre Trio**—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, March 31, at 3. No tickets necessary.

**Charlie Byrd, Barney Kessel, and Herb Ellis**—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 8.

**Bobby Short**—The second of two programs, this one devoted to the works of Stephen Sondheim and Marc Blitzstein. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 8.)

**Grace Slick and Paul Kantner & Jefferson Starship**—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 2-3, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

**Mandrill, Ray Baretto, Voices of East Harlem, Elephant's Memory, and Zulema**—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Wednesday, April 3, at 7:30. For tickets, call 661-1360.

**Benny Goodman's Sextet**—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 3, at 8.

**Electric Light Orchestra and Steely Dan**—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, April 3, at 8:30.

**Country in New York**—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one with Merle Haggard, Bonnie Owens and the Strangers, the Osborne Brothers, and Don Bowman. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, April 5, at 7 and 10.)

**Poco**—Academy of Music. Friday, April 5, at 8 and 11:30.

**Kinks**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, April 6, at 7:30 and 11.

**New York Jazz Repertory Company**—The sixth in a series of concerts, this one devoted to the music of Thelonious Monk, plus Sy Oliver and Stanley Cowell conducting some of their own works. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 6, at 8.)

**Preservation Hall Jazz Band**—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, April 6, at 8.

**The Sax Section**—An exhibit of photographs, art work, memorabilia, and audiotapes of the great jazz saxophonists, among them Sidney Bechet, John Coltrane, Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, Johnny Hodges, and Lester Young. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 7. Optional contributions for admission.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

**Baseball**—Yankees vs. Cleveland—the first American League game here. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, April 6, at 2.)

**Professional Basketball**—At Nassau Coliseum—Nets vs. Denver, Wednesday, March 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ American Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Nets vs. Carolina or Virginia, Friday, March 29, and Monday, April 1, at 8:05.

**Hockey**—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, March 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, March 31, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Wednesday, April 3, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, April 2, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Saturday, April 6, at 7:35.

**Racing**—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 11. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 30; the Distaff Handicap, Wednesday, April 3; and the Gotham, Saturday, April 6. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 2; through Monday, May 27. The Trenton, Saturday, April 6.

**Tennis**—Women's National Indoor Championship: Billie Jean King, Chris Evert, Virginia Wade, Rosemary Casals, Olga Morozova, Françoise Durr, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Wednesday through Saturday, March 27-30, at 6, and Sunday, March 31, at noon.)

**Trotting**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 18.

## FOR CHILDREN

**Music**—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, March 30-31, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Yeomen of the Guard," Saturday, April 6, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, April 6, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

**Stage Shows**—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "*Pinocchio.*" (*Bil Baird Theatre*, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30, and Friday, March 29, at 7:30.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Pinocchio." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "My Horse Is Waiting." (P.S. 41, 116 W. 11th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3. Tickets at the box office only, on the days of the performances.)

**Hayden Planetarium**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "It's About Time." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

**Junior Museum Studio**, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Letters to the World," an exhibition of wall hangings in cloth, felt, paper, paint, and string; through April 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

## ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

**United Nations**—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

## COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

**Baseball**—At Shea Stadium—METS: Vs. St. Louis, April 9 (day) and April 11 (day doubleheader). Philadelphia, April 13-14 (d). Pittsburgh, April 19-21 (d). San Diego, May 3 (night) and May 4-5 (d). San Francisco, May 6-8 (n). . . . YANKEES: Vs. Cleveland, April 7-8 (day). Boston, April 16-18 (d). Kansas City, April 24-25 (d). Texas, April 26 (night), April 27 (d), and April 28 (day doubleheader). Oakland, April 30 (n) and May 1 (d). Milwaukee, May 10 (n).

**Crew**—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. April 20.). . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. April 27.)

. . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. April 27.). . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Philadelphia. April 28.). . . Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. May 4.). . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. May 5.)

**GOLF**—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 11-14.)

**HOCKEY**—Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. April 7.). . . ¶ Stanley Cup playoffs start April 10.

**RACING**—At **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 4. . . . **BELMONT:** May 13-June 22.

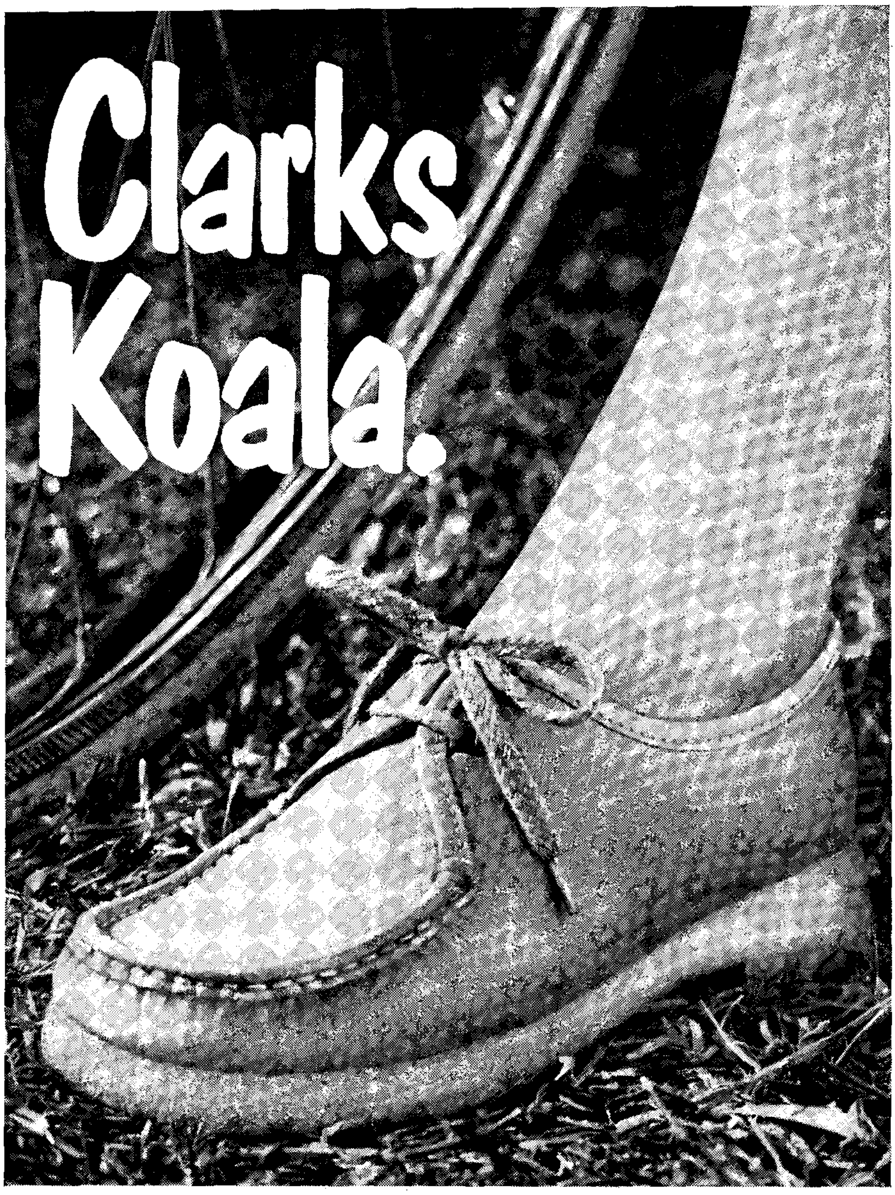
**TRACK**—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 19.). . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 26-27.)

**MUSIC**—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (799-4420): The season continues through April 20. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL**, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 18. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, April 7 and May 5. . . . ¶ Pro Arte Chorale and Orchestra, April 12. . . . ¶ Yehudi Menuhin, violin, and Ravi Shankar, sitar, April 19. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, April 21. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 22 and May 6. . . . ¶ English Chamber Orchestra, April 26. . . . ¶ Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin, violin and piano, April 28. . . . ¶ International Choral Festival, May 8, 10, and 12. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Alfred Brendel, piano, April 7 and 21. . . . ¶ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and Jörg Demus, piano, April 12, 17, and 22. . . . ¶ Maria Callas, soprano, and Giuseppe Di Stefano, tenor, April 15. . . . ¶ Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, April 18. . . . ¶ Handel Society Orchestra and Chorus, April 23. . . . ¶ Lorin Hollander, piano, April 24. . . . ¶ St. Cecelia Chorus and Orchestra, April 27. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 29. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, May 1 and 4. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, May 6. . . . ¶ Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, May 10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Music from Marlboro, April 8. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, April 9. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 12, 14, and 30, and May 1. . . . ¶ New and Newer Music, April 21. . . . ¶ Francisco Aybar, piano, April 23. . . . ¶ Concordia Choir, April 28. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Music from Marlboro, April 11. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra of New York, April 18 and 25. . . . ¶ Ravi Shankar, sitar, April 20. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (535-5350): Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano, April 13. . . . ¶ Grant Johannesen, piano, and Zara Nelsova, cello, May 4. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, April 26. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony Chamber Players and Claude Frank, piano, April 29.

**DANCE**—Harkness Ballet, at the Harkness Theatre, April 9-21. . . . ¶ Martha Graham Dance Company, at the Mark Hellinger Theatre, April 15-May 4. . . . ¶ Dance Theatre of Harlem, at the ANTA Theatre, April 16-28. . . . ¶ National Ballet of Canada, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 23-May 5. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, April 30-June 30. . . . ¶ Royal Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, May 7-26.

**THEATRE**—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A five-week engagement of "Music! Music!," a cavalcade of American music. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book, and the songs are by the popular composers of the last eighty years, including Gershwin, Porter, Rodgers, Bernstein, and Loewe. The stars are Gene Nelson, Larry Kert, Karen Morrow, and Donna McKechnie. . . . ¶ A revue "Words and Music," with songwriter Sammy Cahn as the host, narrator, and performer, accompanied by three singers. . . . ¶ "Brainchild," a musical with a book by Maxine Klein, music by Michel Legrand, lyrics by Hal David, and a cast that includes Tovah Feldshuh, Barbara Niles, and Marilyn Pasekoff.

**OTHER DATES**—International Imported Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 6-14. . . . ¶ The United Nations General Assembly will reconvene here on April 9. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 14. . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1973 and estimates for 1974 are due Monday, April 15. . . . ¶ United Nations Economic and Social Council meetings, April 22-May 17.



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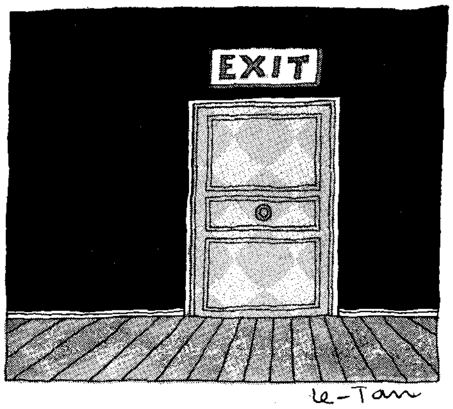
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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### EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 2: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From April 3: "The Three Musketeers."

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 30: "Christopher Strong" and "Morning Glory."
March 31-April 2: "She Loves Me Not" and "On the Avenue."
From April 3: "Ride the Pink Horse" and "Night Must Fall."

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through April 2: "Last Tango in Paris" and "Women in Love."
From April 3: "Zardoz" and "The Effect of Gamma Rays."

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Walking Tall."

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 2: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From April 3: "The Three Musketeers."

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Super Cops."

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 2: "Sleeper."
From April 3: "American Graffiti."

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Blazing Saddles."

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Conrack."

**Fine Arts,** 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Pedestrian."

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Last Detail."

**East 59th Street I,** 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

**East 59th Street II,** 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

**Ciné Malibu,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through March 30: "Cinderella Liberty."
From March 31: "The Sugarland Express."

**First Avenue Screening Room,** 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"Lucia."

**Columbia I,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through April 2: "The Paper Chase."
From April 3: "The Three Musketeers."

**Columbia II,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"American Graffiti."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Badlands."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Thieves Like Us."

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
March 27: "Man on a Swing."
From March 28: "The Great Gatsby."

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 2: "Day for Night."
From April 3: "Mean Streets."

**Juliet I,** 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through April 2: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From April 3 (tentative): "American Graffiti."

**Juliet 2,** 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through April 2: "Papillon."
From April 3: "The Three Musketeers."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 2: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
From April 3: To be announced.

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 28: "Fantastic Planet."
From March 29: "The Sting."

**Loews Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
March 27: "Zardoz."
From March 28: "The Great Gatsby."

**Loews Ciné,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Conrack."

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Super Cops."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Africa Uncensored."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Busting."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 2: "Sleeper."
From April 3: "Serpico."

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 2: "A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."
From April 3: "The Last Detail."

**5th Ave. Cinema,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 2: "Fantastic Planet."
From April 3: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
To be announced.

**Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through April 2 at one or another of the theatres: "Don't Look Now" and "Bedazzled" / "Day for Night" and "The Bride Wore Black" / "Blume in Love" and "Death in Venice" / "Man Is Not a Bird" *and* "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
From April 3: To be announced.

**Elgin,** 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 27: "Red Desert" and "La Notte."
March 28-April 1: "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors."
April 2: "The Rise of Louis XIV" and "Phèdre."
April 3: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "The Decameron."
From April 4: "Harold and Maude" and "Putney Swope."

**23rd St. Cinema,** 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 2: "The Laughing Policeman" and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."
From April 3: To be announced.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through April 2: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
From April 3: "The Three Musketeers."

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Mame."

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Ragman's Daughter."

**Playboy,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 2: "Un Amore Così Fragile e Così Violento."
From April 3: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Mother and the Whore."

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
March 27: "Borsalino" and "Banana Peel."
March 28: "Falstaff" and "The Immortal Story."
March 29-31: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Belle de Jour." (No afternoon performances on Sunday, March 31, when "The Adventures of Robin Hood," with Errol Flynn, will be shown.)
April 1: "Faces" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."
April 2-3: "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" and "A Man and a Woman."
April 4: "On the Waterfront" and "The Wild One."

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

**Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
March 27: Theatre closed.
From March 28 at 8: "The Great Gatsby."

**Cinema Studio,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 2: "Papillon."
From April 3: "Busting."

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through April 2: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From April 3: "The Last Detail."

**Beacon,** B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through April 2: A Bruce Lee festival, including "Enter the Dragon," "Fists of Fury," and "The Chinese Connection."
From April 3: "The Three Musketeers."

**Loews 83rd St.,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through April 2: "A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."
From April 3: "Man on a Swing."

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 30: "The Great Dictator" and "City Lights."
March 31-April 2: "City Lights" and "Modern Times."
From April 3: "Modern Times" and "Monsieur Verdoux."

**Symphony,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 28: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
From March 29: "The Sting."

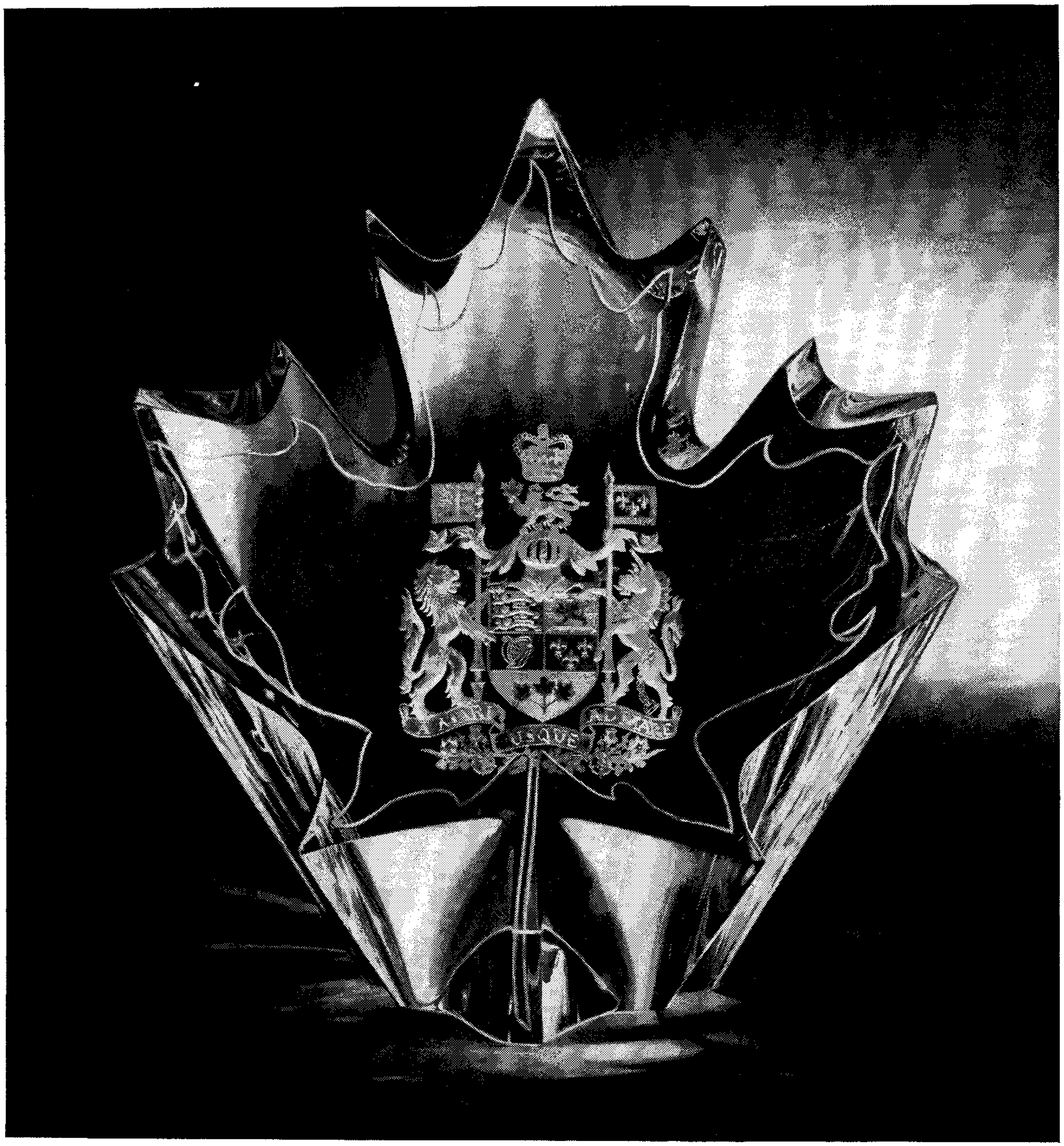
**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 2: "The Pyx" and "Your Three Minutes Are Up."
From April 3: To be announced.

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 2: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."
From April 3: "Le Sex Shop" and "Siddhartha."

**Note**—A few specialist film houses: **BLEECKER ST. CINEMA,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. *Friday through Sunday, March 29-31:* "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe) and "An American in Paris" (1951; Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron).... **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes.* At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. ... **PAGODA,** 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

## FILM LIBRARIES

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 27 at 5:30: "True Heart Susie" (1919), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish.... ¶ March 28 at 5:30: "The Station Master" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Y. Zhelyabuzhsky and I. Moskvin; no English titles.... ¶ March 28 at 8: "Red Partisans" (1924), a Russian film, directed by V. Viskovsky; no English titles.... ¶ March 29 at 2: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.... ¶ March 30 at noon: "Young Mr. Lincoln" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda.... ¶ March 30 at 3: "The Ninth of January" (1925), a Russian film, directed by V. Viskovsky; no English titles. ... ¶ March 31 at 2: "My Fair Lady" (1964), directed by George Cukor, with Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison.... ¶ April 1 at 2: "The Extraordinary Adven-



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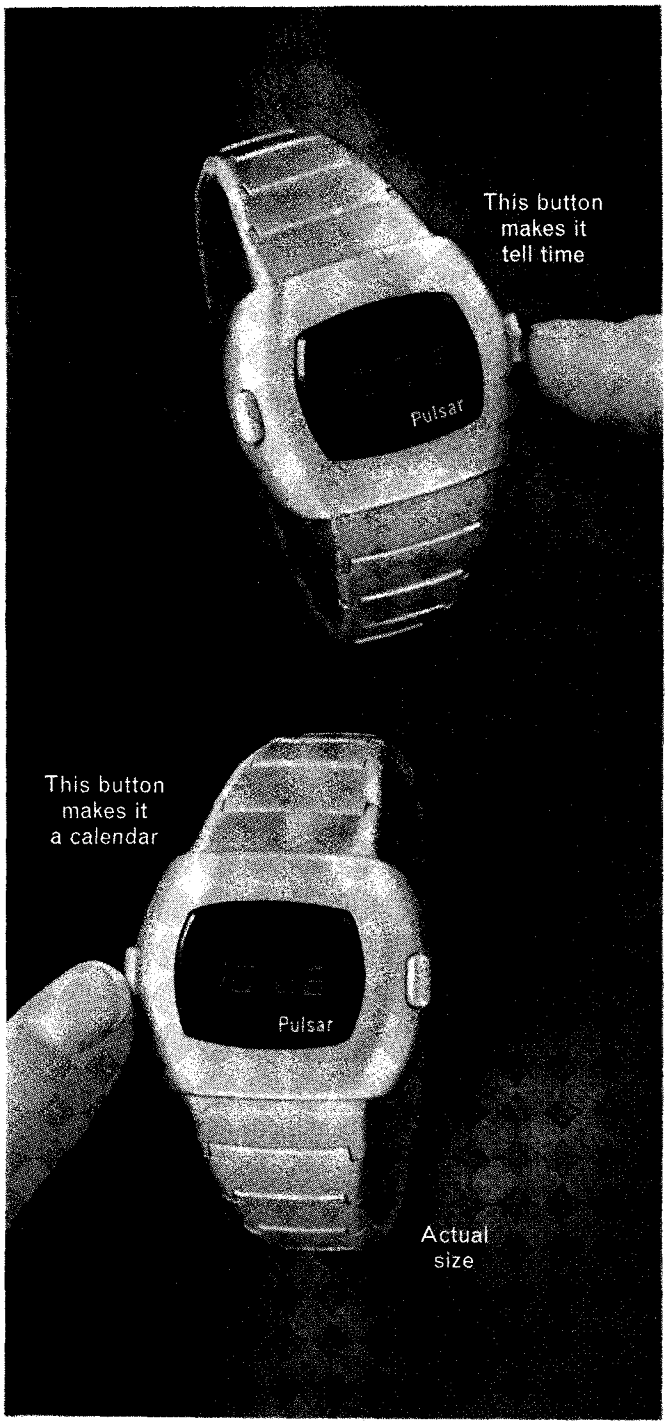
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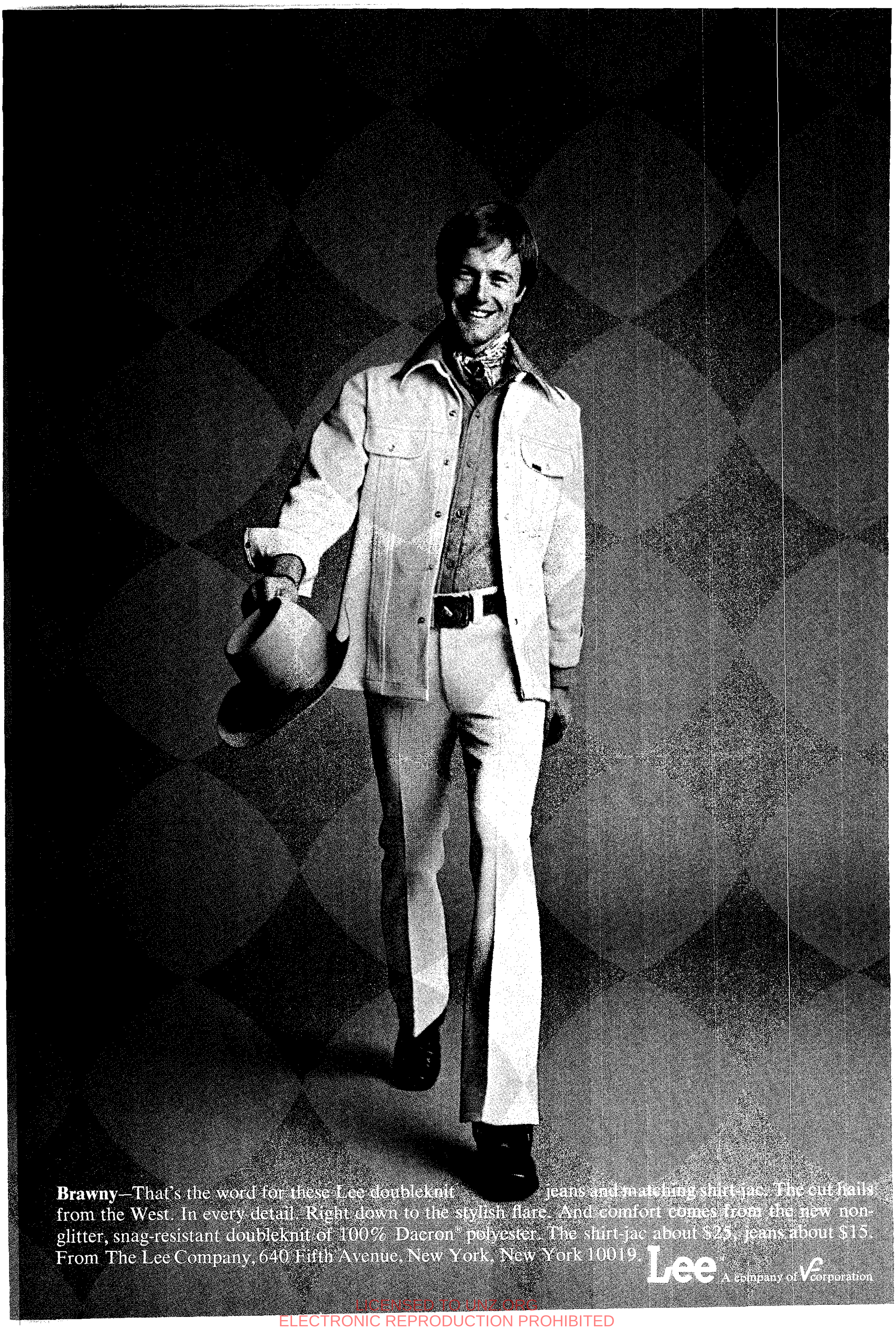

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tures of Mr. West in the Land of the Bolsheviks" (1924), a Russian film, directed by Lev Kuleshov; no English titles. . . . ¶ April 2 at 2 and April 3 at 5:30: "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ April 4 at 5:30: "The Death Ray" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Lev Kuleshov; no English titles. . . . ¶ April 4 at 8: "The Ninth of January" (1925). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

**New York Cultural Center**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—March 27: "Reign of Terror" (1949), directed by Anthony Mann, with Robert Cummings and Arlene Dahl. . . . ¶ March 28: "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" (1947), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Gene Tierney and Rex Harrison. . . . ¶ March 29: "The Honey Pot" (1967), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Rex Harrison and Susan Hayward. . . . ¶ March 30-31: "Treasure Island" (1934), directed by Victor Fleming, with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. . . . ¶ April 3: "Bedlam" (1946), directed by Mark Robson, with Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ April 4: "Cat People" (1942), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Simone Simon and Kent Smith. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—March 27: "Narrative Cinema Part Two," a program of six short films. . . . ¶ March 28-April 3: "Poetic Cinema," a program of eight short films. . . . ¶ Starting April 4: "Children's Cinema," a program of seven short films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings); on April 4 at 1:10, 2:20, 3:30, and 4:40. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

**Film Society of Lincoln Center**—The first programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. March 29 at 6 and March 30 at 8:30: "The Red Train" (Switzerland; Peter Ammann). . . . ¶ March 29 at 8:30 and March 30 at 6: "The Sugarland Express" (United States; Steven Spielberg). . . . ¶ March 31 at 6 and April 1 at 8:30: "But Where Is Daniel Vax?" (Israel; Avram Heffner). . . . ¶ March 31 at 8:30 and April 1 at 6: "All Nudity Shall Be Punished" (Brazil; Arnaldo Jabor). . . . ¶ April 2 at 6 and April 5 at 8:30: "Days of 36" (Greece; Theo Angelopoulos). . . . ¶ April 2 at 8:30 and April 5 at 11: "Bawdy Tales" (Italy; Sergio Citti). (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 765-5100, Ext. 311.)

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

**Africa Uncensored**—A documentary film, directed by Angelo Castiglioni and Guido Guerrasio. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

**American Graffiti**—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Reviewed in these pages 8/13/73.) (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting April 3. . . . ¶ Juliet 1; starting April 3, tentative.)

**Un Amore Così Fragile e Così Violento**—An Italian film, with no English titles. (Playboy; through April 2.)

**Badlands**—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes; Terrence Malick's début picture extends that uninvolvement to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum is spreading over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation. It's like a brilliant student's Ph.D. thesis; the picture is so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Beekman.)

**Banana Peel** (1965)—The plot—about two clever swindlers (Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo)—is perhaps too furiously ingenious, but the performers' pleasure in acting and in each other's company becomes a pleasure to the audience. With Gert Frobe and Claude Brasseur; Marcel Ophuls directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 27.)

**Bedazzled** (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Quad Cinema; through April 2.)

**Belle de Jour** (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 29-31. No matinée performances on Sunday, March 31.)

**Blazing Saddles**—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem as much as they can, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Sutton.)

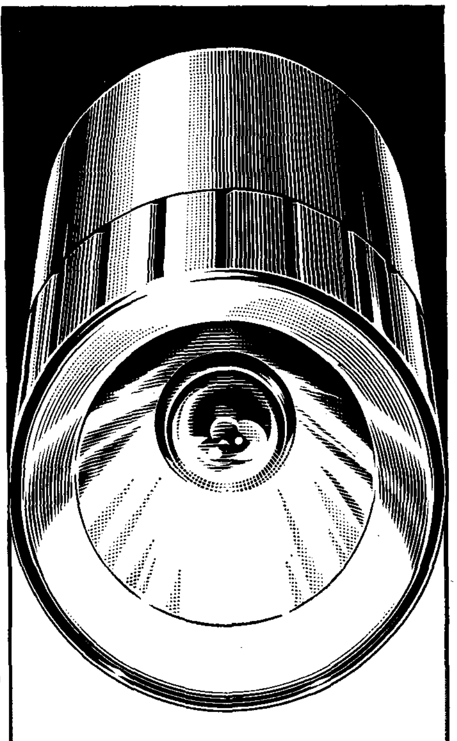
**Blume in Love**—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. Some dénouement. Written and directed by Paul Mazursky, of "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice," which was a comedy with a lot more slyness and verve. (6/23/73) (Quad Cinema; through April 2.)

**Borsalino** (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseilles of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 27.)

**The Bride Wore Black** (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Quad Cinema; through April 2.)

**Busting**—With Elliott Gould and Robert Blake, directed by Peter Hyams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting April 3.)

**Christopher Strong** (1933)—An arch, high-strung, sickeningly noble Katharine Hepburn movie, but one of the rare movies told from a woman's sexual point of view. Directed by Dorothy Arzner from a screenplay by Zoë Akins, it's the story of a record-breaking English aviatrix who falls in love with a distinguished political figure (Colin Clive). As soon as they go to bed together, he insists—late on the very first night—that she not fly in the contest she is entered in. It's the intelligent woman's primal post-coital scene. In movies, this primal scene has never been played out satisfactorily; the woman always gives in, either in the paste-up screwball



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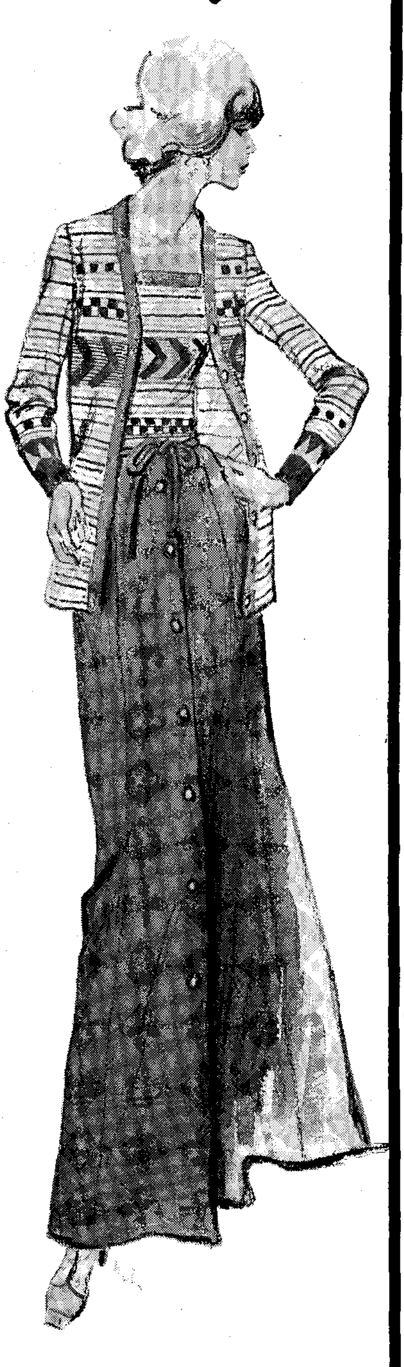

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style that provided the fake resolutions of the forties, or, as in this picture, fatally. (The heroine commits suicide.) The film was a flop, but it's not one that independent-minded women can easily forget. Hepburn is exquisitely gaunt and boyish in her sleek, high-fashion gowns, including one that she says makes her look like a moth. It does; the film is a moth-and-flame story. With Billie Burke, Ralph Forbes, Helen Chandler, and Jack La Rue. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 30.)

**Cinderella Liberty**—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (1/21/74) (Cinema II; through March 30.)

**City Lights** (1931)—The famous old Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (New Yorker; through April 2.)

**Conrack**—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina mainland, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his bursting through restraints. Martin Ritt directed, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder," but with some of the same talent for bringing out black performers. Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (3/11/74) (Trans-Lux East, and Loews Ciné.)

**Day for Night**—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. (10/15/73) (In French, with subtitles, at the Quad Cinema; through April 2. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the 72nd Street East; through April 2.)

**The Day of the Dolphin**—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (Ziegfeld.)

**Death in Venice** (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Quad Cinema; through April 2.)

**The Decameron** (1971)—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Elgin; April 3.)

**The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie** (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (11/11/72) (Quad Cinema; through April 2.)

**Don't Look Now**—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion Gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Quad Cinema; through April 2.)

**The Effect of Gamma Rays** (1972)—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (12/23/72) (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 3.)

**The Exorcist**—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema I, and Paris.)

**Faces** (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 1.)

**Falstaff** (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 28.)

**Fantastic Planet**—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In dubbed English. (U. A. East; through March 28. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; through April 2.)

**The Friends of Eddie Coyle**—Ineffective movie based on the George V. Higgins book—which should have been first-rate movie material. Robert Mitchum, looking appropriately square-headed, tries hard, but nothing really meshes in this movie. The actor who comes across best is Richard Jordan, as the smart, treacherous cop. The director, Peter Yates, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story, and he certainly doesn't know the Boston Irish locale. With Peter Boyle. (23rd St. Cinema; through April 2.)

**The Gospel According to St. Matthew** (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features a rigid Jesus who demands obedience, as well as the rocky settings of southern Italy and an eclectic score. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Elgin; April 3.)

**The Great Dictator** (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (New Yorker; through March 30.)

**The Great Gatsby**—With Robert Redford and Mia Farrow, directed by Jack Clayton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum; starting March 28. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting March 28 at 8. Thereafter, Sundays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Reserved performances—not seats—only.)

**Harold and Maude** (1971)—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Elgin; starting April 4.)

**The Immortal Story** (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 28.)

**Juliet of the Spirits** (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 29-31. No matinée performances on Sunday, March 31.)

**The Last Detail**—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. The movie is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Coronet. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 3.)

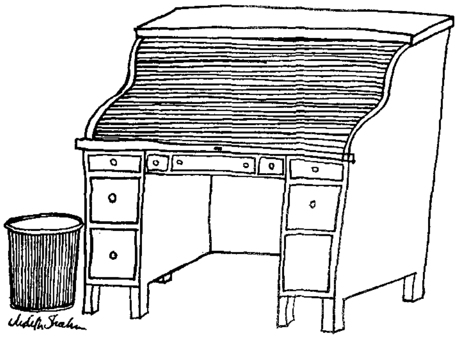
**Last Tango in Paris** (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (10/28/72) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 2.)

**The Laughing Policeman**—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey one-upmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (1/21/74) (23rd St. Cinema; through April 2.)

**Lucia**—A Cuban film, directed by Humberto Solas. In Spanish. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

**Mame**—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Music Hall.)

**A Man and a Woman** (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 2-3.)



**Man Is Not a Bird** (1966)—A Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Quad Cinema; through April 2.)

**Man on a Swing**—Frank Perry's movies are all bad in different ways. This pseudo-documentary murder mystery attempts to build suspense through a series of realistic vignettes that are about as "natural" as those TV commercials with actors simulating ordinary, warty people. The movie is based on the unsolved crime that an Ohio reporter, William A. Clark, wrote about in "The Girl on the Volkswagen Floor"—a crime that became complicated when a man who claimed to be clairvoyant got involved in solving it. If the movie had stuck to the facts, it might have worked; if the scripter, David Zelag Goodman, had fictionalized the case and given it a solution, that might also have worked. But the movie is a jumble of both (with echoes of "Laura" besides), and in changing the central character, the reporter, to a chief of police (Cliff Robertson), Goodman failed to restructure the reporter's activities. So one keeps wondering who's running the police department while Robertson wanders off investigating parapsychology. Robertson's acting is far from inspired; his eyes are so bright and alert that he's staring even when he isn't, and his mouth is fixed in a semi-sneer. The picture, however, has a creepy, volatile performance by Joel Grey, as the man who says he's clairvoyant, and it's pure gold. Grey proves that he's an actor and a star; you can't take your eyes off him, and you don't want to. (Loews Tower East; March 27. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting April 3.)

**Mean Streets**—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (72nd Street East; starting April 3.)

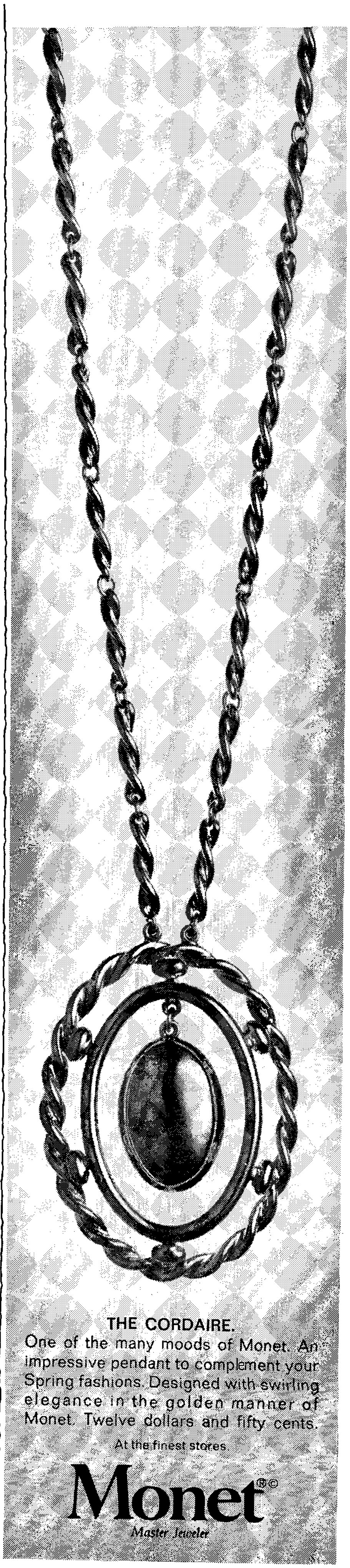
**Minnie and Moskowitz** (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 1.)

**Modern Times** (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (New Yorker; starting March 31.)

**Monsieur Verdoux** (1947)—Chaplin as a deft, fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies: this private entrepreneur of murder feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as turgid. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work of movie art, but it's so special a film that maybe it deserves to be called a classic. (New Yorker; starting April 3.)

**Morning Glory** (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as "Eva Lovelace"—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. The picture was remade in the late fifties as "Stage Struck," starring Susan Strasberg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 30.)

**The Mother and the Whore**—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-five-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter



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of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex-without-love. In French. (3/4/74) (Little Carnegie.)

**Night Must Fall** (1937)—Robert Montgomery, the foremost romantic light comedian of the early talkies, startled movie audiences when he took this role as a baby-faced killer—a Cockney psychopath carrying a sinister hatbox. Adapted (just barely) by John Van Druten from the Emlyn Williams play, this shocker, set in an isolated cottage, is stage-bound but very scary. Intelligent, repressed Rosalind Russell is drawn to the smiling, thick-lipped Montgomery but becomes frightened when she sees him wheedling his way into the affections of a silly, spoiled old lady (Dame May Whitty). The direction, by Richard Thorpe, is somewhat ponderous (in the M-G-M manner), but the penny-dreadful theatrics are gruesomely effective. This is one of the rare movies in which the viewer loathes the potential victim (Whitty) and still doesn't want to see her get it. (A later version, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Albert Finney, was insistently cinematic, and a mess.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 3.)

**La Notte** (1962)—In Antonioni's earlier "L'Avventura," which was also about the moral and spiritual poverty of the rich, his architectural sense was integral to the theme and characters; here, the abstract elements take over, and the drama becomes glacial. And his conception is distasteful: his characters seem to find glamour in their own desolation and emptiness. The characters are cardboard intellectuals—a sort of international café society—and their lassitude seems an empty pose. Mastroianni plays a blank-faced famous novelist; as his wife, Jeanne Moreau walks endlessly, with the camera fixated on her rear; and Monica Vitta is a brunette with money up to her ears and nothing to do. In Italian. (Elgin; March 27.)

**On the Avenue** (1937)—One of the best of the Fox musicals of the thirties, despite its unevenness and lack of sophistication. If it had nothing else, it might still be worth seeing for Alice Faye singing the memorable "This Year's Kisses," and it has a lot more: Dick Powell in ebullient voice, the Ritz Brothers doing a parody number, and a first-rate Irving Berlin score that includes "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm," "Slumming on Park Avenue," and "You're Laughing at Me." The love interest involves ever-beautiful, ever-coy Madeleine Carroll, who gurgles when she means to talk, but the director, Roy Del Ruth, doesn't linger on her. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 31-April 2.)

**On the Waterfront** (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 4.)

**The Paper Chase**—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (Columbia I; through April 2.)

**Paper Moon**—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd St.; through April 2.)

**Papillon**—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (Juliet 2, and Cinema Studio; through April 2.)

**The Pedestrian**—Directed by Maximilian Schell. In German. (Fine Arts.)

**Phèdre** (1968)—Marie Bell has been acclaimed as the greatest Phèdre since Bernhardt. Most Americans must take this judgment on faith, but at least it's possible to see her legendary performance and to glean an idea of the sound and look of the classic French style of acting from this somewhat shortened version of the Racine tragedy in Alexandrine verse, directed (in color) by Pierre Jourdan. In French. (Elgin; April 2.)

**Putney Swope** (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted int the chairman's seat by a bad accident o boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode (Elgin; starting April 4.)

**The Pyx**—With Karen Black and Christophe Plummer, directed by Harvey Hart. (Thalia through April 2.)

**The Ragman's Daughter**—From Alan Sillitoe' novel, with Simon Rouse, directed by Harold Becker. (Festival.)

**Red Desert** (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and i seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni' hazy illustration of emotional chaos may o may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisit that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti an Richard Harris. In Italian. (Elgin; Marc 27.)

**Ride the Pink Horse** (1947)—One of a kind; n one in his right mind would imitate it. Be Hecht and Charles Lederer concocted thi baroque folly about gangsters in the Southwest. Some of the characters speak standard-Hollywood broken English in order to conve the information that they're Mexican; th hero, Robert Montgomery (who also directed), speaks in a tough-guy lingo that isn' just broken—it's smashed. He says of woman he doesn't like, "She has a dead fis where her heart ought to be." This doesn' quite satisfy him, and he expands the idea "A dead fish," he goes on, "with a bit of perfume on it." That may be cruel to the woman, but it's a fair summary of the picture Wanda Hendrix, in dark makeup, gets a rid on a merry-go-round, thus giving the film it inappropriate title. But nothing else woul have been appropriate either. (Theatre 80 St Marks; starting April 3.)

**The Rise of Louis XIV** (1966)—Rossellini' beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about th growing up of a young monarch from a bo written off as nothing much more than a unambitious young debauchee into one of th most skillful absolutists in European history In French. (Elgin; April 2.)

**Serpico**—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the Ne York City policeman whose incorruptibilit alienated him from his fellow-officers an turned him into a messianic hippie freak. Th theme is richly comic, and the film is grea fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one o the rare hopeful stories of our time—for cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexle (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most o the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Baronet. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting April 3.)

**Le Sex Shop**—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolat husband with an adored wife and two smal children. He goes to work in a place calle Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory tha look like cart-horse harness. A funny pictur about a man who is physically in love wit his wife but haplessly goes along with th idea that progress in sex should keep up wit the moon walk. (8/6/73) (Olympia; startin April 3.)

**Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors** (1964)—A Ukrainian film, directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Also known as "Wild Horses of Fire." (Elgin; March 28-April 1.)

**She Loves Me Not** (1934)—Bing Crosby as a college student who hides a night-club dancer (Miriam Hopkins) in his room at the dorm. He also croons to the dean's daughter (Kitty Carlisle), and they sing together in a sequence set high up over the treetops in the clouds. Since the rest of this musical comedy follows the original Broadway play, this cloud duet seems a berserk tribute to the muse of cinema. Elliott Nugent directed, without much flair, but the material has an agreeable period flavor, especially when young (though hardly college-age) Crosby sings "Love in Bloom." With Warren Hymer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 31-April 2.)

**SIDDHARTHA**—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling, as compared to thinking, when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (7/23/73) (Olympia; starting April 3.)

**SLEEPER**—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Eastside Cinema, and Waverly; through April 2.)

**HE STING**—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Symphony; starting March 29.)

**HE SUGARLAND EXPRESS**—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) gets off a bus in Texas, and her bouncy, determined walk spells trouble. She could have a sign engraved on her forehead: "I want it now." Whatever it is, Lou Jean can't wait for it. The film is about the foul-up she causes when she and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet it has eagerness and flash and talent. The director, Steven Spielberg, is twenty-six and a wizard at action sequences; in terms of the pleasure that technical assurance gives an audience, this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (3/18/74) (Cinema II; starting March 31.)

**UMMER WISHES, WINTER DREAMS**—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness, unfulfillment, and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (12/10/73) (East 59th Street I, and East 59th Street II. . . . ¶ Symphony; through March 28. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Guild; through April 2.)

**HE SUPER COPS**—With Ron Leibman and David Selby, directed by Gordon Parks. (34th St. East, and 86th St. East.)

**HE TALL BLOND MAN WITH ONE BLACK SHOE**—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (Art, Gramercy, Juliet 1, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; through April 2. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, Playboy; starting April 3.)

**EN FROM YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS** (1973)—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (3/3/73) (Olympia; through April 2.)

**HIEVES LIKE US**—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**THE THREE MUSKETEERS**—With Oliver Reed, Charlton Heston, Faye Dunaway, and Richard Chamberlain, directed by Richard Lester. (Art, Gramercy, Columbia I, Juliet 2, Guild, and Beacon; starting April 3.)

**A TOUCH OF CLASS**—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd St.; through April 2.)

**THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (1964)—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 2-3.)

**VALERIE AND HER WEEK OF WONDERS**—A Czech film, directed by Jaromil Jires. (Elgin; March 28-April 1.)

**WALKING TALL**—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser; there *is* a Buford Pusser and he's out promoting the movie, but it's a tall tale—a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Cinema Village.)

**THE WAY WE WERE**—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the black-listing troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (10/15/73) (East 59th Street I, and East 59th Street II. . . . ¶ Symphony; through March 28. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Guild; through April 2.)

**THE WILD ONE** (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his soft-eyed youth, when his talent magnetized audiences—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 4.)

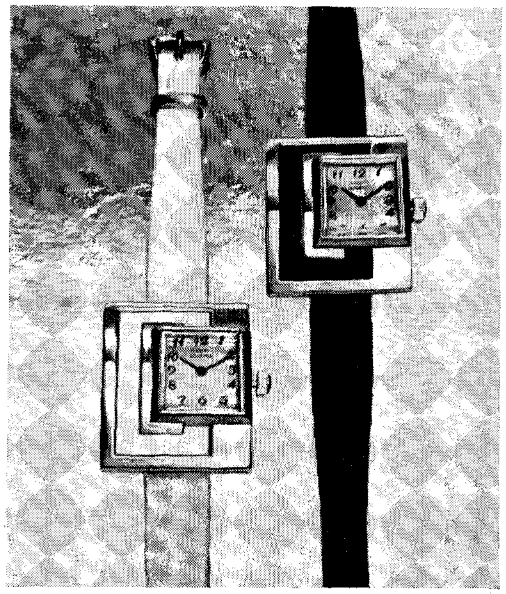
**WOMEN IN LOVE** (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 2.)

**YOUR THREE MINUTES ARE UP**—With Beau Bridges and Ron Leibman, directed by Douglas N. Schwartz. (Thalia; through April 2.)

**ZARDOZ**—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitist commune of the future, dominated by hyper-intellectual immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With ideas skimmed off the top of various systems of thought, "Zardoz" is a glittering cultural trash pile, and probably the most gloriously fatuous movie since "The Oscar"—though the passages between laughs droop. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race. (2/18/74) (Loews Orpheum; March 27. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting April 3.)

The Dashing
Continental Topper.
By Rena Rowan for
Jones New York, in tan
Spanish poplin, a machine
washable blend of polyester
and cotton. With matching
flyers pants. Sizes 6 to 16.
The continental topper, $58.
The pants, $28.
Contempo on Six.
Marshall Field & Company,
111 North State Street,
Chicago, Illinois 60690.

Marshall Field & Company
There's nothing like it back home.



## Time marches backward

Yesterday's dazzling times, resculpted for this moment in bright nostalgic geometrics with bold, look-hither faces. The bangle, goldeny metal and ivory, gilded face, $60. Below, strap-ons in white or black patent with golden metal and gilded faces, $50. With a 17-jewel movement that is guaranteed for one year against any defect originally in the movement. Ours exclusively, Fashion Jewelry Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

IT is April, and Heliotrope, the Open University of San Francisco, is once again turning toward the sun of felt needs and marigold-yellow fulfillments. Heliotrope is a real university, and lives at 21 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, Calif., 94111. Marigold yellow is one of the colors of Heliotrope's April bulletin, on the cover of which three competition bicyclists, crash-helmeted, are bent low over their handlebars, pedalling madly toward Awareness. Come, let us join them. For too long have we tarried in the dismal sunless cities of the East. Come. Let us go, then, love, and enlist ourselves in Course D-16, Awareness and Weight Loss Workshop, designed for the unsuccessful dieter: "Each participant will have an opportunity to tailor-make a weight-loss program incorporating their food cravings, life-style needs, and principles of sound nutrition. Transactional Analysis will be used as a framework for understanding the personal motivations that contribute to overeating problems." Come. Your food cravings have long been a puzzlement (that time you ordered Blue Whale Stuffed with Ford Pinto), and as for your life style—But we are not being critical; it is the East, the East, the Unreal City, to which we attach the blame. That, and the stuffy rigid hierarchical closed universities which infest it and us. Let us leave all that behind, shoulder our backpacks, and return to basics at Heliotrope, the Open University of San Francisco. We can take Basic Astrology, D-20: "Instructress is student of the vast harmonious order of the universe." And so can we be, if only we can shed our narrow paranoid pale untogether judgmental Valium-popping Eastern ways. Required for the course: a birth certificate or correct knowledge of time (hour, minute), month, day, year of birth. Or we can take Basic Bridge (D-21), Basic Macramé (D-22), Basic Silkscreening (D-24), Basic Herb Gardening (D-111), or Basic Turkish (D-29): "Mellow low-key course." We are sour and high-key; that is part of what ails us—how could we not have known? We have been frittering. Let us fritter no more. Or we have been seeking answers. That is a mistake. "When an answer is found, it is not the end but only a beginning." Why didn't *we* think of that? The Open University offers us beginnings and beginnings and beginnings, and what do we want more than beginnings? Come. We can begin Alpha & Theta Brain Wave Training (D-8), Belly Dance (D-30), Bicycle Repair and Maintenance (D-31), Common Medical Problems (D-38), or Divorce Before & After (D-47). "If you are thinking about divorce, if you have recently been divorced or if you are thinking of remarriage, this is an opportunity to clarify your feelings and to share your experience with assistance from a trained professional." Who among us is not thinking about divorce, except for a few tiny-minded stick-in-the-muds who don't count? Come, love, and we will think about it together at the Open University, with assistance from a trained professional. Heliotrope, you will notice, does not offer us any untrained professionals—Heaven forfend! And if we can't clarify our feelings, perhaps we can clarify our butter, by taking Vegetarian & Natural Foods Cooking, D-102. And if these resplendent opportunities are not enough we can dip a toe into D-60, Happiness and Freedom; D-65, Hypnosis with Color; D-81, Outdoor Meditation, Intensive; D-100, Tide Pool Life; D-135, Two-Stroke Motorcycle Maintenance; D-136, Introduction to Gambling; or D-91, Stained Glass. Come, dearly beloved, hung-up, rarefied, Con Ed-haunted mandarin that you are, let us pick up our water beds and gimp off into the sunrise, to Heliotrope, the Open University of San Francisco. There is even a course in Love (D-71): "We cover self love, romantic love, humanitarian love, and spiritual love." Perhaps they know something that we do not. Ah, happy Heliotrope, with its Kung Fu, Tai Chi Chuan, Tap Dancing, Group Bioenergetic Reëducation, and Gestalt for Women Over 35! Come. You, dear friend, can teach a course in Paying the Telephone Bill, and we will teach one in Sleeping, and we will all, at long last, be avenged upon that fancy-Dan Lionel Trilling.

R MacMullan

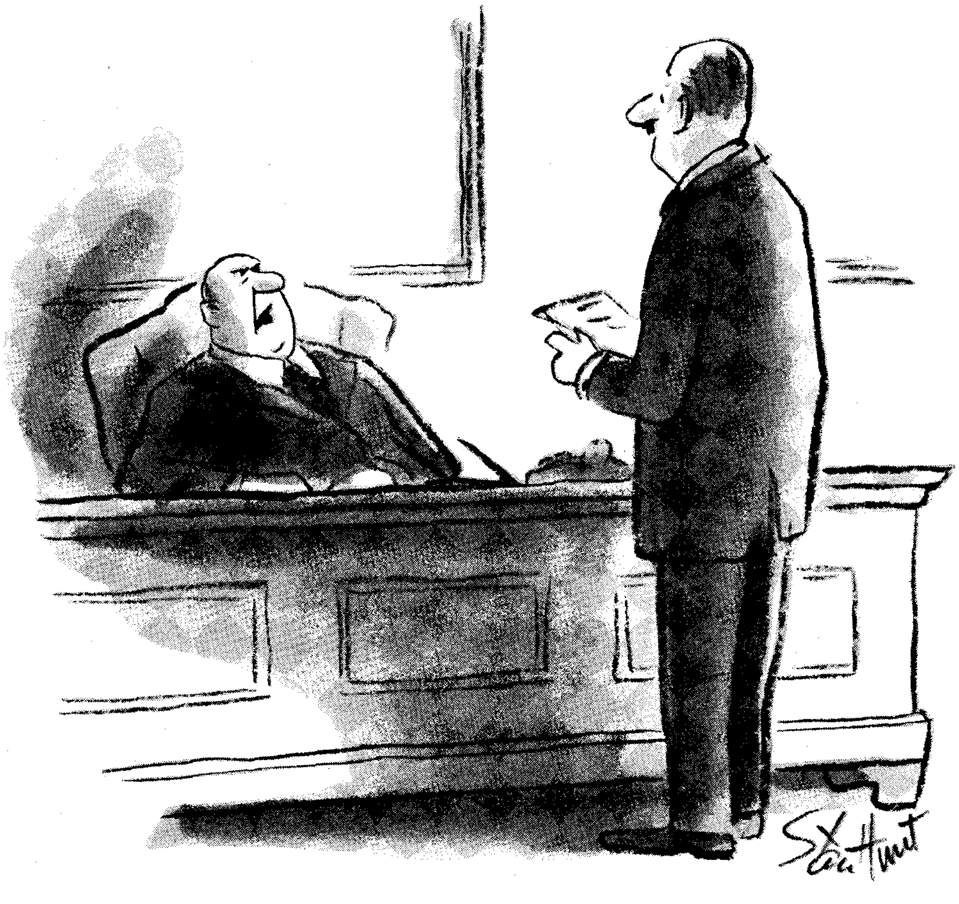
## *High Risk*

WE took an instructive walk along West Forty-second Street the other morning with Richard Ravitch, the president of H.R.H. Construction Corporation. At the age of forty, Mr. Ravitch is one of a handful of New York builders and real-estate developers who are remaking the face of the city. Ordinarily, people who succeed in this line of work are not Phi Beta Kappas from Columbia University or graduates of Yale Law School, but Ravitch is both. He has some other unusual credentials as well. His construction company has an enviable reputation for efficiency and integrity. (The *Village Voice* recently called him "the most honorable builder in the city.") As a developer, he has won high praise from urban planners and architectural critics for such projects as Waterside—a "self-contained community" made up of apartment buildings, pedestrian plazas, shops, a restaurant, and recreation facilities—that is nearing completion on a specially constructed platform over the East River between Twenty-fifth and Thirtieth Streets. Ada Louise Huxtable, of the *Times*, has called Waterside "the city's first large-scale breakthrough from the norm of sterile housing clichés . . . a standard-setting development." Perhaps the most revolutionary thing about Waterside is its brave attempt to show that living space in the city can mean more than just shelter. But, for all its built-in amenities and imaginative design (by Davis, Brody & Associates), the project can be viewed as just one more addition to the already overcrowded housing market on the East Side of Manhattan. In its potential impact on the city, Waterside pales beside Ravitch's latest development—a "middle-income" residential complex called Manhattan Plaza, for which ground has already been broken on, of all places, West Forty-second Street. To be more specific, the site is an immense city block, bounded on the south and north by Forty-second and Forty-third Streets and on the east and west by Ninth and Tenth Avenues.

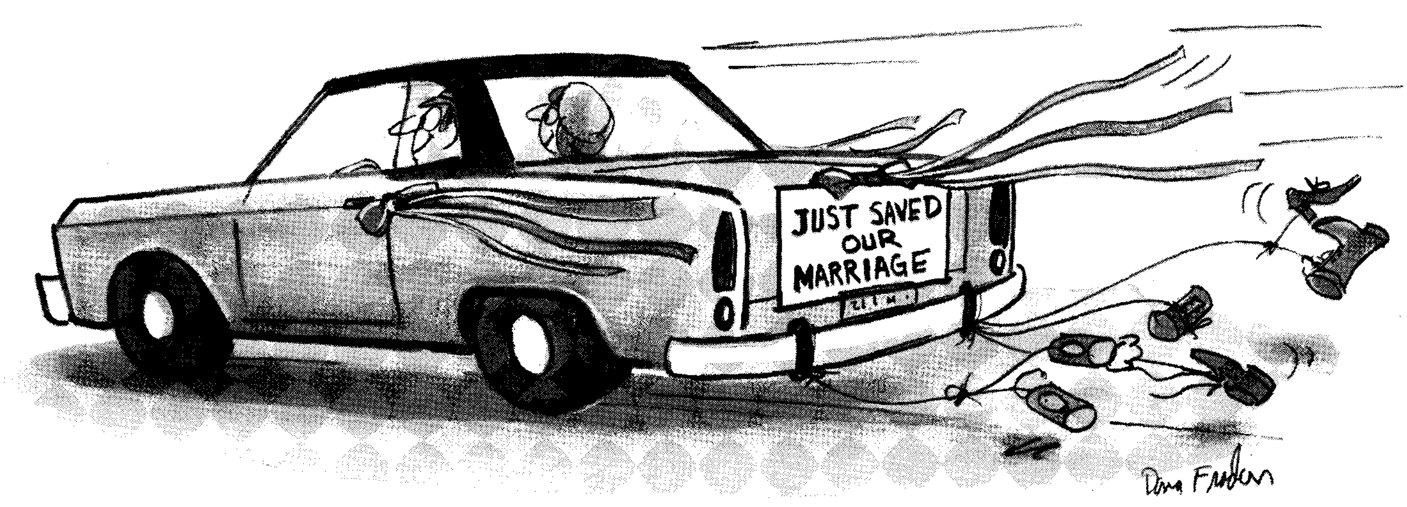
On the morning we met Mr. Ravitch for an inspection tour, a subcontractor was dynamiting a stubborn ledge of rock along the western boundary of the excavation, and in the center of the block a long line of dump trucks was waiting patiently to be filled with dark-brown earth destined for a swamp somewhere in New Jersey. After asking us to take note of the large number of minority-group workmen on the job, Ravitch went on to describe the project that would soon be rising from the huge hole in the ground: twin towers—one forty-five, the other forty-six stories high—with a total of seventeen hundred apartments; a thousand-car garage; an elevated plaza with an outdoor café; and all sorts of recreation facilities, such as a swimming pool, a basketball court, paddle-tennis courts, saunas. As we tried to conjure up this vision of the good urban life, our gaze kept wandering to the south side of Forty-second Street, where a row of particularly seedy porno shops advertised another kind of recreation facility: Tom Cat Theatre; Live Burlesk; Adult Peep Show; Girls, Girls, Girls. We asked what the rents at Manhattan Plaza would be; Ravitch said they were expected to run about ninety-five dollars a room. The obvious next question was would anyone be willing to pay that much money to live across the street from the Tom Cat Theatre.

Mr. Ravitch quickly explained that the only access to the project from Forty-second Street would be through the garage; the main pedestrian entrances would be on Ninth and Tenth Avenues. But that was merely a detail, he continued, since the success of the project was ultimately tied to the future of the neighborhood as a whole. "There's an element of risk, of course, but that's what I find exciting about something like this," he said. "Many years ago, someone built Tudor City, on East Forty-second Street. That area was as bad as this one, and Tudor City transformed it. If you build large enough, you can begin to change a neighborhood. It can be argued that the next major expansion of New York City will occur in this area. You have the Convention Center planned on the river between Forty-third and Forty-seventh Streets, you're close to the midtown office buildings, you have terrific transportation—subways, buses, the Port Authority Terminal, Lincoln Tunnel. In the next decade, this entire area could be in for a boom. But being first means taking risks. You have to start big enough to tip the balance."

Other developers have been guessing wrong about the development of the west-midtown area. In fact, the Manhattan Plaza site was originally assembled over a fifteen-year period by a developer named Seymour Durst, who had long been associated with commercial properties. By the time he was ready to develop the site, the building boom of the sixties had produced a glut of office space. (According to some estimates, there are thirty million square feet of empty office space in New York at the moment.) One day in the summer of 1971, a real-estate broker dropped in on Ravitch and asked him if he was interested in the West Forty-second Street property for a residential development. "I turned him down



*"If God has seen fit to place me in this position for some reason, Hewlitt, and if that reason seems to include sitting in judgment upon you, then so be it."*



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without even thinking about it," Ravitch recalled. "Then, a few days later, I happened to be driving past the site on my way to an Italian restaurant on Ninth Avenue, and it suddenly hit me—the size of the block, the location. Waterside was already well on its way, and I was eager to sink my teeth into something challenging." Over the next two years, he worked hard at putting together the temporary coalition of public and private interests without which residential construction of any significant size cannot be built in New York today.

Manhattan Plaza will cost ninety-five million dollars to build. About two hundred and sixty thousand dollars of so-called seed money for the project came from the First National City Corporation. Under the state's Mitchell-Lama (limited-profit housing) Law, the city will provide a low-interest mortgage loan of ninety million dollars, out of funds to be raised through the sale of tax-exempt municipal bonds. By law, the remaining five million dollars in equity must come from private investors; among the investors, in this case, are Richard Ravitch and his cousin Saul Horowitz, Jr., who is also a general partner and the chairman of the board of H.R.H. Construction. In order to keep rents as "low" as ninety-five dollars a room at Manhattan Plaza, the city has agreed to "forgive" a substantial proportion of the normal real-estate taxes for thirty years.

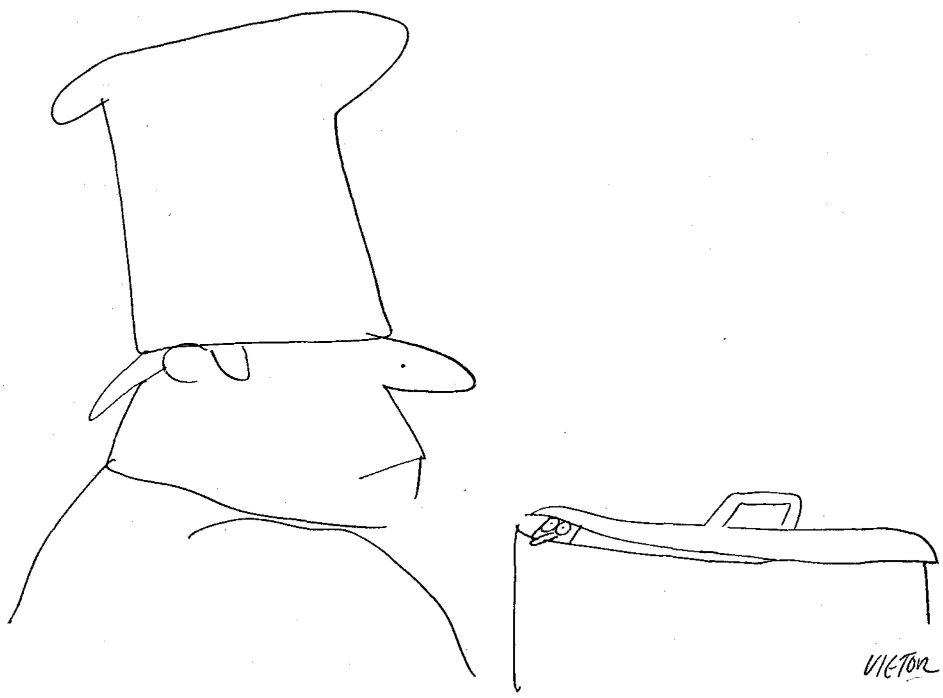
Despite all the problems involved, Mr. Ravitch said, he is "basically optimistic" about the future of New York. "It's my belly judgment that if you look ahead twenty or thirty years, not only is New York not going to collapse, it's going to prosper," he went on. "The things that made cities attractive in the first place—transportation, ready access to cultural institutions—are still there, while the things that disturb people, such as overcrowding and the lack of security, are problems already afflicting the close-in suburbs. In a few years, the problems of these suburbs and the problems of the city will be indistinguishable. And the energy shortage will make it impractical to escape even farther into the country. For example, because of the inefficient ratio of outside walls to interior volume it takes twice as much fuel to heat a three-bedroom house as it does to heat a three-bedroom apartment. There are also a number of demographic factors that point to a resurgence of the city. The growth of the black middle class is one stabilizing element. For another, there are going to be higher percentages of single people and older people in the population, and these people are traditionally consumers of what the city has to offer."

In many ways, Mr. Ravitch himself seems like the quintessential urbanite. He was born and brought up in Manhattan, and graduated from the Fieldston School, in the Bronx, before going on to Columbia and then to Yale Law School. After a year in Washington as an assistant to a representative from California, he returned to New York in 1960 to join H.R.H., a firm founded seventy years ago by his grandfather Joseph Ravitch, and run for many years by his father, Saul Ravitch, and his uncle Saul Horowitz. Ravitch and his wife, Diane, now live in the East Eighties, with their two sons, Joseph and Michael, who attend the Dalton School. Mrs. Ravitch has spent the last five years researching and writing a book on the New York public schools, which is being published this month by Basic Books. Ravitch was elected president of the Dalton School's board of trustees in May, 1973. When he took the post, he assumed that the duties would be largely perfunctory, but a rift developed last fall between the board and the school's headmaster, Donald Barr; Barr resigned a few weeks ago, and the board is now looking for a new headmaster.

Ravitch's detractors sometimes accuse him of going out of his way to look for a fight. He prefers to think of himself as someone who refuses to duck responsibility. There is no question about his success in what he himself terms the "rough and risky business" of New York real estate. A decade ago, H.R.H. was involved in about forty million dollars' worth of construction annually; today, the figure is closer to a hundred and fifty million. While his cousin specializes in the construction end of the business, Ravitch has concentrated on the development end. "Changing the face of the earth is the most fascinating occupation I can think of," he said to us. "It involves everything that interests me—politics, finance, business, people. I'm an entrepreneur, not a capitalist. If you went out today and asked people if they'd pay ninety-five dollars a room to live on West Forty-second Street, they'd say no. I'm betting they'll change their minds."

## *News from China*

A FEW years ago in China, a historian and writer named Wu Han came under suspicion of composing veiled attacks on Chairman Mao. He had written essays on the Ming Dynasty, and persons close to Mao thought they detected nasty words and phrases aimed at China's present ruler. One essay, "Hai Jui Upbraids the Emperor," quoted a courageous speech by a virtuous Ming official: "Your mind is set on occult arts and you only want long life. You are dogmatic and prejudiced. You think you are always right and refuse criticism." Was this



*"This is your bouillabaisse speaking."*

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addressed to Mao? Some thought so. Wu Han also wrote an opera, "The Dismissal of Hai Jui," about cruelties inflicted on peasants; a slogan in the opera, "Return the land," seemed to refer directly to Mao's communization of farming. Such dissent could not be tolerated, and in November, 1965, an article attacking "The Dismissal of Hai Jui" was published in a Shanghai newspaper. The opera was branded a "poisonous weed" and an allegorical assault on the Chairman. For weeks after that, comments on Wu Han appeared almost every day in the Peking *People's Daily*. At first, many people came to his defense; they scoffed at the accusations and argued that if he was punished, all history writing would be impossible. But the evidence tilted to the other side. Wu Han himself had once declared that in his writings under the Nationalist regime he had, as the Chinese put it, "pointed at the mulberry but reviled the ash." The accusations overwhelmed his support, then moved on to other targets. Wu Han was the first of many charged with bourgeois, reactionary tendencies. Confucius met a similar fate (his books were burned; his temple was destroyed), and so did the Chinese President, Liu Shao-ch'i. The movement became known as the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. But it had begun with the denunciation of a single, irreverent opera.

Recalling Wu Han's story, which made him a hero to numerous Sinophiles, we were bemused by the recent news of fresh denunciations in the Chinese press. Confucius is now at the head of the rogues' gallery, along with Lin Piao, Mao's former successor-designate. Since both men are dead, correspondents have suggested that they are, in effect, mulberry trees that stand for some yet-to-be-named ash. We have no theories of our own, but we *have* been visiting a store in Chinatown that sells Chinese newspapers. Its English name is Chinese Native Products, Ltd., and it carries such Sinological staples as *Jenmin Jih Pao* (the *People's Daily*), *Hung Ch'i* (*Red Flag*, a monthly), *Ta Kung Pao* (a Hong Kong daily that reflects left-wing views), the weekly English edition of *Ta Kung Pao* (handy for those of us who don't read Chinese), and *Peking Review* (a weekly, containing translations of articles from other papers, and also handy). All of these publications are flown in regularly, and the latest issues are usually only a day or two old. In ordinary times, they make for heavy Marxist-Leninist reading, and the front-page stories tend to be enthusiastic reports on things like spring planting. Lately, though, things like spring planting have been turning up on the front pages of American papers, while the Chinese papers have become fascinating.

There has even been an article attacking an opera as a "poisonous weed." This time, the unlucky opera is "Three Visits to Taofeng," by the literary division of the Shansi Province Cultural Bureau, and the vehement critique of it appeared in the February 28th *People's Daily*. We found a translation of the article in an English *Ta Kung Pao*. Evidently, the opera is about two brigades of a modern Chinese commune; one brigade sells the other a horse, the horse proves sickly, and the Party secretary of the first brigade travels to the other brigade three times to return the money and apologize. Throughout the story, a woman named Ching Lan "goes to and fro between the brigades, busy making up for past errors." The author of the article, one Chu Lan, hits the opera on several points. Ching Lan, he says, is "a political philistine who pays attention to the horse at the neglect of the enemy, to trifles at the neglect of major issues;" she is obviously a mouthpiece for the doctrines of Confucius and of his disciple Mencius. As for the horse, it is a sly symbol of the Socialist cause; supposedly, it suffers a "brain illness" and "cannot be made to gallop." And the opera as a whole, Chu Lan says, is an oblique defense of the discredited Liu Shao-ch'i. Without the libretto, it is hard to tell whether these charges have any basis. If a copy is ever brought outside China's borders, it will no doubt be closely studied.

On a recent visit to Chinese Native Products, Ltd., we met the manager, a rather shy-seeming man named Chen Ming. He told us a few things about the store. Until June 10, 1971, imports from the Chinese mainland were prohibited; his outfit was set up soon after that date. Although other stores in Chinatown carry some goods from the mainland, his store carries *only* such goods (except for a few publications from Hong Kong). The wares, which are displayed in a single large room, include dried and preserved vegetables, canned fish, bottled sauces, preserved duck eggs, silk and cotton jackets, oilcloth-and-bamboo umbrellas, books, pamphlets, posters, scrolls, toys, chinaware, bicycles, and newspapers. Many of the customers come to make sentimental purchases of specialties from their native provinces—anchovies from Shanghai, dace from Canton, dried apples from the north of China. The store does a brisk business in a kind of preserved plum loved by the people of Kwangtung Province, where most of Chinatown is from. We noticed an aroma of dried vegetables permeating the air, and revolutionary music from a phonograph added a martial mood.

We asked Mr. Chen about himself. He told us that he was born in Chungking and grew up in Taiwan, where he went to college and studied chemistry. He came to the United States in 1965, did some research at the Universities of Chicago and Wisconsin, and then took up shopkeeping, because he wanted to work in a Chinese community. We asked him how he regarded the latest ideological campaign, and he said, "In China, we continuously have to have this kind of struggle. Transforming a nation is a long, long process. The Cultural Revolution did not complete it, so this campaign is no surprise to me."

"Do you think 'Confucius' stands for someone else?" we asked.

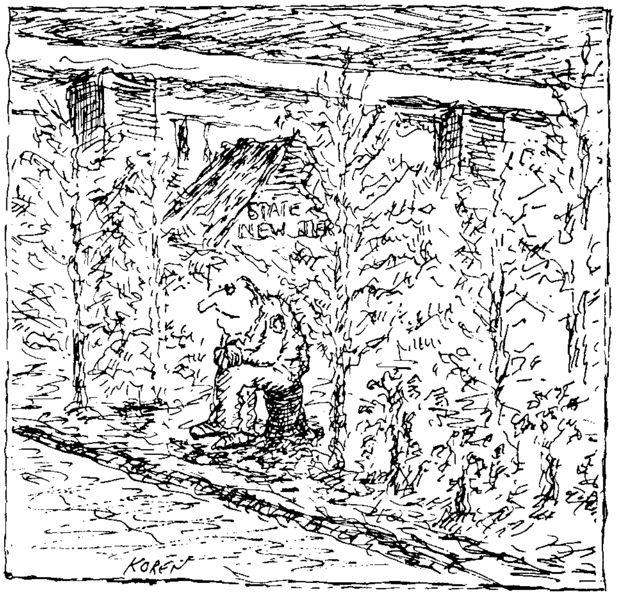
"No, I don't. Confucian thought is a kind of feudalistic thought. It has been deeply rooted in the Chinese mind for thousands of years. It's related to the economic situation; China is still behind the West in industrialization, so the feudal influence is far greater there than it is here. In Europe before industrialization, the feudal influence was extremely high. But the economic movement wiped it out. In China, we have to use political force to wipe it out."

## *Forest*

THE other day, we stopped by at the Forty-third Annual New York International Sport, Camping, Vacation, and Travel Show, at the Coliseum, and found a variety of exhibits and demonstrations having to do with the disparate things that people do outdoors. We saw a Purette Portable Fountain, a Johnson Flex-Wing Kite, a T-Fal Skillet, a Mayflower Sailboat, a Foam-Lite Mountain Mat, a Coleman Propane Catalytic Heater, a Sno-Jug, a Teledyne Big Beam Extension Spotlight, a Hedwin Fold a Jug, a Gemini II Fly Reel, a K. & R. Pedometer, a Cutter Hi-Lo Snake Bite Kit, and a Royce-Union Racing Water Bottle. The Show was very big on vehicles—things like Trillium Travel Trailers and Blue Bird Wanderlodges—and it was also strong on vacation communities with names like Butternut Valley, Breezewood Acres, and Sleepy Hollow Lake. Some interesting signs were scattered about, including "Lord Jim Presents the Pack Frame Cot," "The Great Outdoors Is Now Open—Here," "Go Fly a Kite," and "No Food or Loose Articles Near Bloodhounds." (The bloodhounds were part of a demonstration being run by the New York State Police.) There were also a number of auditory effects, the most notable being the barking of a German shepherd and the recorded cries of blue jays and crows.

At a large tank of water on the Coliseum's second level, five people were fishing for trout. Not far away, at another large tank, three people were practicing fly casting. At an exhibit run by the Southern New York Fish and Game Association, a toy chimpanzee was bouncing up and down, for no apparent reason. We wandered over to the exhibit of G.M.C. Motor Homes, where two large vehicles were parked on a green carpet. Near the vehicles, a carefully coiffed blond girl was saying, "Optional features in our twenty-six-foot G.M.C. Motor Home include a TV antenna, a four-burner range with bi-fold top, roof-mounted air-conditioning, and a stereo tape deck. Eleven floor plans are available, and there is a choice of six exterior colors and four interior décors." We glanced inside one of the motor homes and saw a control panel—it looked faintly sidereal—with dials and gauges labelled "Systems Check," "Monitor On," "L.P. Gas," "Battery Volts," "Holding Tanks," and "Electric Power, Start—Stop."

We had about decided to leave the Show when our eye hit on something rather unusual, just across from the motor homes. What we noticed was, in effect, a small piece of forest. It measured about twenty by sixty feet, and it was enclosed by rough-cut cedar logs and was planted with trees and shrubs that gave off faint natural scents. Near the center of this area was a little house made of cedar slabs. On a stump near the edge of the area sat a man in a green uniform. He looked very much at ease there, and we walked over and spoke with him, and learned that he was Jim Tozer, an assistant maintenance foreman at Wharton State Forest, in southern New Jersey, and that he was there as one of several people representing his state's Department of Environmental Protection.



"We want people to know about our parks and forests," Mr. Tozer told us, getting up off his stump. "We've been doing this sort of thing for several years. The plants you see here are white pines, loblolly pines, Douglas firs, and laurels. We brought them all in by truck—their roots are balled, to protect them. Every morning, we have to water the area down, because the plants dry out fast inside this building. When the Show is over, at the end of this week, we'll take all the trees and shrubs back where they came from, and replant them in the ground. We have an old gristmill in Wharton State Forest, and we have our own water-powered sawmill, too, with a full-time sawyer. Our sawyer cut the wood for that little house over there. Would you like to go inside?" We said that we would, and Mr. Tozer showed us into the house, whose one room measured about eight by ten feet. "Just look at that," he said, pointing to a wall. "The lumber was green when the house was built, about four years ago, and the joints were tight, but now the wood has shrunk. See how the light comes in between the planks? I guess we'll have to rebuild it. I'd like to make the roof a little lower, anyway. I think the house would look better just a little shorter, don't you?"

We said that we liked the house the way it was. As we stepped outside, Mr. Tozer reached down and picked up what looked like soil. "This isn't soil," he said, showing us a handful of a moist, dark substance that had a mild, outdoor smell. "It's licorice root. We use it around the plants here because it retains water so well." He let the licorice root fall back to the base of a laurel, and we asked him whether there would be any promotional lectures or demonstrations at his area while the Show was on. "Not at *our* exhibit," he said, brushing off his hands and starting back toward the stump where we had met him. "At *our* exhibit, things just grow."

# THE NEW YEAR PARTY

A WOMAN called me on the telephone. She said, "I'm sure you don't know who I am, but from reading your books I've known you for at least twenty years. Also, we met once. My name is Pearl Leipziger."

"I know you quite well," I said. "I've read your poems. We met at Boris Lemkin's apartment on Park Avenue."

"Well, so you do remember. This is what I'm calling about. A few Yiddish women writers and some lovers of Yiddish literature have decided to celebrate New Year's. Boris Lemkin will be here. As a matter of fact, it was his idea. We all thought it would be good if you could come. There will be several women, and two men besides you: Boris Lemkin and Harry, his shadow. I know that you're a well-known writer while we are just a bunch of old beginners—practically amateurs—but we love literature and we're your faithful readers. Believe me, you'll be in the midst of true admirers."

"Pearl Leipziger, I shall be honored to come to your party. What's the address and what time should I be there?"

"Oh, this will be a treat. After all, New Year's Eve is something of a holiday even for us. Come whenever you like—the earlier the better. Wait, I have an idea—why not come for supper? Boris will join us, and Harry and the others can come later. I know what you want to tell me—that you're a vegetarian. You can depend on me. I will prepare for you a soup like the soups your mother used to make."

"How do you know about my mother's soups?"

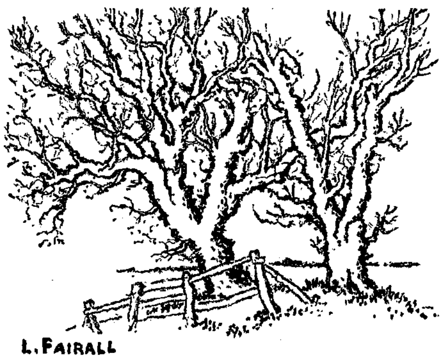
"From your stories, of course."

Pearl Leipziger gave me her address in the East Bronx, along with exact instructions of how to get there by subway. She thanked me again and again. I knew that Pearl was past fifty, but her voice sounded young and strong.

On the day of New Year's Eve, a heavy snow fell. The streets were white, and toward evening the sky turned violet. New York reminded me of Warsaw. All that was lacking was the horse-drawn sleighs. Walking in the snow, I imagined that I heard their bells jingling. I bought a bottle of champagne and I managed to catch a taxi to the Bronx—no small accomplishment on New Year's Eve. It was still early but already children were blowing their horns to usher in the New Year. The taxi drove through a Jewish neighborhood, and here and there I saw a Christmas tree strung with little lights and tinsel. Some of the stores were closed. In others, late shoppers were buying food and liquor. Riding along, I reproached myself for avoiding other writers and for staying away from their meetings and parties. The trouble was that the moment I met them they would give me the latest gossip of what this one had said of me and what another had written. Leftist writers scolded me for failing to promote world revolution. The Zionists reproached me for not dramatizing the struggle of the Jewish state and the heroism of its pioneers.

Boris Lemkin was a rich real-estate man who, in a small way, patronized Yiddish writers and artists. Authors sent him their books and he mailed them checks. He bought paintings. He lived on Park Avenue with Harry, an old friend from Rumania. Boris used to call him "my dictator." Actually, Harry, or Herschel, was Boris's butler and cook. Boris Lemkin was known as a gourmet and a ladies' man. For years he had been separated from his wife. Someone told me that he owned a huge collection of pornographic photographs and films.

At a quarter past six my taxi stopped in front of the building where Pearl lived, and I took the elevator to the fourth floor. She was waiting for me at the open door of her apartment. She was short, with a high bosom, broad hips, a round forehead, a hooked nose, and large black eyes, from which shone the Polish-Jewish joy of life that no troubles seem able to mar. She wore a sequined evening dress and gold kid shoes. Her hair was freshly dyed black and swept up. Her fingernails were lacquered with crimson polish. A gold Star of David hung around her neck, long earrings dangled from her earlobes, and a diamond sparkled from one of her fingers—surely all gifts from Boris Lemkin. She had probably had a few drinks already, because although she hardly knew me she kissed me. Even as I stepped over the threshold, I smelled the aroma of my mother's soup: the barley, the lentils, the dried mushrooms, the fried onions. The living room was cluttered with bric-a-brac. On the walls hung paintings which I guessed were done by Boris Lemkin's protégés.



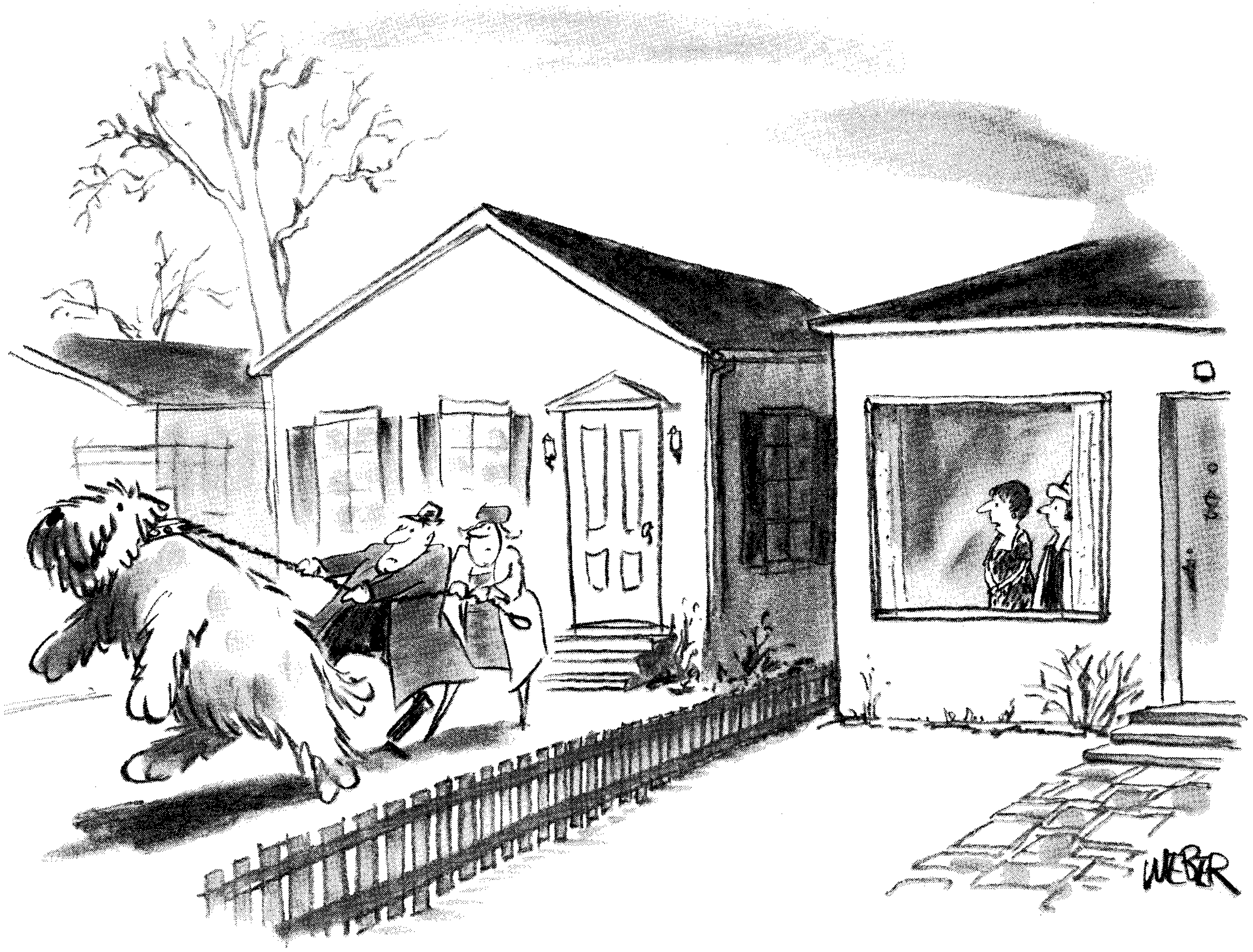
"Where is Boris?" I asked.

"Late as always," Pearl said, "but he phoned to say that he would be here soon. Let's have a drink while we wait. What would you like? I have almost anything you can name. I baked the anise cookies that you love—don't ask me how I know."

As we drank sherry and ate anise cookies, Pearl said, "You have many enemies but also many friends. I am one of your true advocates. I don't let anyone slander you in front of me. And what don't they say! That you're a snob, a cynic, a misanthrope, a recluse. But I, Pearl Leipziger, defend you like a lioness. Some kibitzer went so far as to hint that I must be your mistress! I tell them all the same thing: I have only to open one of their books to begin to yawn, but when—"

The telephone rang and Pearl snatched up the receiver. She said, "Yes, he's here. He came right on time. He brought me champagne like a real cavalier. Boris? No, not yet. He's probably busy with one of his yentas. My literary stock must have fallen, but I remind myself that before God we are all equal. To Him a fly is no less important than Shakespeare. Don't be late. What? You don't have to bring anything. I've bought so much cake that it will last until Passover."

IT was twenty past seven and Boris had still not arrived. In one hour Pearl and I had become so intimate that she entrusted me with all of her secrets. She was saying, "I come from a pious home. If anyone had told me that I wouldn't marry according to the Law of Moses and Israel I would have thought it a bad joke. But America shattered us. My father was compelled to work on the Sabbath and this was a terrible blow to him and my mother. Actually, it killed them. I began to attend leftist meetings, where they preached atheism and free love. At one of them I met Boris. He swore to me that the minute he was divorced from his shrew we would stand under the wedding canopy. I swallowed everything. He's such an ingenious liar it took me years to catch on to what he was. Even today he won't admit that he has other women, and this makes me sick. Why does a man of seventy need so many affairs? He's like those Romans with their vomitoriums, get-



*"That dog is their whole life."*

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ing rid of one repast in order to parake of another. He's crazy too. How razy he is you will never know, but vhen it comes to making money he's marter than all of us. Four weeks beore the Crash in 1929 he sold all his tocks and was left with a half-million lollars in cash. In those days, with that nuch cash you could have bought half f America. He doesn't know himself ow rich he is now. But just the same very penny he gives me he doles out. Vhen he goes on a binge he'll squander housands, and suddenly he's stingy bout a nickel. There's someone at the oor—it's him at last."

Pearl ran to let him in. I soon heard Boris Lemkin's voice. He didn't peak—he bellowed. He sounded as if e were drunk. Boris Lemkin was hort, as round as a barrel, with a red ace, white hair, and white bushy eyerows from under which a pair of eady eyes peered out. He wore a uxedo, a pink ruffled shirt, and patenteather shoes. A cigar was stuck beween his thick lips. He extended a and to me that had rings on three ngers, and shouted, "*Shalom aleichem!* I read every word you write. Please don't seduce my Pearl. She's all I have. What would I be without her? Less than nothing. Pearl darling, give me something to drink, my throat is dry."

"You'll drink later. Now we'll go to eat."

"Eat? Who invented that? Not on New Year's Eve."

"You'll eat whether you like it or not."

"Well, if she insists on eating, one eats. Do you see my belly? It could eat its way through a grocery store and a butcher shop and still not be full. I've donated my body for dissection after my death. The doctors will discover wonders of medical knowledge there."

We went to the kitchen. Though Boris maintained that he wasn't hungry, he gulped down two bowlsful of soup. He slurped and sighed, and Pearl said, "Still a Rumanian pig."

"I had a clever mother," Boris said, "and she used to say, 'Berele, take it all in while you can. You can't eat in the grave.' In Bessarabia we had a dish called *karnatzlech*, and there's only one man in America who knows how to make them and that's Harry. He's no good for anything else, that eunuch. You can give him a five-dollar bill and make him believe it's one hundred dollars, but when it comes to cooking, the chef of the Waldorf-Astoria can't hold a candle to him. Then he has an instinct that God gives only to idiots. When Harry tells me to buy a stock I don't waste a second; I call my broker and tell him to buy. And when Harry says sell, I sell. He knows absolutely nothing about stocks—General Motors he calls General Mothers. How can you explain this?"

"There's no explanation for anything," I said.

"My own words. There is a God, no doubt about it, but since He's chosen to be silent for the last four thousand years and doesn't want to say a word even to Rabbi Stephen Wise, then we owe Him nothing. We must do what is written in the Haggadah: 'Eat, drink, and enjoy yourself.' "

About nine o'clock the women writers began to arrive. One of them, Mira Royskez, a woman of eighty, I remembered from Warsaw. Her face had innumerable wrinkles, but her eyes were as lively and clear as those of a young girl. Mira Royskez had published a book titled "Man Is Good." She had brought Pearl a schmalz cake that she had baked herself.

Matilda Feingevirtz—short, broad, with a huge bust and the face of a Polish peasant—wrote love poems. Her contribution was a bottle of syrup to pour on Chanukkah latkes.

Berta Kosatzky, her dishevelled hair dyed carrot color, was known as a writer of pulp novels for the Yiddish press. Her heroines were all country girls who were seduced by big-town charlatans, then driven into prostitution, and then to suicide. Before she came, Pearl Leipziger had sworn to me that Berta was still a virgin. Berta Kosatzky brought a babka, and the moment Boris Lemkin saw it he grabbed it and ate half of it, hollering that only saints in Paradise were served such delicacies.

The most diminutive of the group was Comrade Tsloveh, a midget of a woman who was supposed to have played a giant part in the Revolution of 1905. Her husband, Feivel Blecher, was hanged for an assassination attempt on a police commissioner in Warsaw. Tsloveh herself had been an expert at making bombs. Her gift to Pearl was a pair of woollen stockings—the kind that schoolgirls used to wear in Warsaw fifty years ago.

Harry came last. He brought Pearl a magnum of champagne, which Boris had told him to buy for the party. Harry was tall, lean, with a long, freckled face, and yellow hair that hadn't a strand of gray. He looked like an Irishman. He wore a derby, a bow tie, and a summer coat. The moment Harry entered, Boris cried, "Where's the duck?"

"I couldn't get any duck."

"There's not a duck left in the whole of New York?" Boris shouted. "Was there a duck epidemic? Were all ducks deported back to Europe?"

"Boris, I couldn't find a single duck."

"Well, we'll have to do without duck. I got up this morning with a craving for roast duck. For every duck that could be bought tonight in New York I would like to have a million dollars tax-free."

"What would you do with so much money?" I asked.

"I would buy up all the ducks in the whole of America."

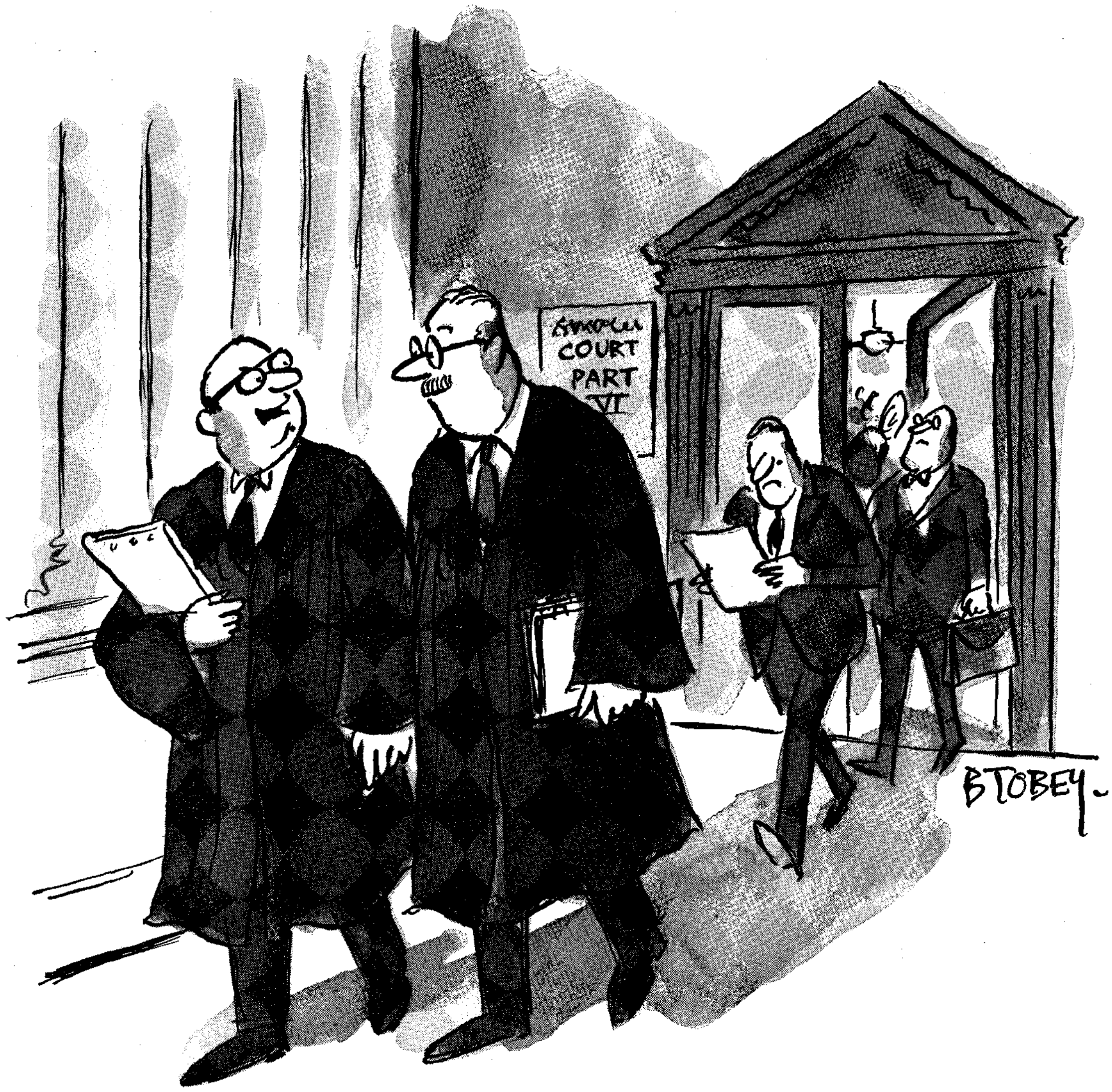
EVEN though Pearl lived on a side street, from time to time one could hear the sound of party horns. Matilda Feingevirtz turned on the radio and the broadcaster announced that approximately one hundred thousand people had gathered at Times Square to celebrate the New Year. He also predicted the number of traffic accidents that would occur over the holiday. Boris Lemkin had already begun to kiss Pearl and the other women. He was pouring himself one drink after another, and as his face became redder his hair seemed to become whiter. He laughed, clapped his hands, and tried to force Comrade Tsloveh, the bombmaker, to dance with him. He lifted Pearl off the floor, and she complained that he was tearing her garters.

All the while, Harry sat on the sofa quietly and soberly, with the seriousness of a valet looking after his master. I asked him how long he had known Boris and he said, "We went to cheder together."

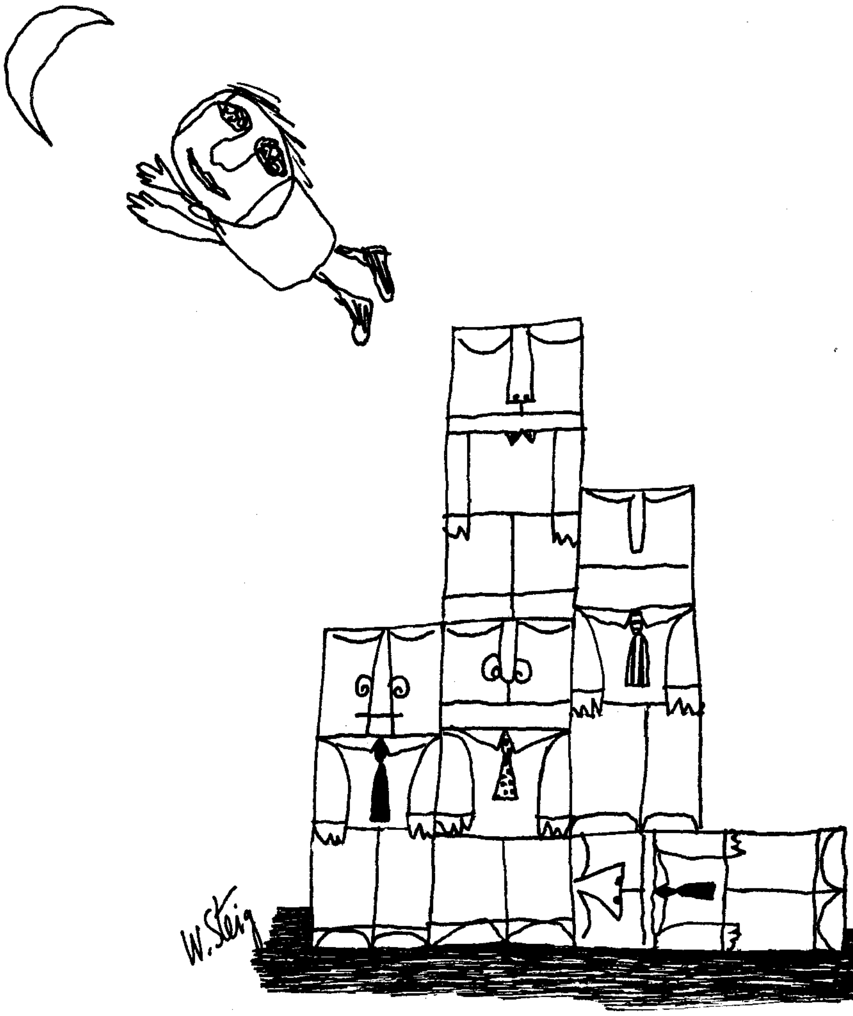
"He looks twenty years older than you."

"In my family we don't turn gray."

The telephone rang and Pearl went to answer it. She began to speak in a singsong voice in the Warsaw manner: "Who? What? *Nu*, are you teasing or what? Huh? I'm not a prophet." Suddenly she became tense. "Well, I'm listening," she murmured. Boris had gone to the bathroom. The women exchanged glances of curiosity. Pearl remained silent but her face acted out astonishment, anger, disgust, though from time to time her eyes filled with laughter. Before Pearl began to write, she had done some acting on the Yiddish stage. At last she spoke again. "What is he—a half-year-old infant who's been kidnapped by gypsies? A man of seventy should know



*"I may not know much about corporate-tax law, but I damn well know what I like."*



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what he wants. I seduced him? Forgive me, but when he started playing around with you I was still in my cradle."

Boris came back to the living room. "Why is it so quiet in here? Are you all reciting the Silent Benedictions?"

Pearl covered the mouthpiece of the telephone with the palm of her hand. "Boris, it's for you."

"For me? Who is it?"

"Your great-grandmother has risen from the grave. Go pick up the extension in the bedroom."

Boris looked at Harry questioningly. He walked unsteadily toward the bedroom. At the door he threw Pearl a glance that seemed to ask, "Do you intend to listen in?" Pearl sat in the corner of the sofa, the receiver pressed to her ear. We could hear muffled shouts. Harry knitted his yellow eyebrows. Some of the women writers shook their heads and others tsk-tsked. I went to look at the paintings that hung in the open-arched foyer adjoining the living room: Jews praying at the Wailing Wall, Chassidim dancing, scholars studying the Talmud, and a bride being led to the wedding canopy. I removed a book from the bookcase nd read a scene in one of Berta Kosatzky's novels about a man who entered brothel and there recognized his former fiancée. By the time I put it back, Boris had returned from the bedroom. 'I don't need spies and I owe nothing o anyone!" he was yelling. "Go to iell, all of you. Parasites, schlemiels, eeches!"

"The bubble has burst." Pearl Leipziger spoke triumphantly. She tried to ight a cigarette, but the lighter did not vork.

"What bubble? Who has burst? As of this minute the comedy is over. I lon't need a bunch of old harridans vho drain me dry and keep on demanding more. I never promised to be aithful to any of you or all the other garbage. Phooey!"

"The truth hurts, huh?"

"The truth is you're as much a writr as I am a Turk!" Boris bellowed. 'Every time you write something, I iave to bribe the publisher to print it. And that goes for the lot of you." Boris ointed at the other women. "I tried o read your poetry. *Hertz-schmertz! Liebe-schmiebe!* Eight-year-old schoolhildren can do better. Who needs our writing? The only thing it's good or is to wrap herring in."

"May God shame you the way you ire shaming me!" Pearl cried out.

"There is no God. Harry, come."

Harry did not stir. "Boris, you are lrunk. Go to the bathroom and wash your face. Maybe you have Alka-Seltzer?" he asked Pearl.

"I'm drunk, huh? Everyone throws the truth in my face, but the one time I speak the truth you call me a drunk. I don't need to wash my face and I don't need Alka-Seltzer. I told you to bring me a duck, but you were too lazy to look for one. You're like all of them—a *schnorrer*, a beggar, a bum. Listen to me!" Boris howled. "If I don't get a roast duck tonight, you're fired and you can go to hell. Tomorrow morning I'll throw out your junk and you'll not show your face in my house again. Is that clear?"

"Clear enough."

"Will you get me a duck now or not?"

"Not tonight."

"Tonight or never. I'm going. You can stay here."

Boris started toward the foyer. Suddenly he saw me and took a step backward. He looked at me with bewilderment. "I didn't mean you—not you. Where did you disappear? I thought you'd left already."

"I was looking at the paintings," I answered.

"What paintings? Imitations, smudges. Those Chassidim have been dancing for a hundred years. So-called artists smear mud on canvas and want me to pay them for it. Pearl has saved a nest egg from my money—the reason she's so high and mighty. Up to two years ago I worked sixteen hours a day. I work ten hours every day now. That ignoramus Harry thinks I can't do without him. I need him like a hole in the head. He can't so much as write his name. He couldn't even become a citizen. He drives the car with my license, and I have to sit in front because he can't read the signs. I'm leaving the whole rotten bunch and going to Europe or to Palestine! Where's my coat?"

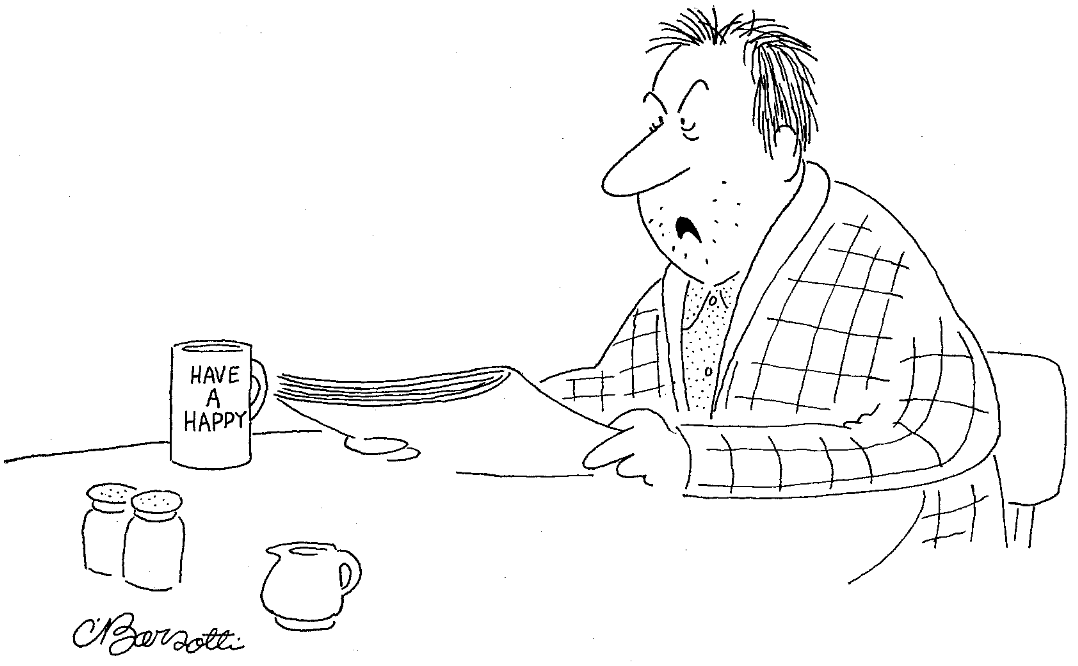
Boris ran to the door but Pearl blocked his way. She spread out her hands with the red fingernails and cried, "Boris, you can't drive the car in the state you're in! You'll kill yourself and ten others. The radio said—"

"It's myself I'll kill, not you. Where's my coat?"

"Harry, don't let him go. Harry," Pearl whined.

Harry approached slowly. "Boris, you're making an ass of yourself."

"Shut up! You can play the gentleman for them, but I know what you are. Your father was a coachman's helper and your mother . . . You your-



*"Oh, shut up!"*

self ran away to America because you stole a horse. Is that true or not?"

"True or not, I've served you for forty years. I could have made a fortune, but I never got a penny from you. As Jacob said to Laban, 'I have taken from you neither an ox nor a donkey.'"

"That's what Moses said to the Jews, not Jacob to Laban."

"Let it be Moses. If you want to kill yourself, open the window and jump like those suckers in the time of the Crash. Why ruin the Cadillac?"

"Idiot, it's my Cadillac—not yours," Boris said, and laughed so hard that the women came running. He bent over, about to collapse from the weight of his laughter. With one hand Harry grabbed Boris's shoulder and with the other he slapped him on the nape. Mira Royskez hurried to the kitchen and brought a glass of water. Boris straightened. "Water you give me? Vodka is what I need—not water." He embraced Harry and kissed him. "Don't leave me, pal, brother, heir. I've willed you everything—my whole fortune. All the others are enemies—my wife, my children, my girl friends. What do I want from life? A little friendship and a piece of duck." Boris grimaced, his eyes filled with tears. He coughed, wheezed, and began to cry as violently as he had laughed a moment before. "Harry, save me!"

"Drunk as Lot!" Pearl Leipziger called.

"Come, lie down," Harry said. He took Boris's arm and he half led, half dragged him into the bedroom. Boris fell on Pearl Leipziger's bed, snored once, and slept immediately. Pearl's face, which in the beginning of the evening seemed young and lively, had become pale, wrinkled, and wilted. Her eyes expressed a strange mixture of sorrow and anger. "What will you do with so much money, Harry?" she asked. "Be as foolish as he was?"

Harry smiled. "You don't have to worry. He'll outlive us all."

THE four women writers had apartments in the East Bronx, and Harry drove them home. I sat beside him up front. So much snow had fallen that Harry had difficulty driving on the side streets where they lived. Like an old-country coachman, he carried every one of them over the mounds of snow and set them down on their stoops. All this time Harry was silent. But when he drove out to Seaman Avenue he said, "Well, so we have a New Year."

"I hear that you are a specialist in preparing *karnatzlech*," I said, just to say something.

Harry immediately became talkative. "There's no trick to it. If the meat is good and you know what ingredients to use, they have to come out right. In your country, Poland, the Jews went to their rabbis. In Lithuania they studied in yeshivas, but in Bessarabia we ate *mameliga* and *karnatzlech* and we drank wine. There it was Purim all year round. Boris called me ignoramus. I am not an ignoramus. I went to cheder and on Friday I knew the chapter of the Pentateuch better than he. But here in America he studied a little English and I had no patience for it. I know Yiddish better than he. And for what did I need to become a citizen? Here no one asks for a passport. He went into business and I worked in shops. Over a few years we didn't meet at all. By the time I came to him he had a wife—Henrietta is her name, a harpy, a bitch. 'Where did you get a Xanthippe like this?' I asked him. 'Herschel,' he said, 'I was blind. Help me, because if you don't she will drive me into my grave.' They weren't separated yet. He had an office and I moved into it. He had developed stomach ulcers from Henrietta's cooking—she overseasoned everything. Who knows, perhaps she wanted to poison him. There was a gas range in the office and I became his cook. He has a license, but he can't drive a car. When he drives he has accidents, so I became his chauffeur. I know how to read signs; I have never needed him to read them for me. When I drive on a road once, I can recognize it in the middle of the night. We became like brothers—even closer. He let Henrietta torture him for another couple of years, and altogether she bore him two daughters and one son. None of them is any good. His oldest daughter has been divorced five times. The other is a vicious spinster. The son became a lawyer for gangsters. Before the thugs go out on a job, they come to him and he teaches them how to outsmart the law. Boris said that I stole a horse. I didn't steal it. It was my father's horse. What was I saying? That Henrietta never gave him a divorce. Why should she divorce him when she could have everything she wanted? Today it's easier to get rid of a bad wife. In those times every yenta in America was considered a lady and could send her husband up before the judge. Boris is crazy about women, but they don't attract me. Most females are gold-diggers. All they want is your money. I don't like their slyness, but Boris enjoys being taken in. He falls for writers, painters, actresses, and the like. When they go after him with their smooth talk from the books he loses his mind. After he got his separation from Henrietta, Boris moved into an apartment on Park Avenue, and I left the office and joined him. Many a time he would come home and cry out, 'Harry, I can't take it anymore—they're as false as the pagan gods!' 'Get rid of them,' I would say. He would fall on his knees and swear by his father's soul that he would send them away to Hell, but the next day he'd be back with one or another.

" 'Eunuch,' he calls me. I'm not a eunuch. I'm a normal man. Women have loved me for myself, not for my checks. Where would I get checks? Boris is mad about money. But to me friendship is dearer than millions. I work for him for nothing, just like that slave in the Bible. All I needed was for him to take me to the doorpost and pierce my ear. I never had anything from him except the piece of bread I ate and the bed I slept in. There was one girl I liked and it might have worked out for us, but when Boris heard of it he made such a ruckus you'd have thought I was going to kill him. 'How can you do that to me!' he cried. He promised to make me a partner in the business—anything. He bothered me about it until I got cold feet. I have no feeling for books, but I always liked the theatre. I took her to the Yiddish theatre. I saw them all—Adler, Thomashefsky, Kessler. She and I used to share our thoughts, as they say, but I let Boris tear us apart. I have a weak character. He is as strong as I am weak. He can make you do anything he wants. He could make wives leave their husbands. He dragged women from good homes into affairs with him. This Pearl Leipziger is nothing more than a fifth wheel to the wagon. Some of his girl friends got old and died. Others are sick. One of them he put into an institution. He boasts about his stomach. The truth is, his ulcers never healed. Then he has high blood pressure. Another person would have died long ago, but he's decided to live for one hundred years, and when he makes up his mind about something it has to come true. There was an actress by the name of Rosalia Carp, a beautiful woman, a real prima donna. She had a voice that you could hear half the length of Second Avenue. When she stepped out on the stage and played Cleopatra, all the men fell in love with her. In those days Boris used to tell me everything. He never kept a secret from me. One night he came home from the theatre and said, 'Harry, I've fallen in love with Rosalia Carp.' '*Mazel tov,*' I said. 'That's all you need.' 'What's the matter?' he asked. 'She's made for men, not for the angel Gabriel.' In those years, when Boris fell for a woman he kept on sending her gifts—huge bouquets of flowers, boxes of chocolates, even furs. Of course I was the go-between, and I couldn't tell you how many times Rosalia Carp insulted me. She even threatened to call the super. Once, she said to me, 'What does he want from me? I don't care for him.' Then she smiled and said, 'If I were on an island with both of you, guess who I would choose.' That time she spoke sweetly to me and used all her female tricks. Any other person in my place would have known what to do. But it isn't in my nature to be false."

"What happened—Boris got her?" I asked.

"What a question! And two years later he threw her away. This is Boris Lemkin."

The car had stopped at my building on Central Park West. I wanted to get out but Harry said, "Wait another minute."

A predawn stillness hovered over New York. The traffic lights changed, but not a single car passed by. Harry sat sunk in thought. He seemed to have grasped the riddle of his own being and was trying to solve it. Then he said to me and to himself, "Where can I get a duck in the middle of this night? Nowhere."

ALMOST three years passed. One afternoon, when I was sitting in my office reading proofs, I saw Harry. His hair had turned platinum white, but he still looked young. He said, "I bet you don't recognize me, but—"

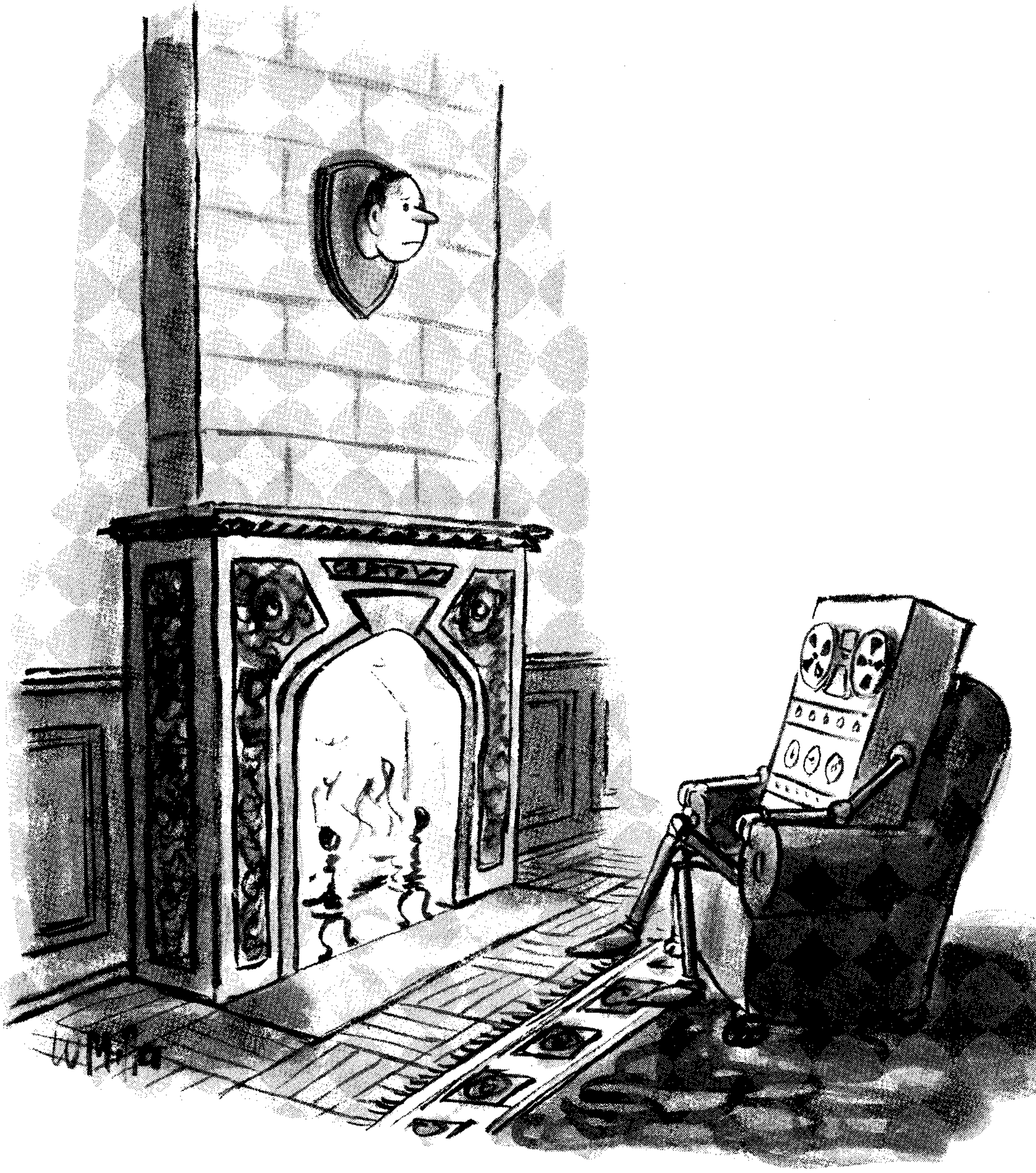
"I remember you very well, Harry."

"I expect you know that Boris has been dead for more than a year."

"Yes, I know. Sit down. How are you?"

"Oh, fine. All right."

"I even know that Boris didn't leave



you a penny," I said, regretting my words at once.

Harry smiled bashfully. "He left nothing to anyone—not to Pearl nor any of the others. All those years he talked about a will, but he never wrote one. A good half of his fortune was taken by Uncle Sam and the rest by his wife, that bitch, and his children. The son, the shyster, came running the morning after his father's death and threw me out of the apartment. He even tried to grab some of my belongings. But it didn't kill me; I earn my bread."

"What do you do?"

"Oh, I've become a waiter. Not in New York. Here the union wouldn't take me, but I got a job in a hotel in the Catskills. In the winter I go to Miami Beach and I am a cook there in a kosher hotel. My *karnatzlech* are famous. Why did I need his money?"

For a while we were both silent. Then Harry said, "You must be wondering why I came to you."

"No, I'm not wondering at all. I'm glad to see you."

"This is the thing. Boris still has no headstone. A few times I called his son to remind him about it, and he kept on promising—later, tomorrow, next week he would order one. But it was to put me off. I have saved a little money and I decided to order a headstone for Boris myself. After all, we were like brothers. Once, a teacher came to our town and he said that what has already happened even God cannot change. Is that true?"

"I believe so."

"After there was a Hitler, how could God have turned back time and made him not to be? Boris and I were brought up together. He wasn't a bad man—only superstitious and selfish. He didn't write a will because he was afraid that this would make him die sooner. We were together for over forty years, and I don't want his name to be forgotten. I've come to New York today to take care of this. I went to a headstone engraver and I asked him to engrave an inscription in Yiddish. I don't know much Hebrew and neither did Boris. I wanted him to engrave, 'Dear Boris, be healthy and happy wherever you are,' but the engraver said that one cannot say 'Be healthy' of a dead man. We began to argue and I told him about you—that I knew you and that we once had spent a New Year's Eve together. He told me to come to you and that if you said it's all right he would engrave what I wanted. That's why I am here."

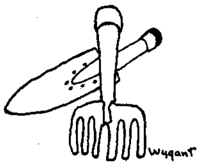
"I'm afraid that the engraver is right," I said. "You can say 'Be happy' to the dead if you believe in the hereafter, but health is a property of the body. How can you wish health to a body which has decayed?"

"You mean one cannot write what I want?"

"Harry, it doesn't make sense."

"But 'healthy' doesn't mean just healthy. It used to be said, 'In a healthy body there is a healthy soul.' "

How strange—Harry began to debate with me about the usage of words. From his examples, I realized for the first time that in Yiddish one often uses the same word for "sound," "sane," and "healthy"—"*gesunt*." I proposed to Harry that instead of "healthy" he inscribe "content," but Harry said, "I lay awake many nights thinking. These words came into my mind and I would like the inscription to be like that. Is it written in the Torah that such words are forbidden?"



"No, there is no law in the Torah about such things, but if someone passes by and reads it, he may smile."

"Let him smile. I don't care. Boris didn't care when people made fun of him."

"So you want me to call up the engraver and tell him that I agree?"

"If you don't mind."

Harry gave me the engraver's number. Even though I had a telephone on my desk, I went to another room to make the call. The engraver tried to prove to me that wishing health to a corpse was a kind of sacrilege, but I offered a quotation from the Talmud to refute this. I felt like a lawyer who defends a case against his own convictions. After a while the engraver said, "If this is your verdict, I will do as you say."

"Yes, I'll take it upon myself."

I walked back toward my office, and through the open door I saw Harry sitting engrossed in his thoughts, looking at the Williamsburg Bridge, which was visible from my window, and at the streets of the East Side, the majority of whose tenements had been torn down and rebuilt or were in the process of being reconstructed. I myself barely recognized the neighborhood. A golden dust fell over the wrecked buildings, the ditches, the bulldozers, the cranes, the heaps of cement and sand. I stood gazing at Harry's profile. How had he become what he was? How did this illiterate man reach a spiritual height that is rare even among thinkers, philosophers, poets? That New Year's Eve when I had come home from Pearl Leipziger's party at four o'clock in the morning, felt that the hours I had spent there ha been wasted. Now, almost three year later, I learned a lesson I would neve forget. When I told Harry that the inscription would read as he wanted it to his face lit up. "Thank you, thank you You did me a great favor."

"You are one of the noblest men have ever met," I said.

"What have I done? We wer friends."

"I didn't know that such friendshi existed."

Harry looked at me questioningly He rose, extended his hand, and murmured, "Only God knows the whol truth." —ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGE

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by th author and Rosanna Gerber Cohen.*)

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## FROM A TOWN TRAFFICKED BY CRICKET

dust whirls
higher than singing wires

up there, a hawk—
sharp knife to ripe air

crows drop to a lawn    raucous
under a hissing spray

at my desk    near a window
not to be held captive

not to be fed mirages
from the glass box, I watch—

alas, claws come first
raised on ripening fingers

I wait for pencils to flower
for sleep to produce its figs

        last night a voice
        broke from the packed clay

        to steep my name
        in the stillness

I hear an ambulance cruise
magpies, mounting    descending

and my heart—
a guarded fist of moisture

leaf lights through the window
set me rocking    rocking

in the sink's strainer
under a warm shower, a seed bursts

the green body uncurls
it did not want to be captive

—CAROLYN STOLOFF

# SON

THE head doctor at the nerve hospital took part of a morning with me. He had a glass office, right in the midst of all his other patients, and he called for Roxie Stoner and sat me down so there was just us two. He was happy, he said, that I was settled now and that I liked to do for people. I didn't seem to mind being locked up with anybody if I could help them feel better, and that was all by itself a good thing. The trouble was that whoever I got in with I started to celebrate.

That was why we were here *in* the nerve hospital, he said—we had tried to force the world to our way and the world had gotten too much now to fool with. There was one and only one lesson I had to learn. I could not turn people loose. This was overrulement, the doctor said, or in other words not minding. Mama always did say whatever it was went wrong it was due to me not minding. I could tell this doctor was trying to take her place and keep me straightened out. He was mighty young to be so wise. I would do my best, I said, and I guessed it was about right he took the other people, my time must be up. Some were coughing and other ones of them seemed about slipping off their chairs. I thanked him and had my hand on the door when he rised up and sat me back again. There I went, he said, trying to overrule. I hadn't even heard what he wanted me to do and I was going out the door. He had this white boy for me that really needed help. There wasn't a bit of doubt I would be the best person to station in there with him and call myself his nurse. He had a lot of worry over nothing.

He loved rubbing, the doctor said, and he knew I was good at that, but no regular woman would stay with him and men just messed him up. Give him my usual care, the doctor said, like I did my other sick folks, and help him ease his mind.

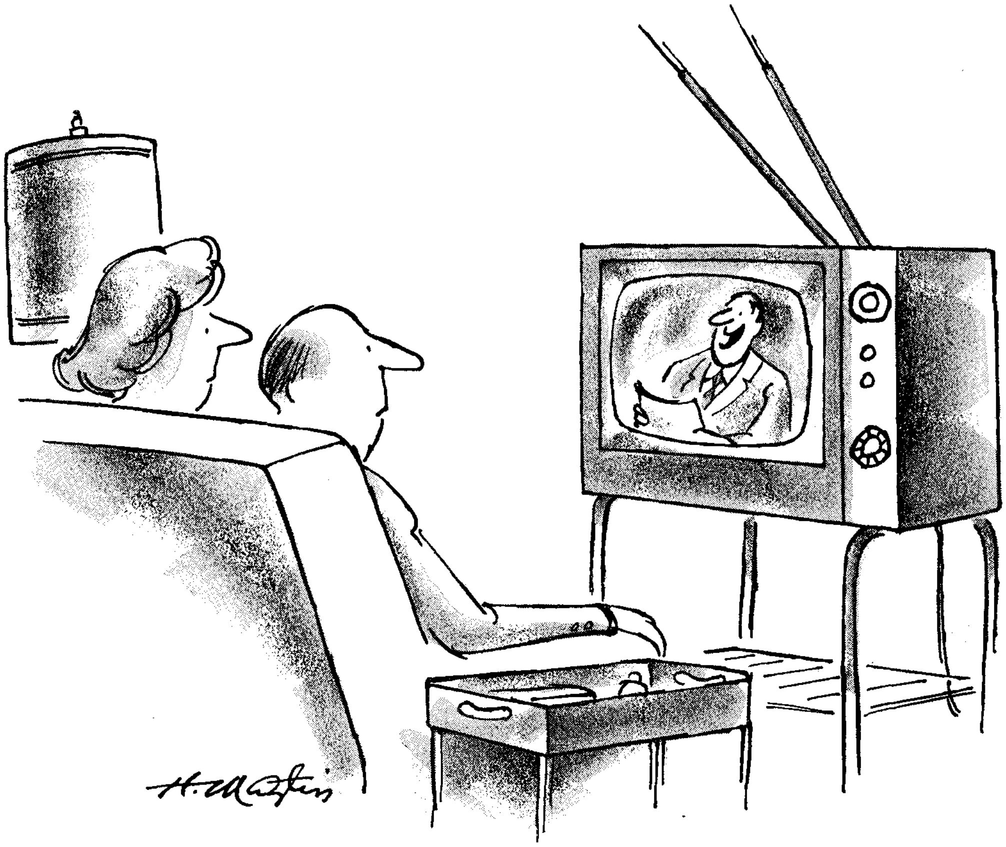
I thought we were through again, but I sat still this time and directly he went on. It was the only son (Son was what they called him) of a couple rich in Jackson, and their main thought all of Son's life was to keep him pleased and well. After they got him raised they sent him off to college, but he never did come back. Or he did come back but not with any signings. It was usually with a friend man or in an ambulance. In college, just like here at the hospital—and we were up to the main fact of the business—Son *had* to be to sleep. Most people, the doctor said, can stand ten hours of daylight. Son couldn't put up with any of it at all, not even plain resting. He wanted to be so far asleep you couldn't wake him up. His people had tried alarm clocks, had even hired kickers, and gone on up to doctors, but nothing did any good. The minute they forced him he went to swallowing pills. He would take his pills with whiskey and it ought to have long since killed him, but he was the picture of health. He just would not stay awake.

I was as interested as I could be to hear about this poor boy and have a chance to nurse him. His parents had given wings to the hospital, the doctor said, and that was why, in casting around for somebody to station in there with him, they had finally hit on me. Every once in a while he got better, and then I could go home with him. They had a special set of rooms there, with music playing and books, but they had to keep somebody with him every single minute. When his pills and things got to the place they didn't work, like happened sometimes, I could slip and tell his papa and they'd call the Rescue Squad to bring him back to the hospital. At his house they had a side door and ivy-covered walls to pass the stretcher through.

Now I have got to understand all this, I thought to myself, if I am going to have him. I am supposed to tend him here, then go home with him whenever he gets better, then come straight back when they call the Rescue Squad. With such a fast-moving person, it seemed like the sleeping part went crosswise of the case.

The doctor was standing up now and he took me by the arm past all the other waiters and on over to a side of the hospital I never had been to. He knocked on a door and another doctor opened it with what sounded like a bolt. Son was doing fine, the other doctor said, and he asked me how I was, and both of them said good luck—I had about their most important case. He wouldn't harm me to any extent whatsoever, they said, he was in a good stage now, so take it easy and look at his magazines.

Over on the bed was a fine big boy, just about grown, I guess, and he was



*"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Average Joe! Well, looks like you clowns got it in the neck again today. Whap! Whap! Whap! Here's the six-o'clock rundown of insults and disasters. For openers, food prices soar as supplies dwindle. The energy crisis has led to another voltage cut and—surprise!—a lifting of pollution controls. (Look for more soot in the shirt drawer, Sidney.) For you poor saps in New Jersey, another tax hike, and on the national scene dig* *this**—huge chunks of tax money reported missing from Medicare programs."*

*sound* asleep. He breathed far apart and when he did take a breath it sounded like he needed that air mighty bad—his mouth was open and he sucked it in like he was about to drown. He was pretty as he could be, such a well grown boy down in the bed with nothing wrong but sleeping!

His family must of sent some of their finery to the hospital. There were big silky chairs and velvet curtains, and sunshine was coming in. There was a bathroom and another little room with a bed in it that must be meant for me, but how in the world could I watch him from way in there, especially in the nighttime? A person that sleeps in the day has got to wake at night and there would be my trouble with this case.

Still right now I wanted to put off the night thoughts to notice how nice it was to be a nurse in such a wonderful place. I wouldn't dare touch his books. Mama says when you work for people keep your hands off their things. But I hoped he would let me rub him and give him a little petting. I had been a company keeper to a whiskey-drinking man once and liked that fine. He didn't fool with pills to speak of, but every case is different, like they say.

Pretty soon a nurse unlocked our door and brought me in my dinner on a tray. Son didn't eat, she whispered, they had some special juice for him, and she put it on his table with some pills in a little ruffled cup. Most of this kind shot themselves if the drugs didn't do it, she said, so there wasn't any hope. After she'd gone, I figured on the hope. She must of hoped he would get tired of his pills but didn't believe he would.

THE sun was going down across the hospital garden when Son stopped his particular kind of breathing and rolled over. There were bars along the side of the bed or he'd of fallen off and I would be to blame. He smiled at me and I have to stop and tell. His eyes were the bluest I have ever seen. It was like he was trying not to laugh. They'd told him I was coming, he said, and we colored had every right to act the way we did, this was about the terriblest place on earth. I wasn't going to argue, no matter what he said. He would tell me about himself some other time, Son said, right now he had to get up. He snapped the bars to let them down and I was afraid he was going to scat, but all he did was walk into the bathroom by holding on to chairs. And I needn't to have even worried, he shut the bathroom door. Thinking about him, smiling the way he did, I believed I understood why old folks love young people so much. They think they are the same.

When Son came out, I asked him if he would like to have me tell him just enough about myself so he could be sure I was respectful, but he said no, he had to drink his juice and unless he spoke to me I wasn't to speak to him. He didn't pick the pills out of the cup, he just opened his mouth and threw them in all at once. He needed to chew them up, he said, to make them start in faster. Then he took the drink and did it the same way, all in one big gulp. Don't get him started talking, he said, or they'd have to send a shot. If I was as good a rubber as they said, go ahead and start. He pulled up his nightshirt and he had on drawers, so there was just a nice-sized slit for me to start on. I wasn't too particular about rubbing menfolks, but he was just a boy, and so I sat down on the bed and tried to find which way he liked it—bearing down, light scratching, or what Mama calls plain pinches. He liked all three by turns, he said, and for me to please be quiet.

I began to get over my worries about being so close to a gentleman I had just now got acquainted with. It stood to reason that the doctors had told him not to wonder about any whys and wherefores the same as they had me. I did do a little studying, though, on one particular thing. Son had been to sleep since I'd gotten in here with him and now it was on toward evening. What would we do the next time he waked up—he couldn't keep taking pills and drinking juice straight on. I go off to sleep myself when I'm tired, but I almost can't get tired now I can't do anything like hoeing—anything you'd call real work. I knew one thing for sure. I wasn't going in there to that other bed. I'd rest against his wall. That way every time he stirred I'd be right up again.

He liked light scratching best—I'd finished the lean-on kind, but just about when I thought he was dozing off he jumped up and did away with all the good I'd done him. He had a lot of fears, he said, I couldn't understand. His mind hurt, that was it. The doctors said it was his nerves, but it was his mind. Sometimes it ached so bad he went to breaking chairs and things when he wasn't even angry, just to get a shot. He asked me if my mind ever hurt, and I didn't believe it did. I said my heart hurt sometimes, like when a lady killed a dog or something hard like that.

He showed me about the oxygen then and how to turn it on and ring the bell if he slacked off in his breathing or if his eyes ever came open while he was still asleep. He was really afraid of that, he said, because he would be seeing. He learned me all about his case and I tried to understand exactly what he wanted. I thought he was going to take some more rubbing, but he rang the bell himself and when the nurses came he said to bring him a shot quick, that I was worse than useless. He smoked

## TWO

Thanks, there now, for holding
out your hand, and not your
foot, I feel a little faint
today, and shouldn't be out
this far from home, this
late on a rainy night,
in the city, with so many
strangers around me. It's
rare you get help when
you need it—well,
goodbye.

And now I am quite alone
again, as I was before
you came—half trembling
yourself, through puddles
where I staggered. I watch
you go off crashing in your
overshoes, the ones with metal
clips I wore when I was
little. They'd catch their clamps
between my legs and send me
sprawling. And there,
now, there you go, you're down
in the gutter water.

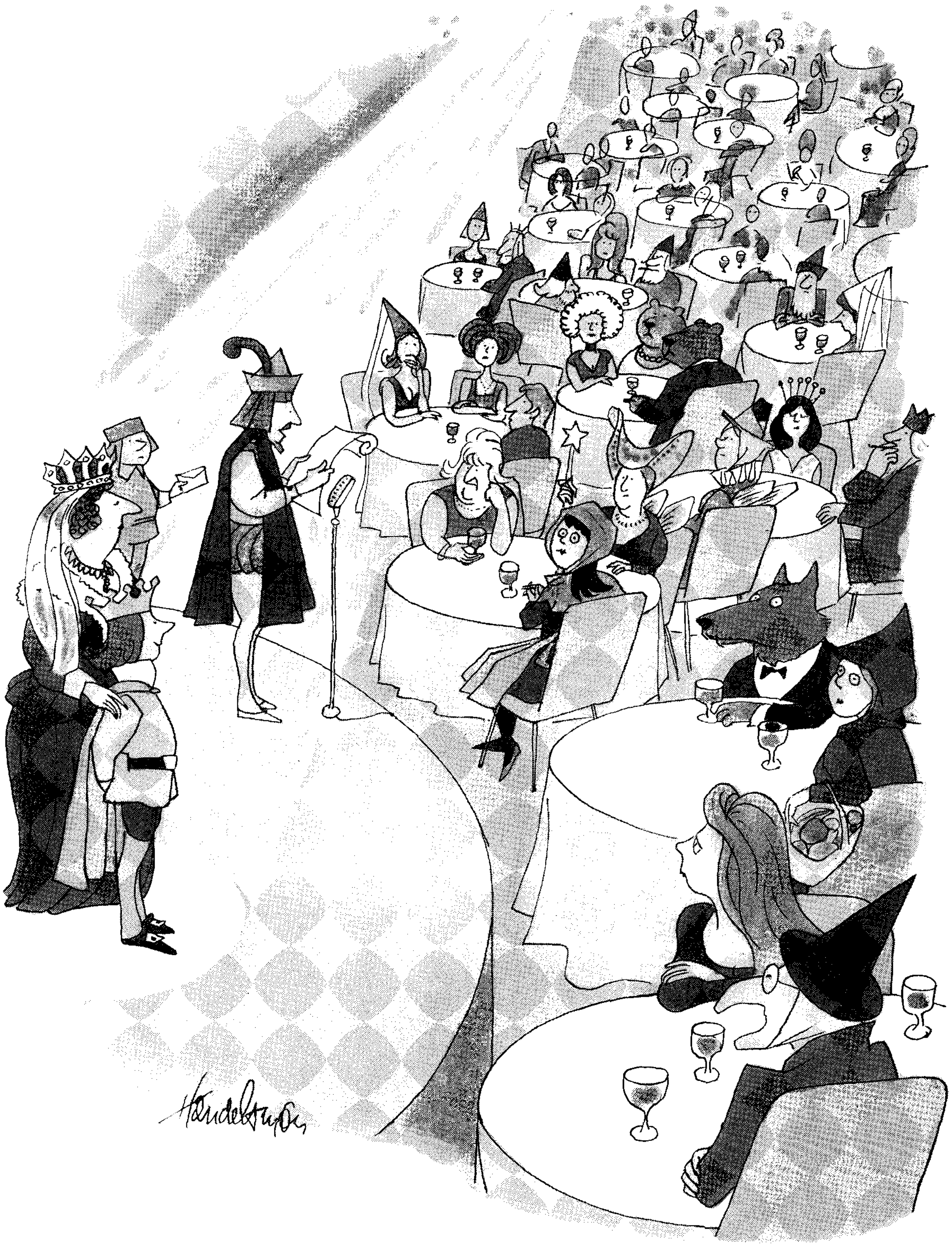
And now you're rising in
my arms, remembered one—
old woman, girl of my dreams,
man with the big waves of
shoulders. And now we're
even in adversity and rescue.
The night gets blacker
as we go our ways.

—Greg Kuzma

• •

a cigarette while they were gone and said he'd just said that about me being useless for the sake of pleasing them. They hated him, he said, for getting them in trouble. Well, the shot came about then and he told the nurse if she'd put poison in it not to be surprised if she wound up in Parchman. She didn't show any fright, though. She told him it was a double dose the doctor ordered and not to worry a bit, it was sure to make him sleep. This started him to laughing and I had a time quieting him down for my next rubbing, but goodness alive, he didn't last a minute. I slipped the bedrail up and he flopped over on his back and started that funny breathing, so I knew he was all right. The nurse had snapped a lamp on, and I looked at Son up close now he was sleeping. He had sets of gashes across his face and neck like he had whacked himself with something. Did he break chairs and whack himself just to get to sleep? If he would of waited and done two or three days of carpenter work or even cutting grass, he could have got his sleep and not be in such a fix.

I looked out his windows awhile and saw the bent-up people coming, so it must be vesper time. I sat myself down against the wall where I could hear the best and went right on to sleep.



*"Nominees for the hand of Prince Charming are Cinderella in 'Cinderella,' Rosamond in 'Sleeping Beauty,' Goldilocks in 'The Three Bears,' Beauty in 'Beauty and the Beast,' and Rapunzel in 'Rapunzel.' The envelope, please."*

• •

WHEN I woke up Son was still sleeping but there was another nurse with a fine big breakfast ready for me, and more pills and juice for Son. She made so much of noise she woke him up and after she left I begged him to try a little of my grits. Before I could back it off, he reached out and knocked my tray on the floor. I'm sorry to say it broke some of the hospital's dishes, but I wrapped the parts in tissue so they wouldn't stain the wastebasket and got it all back straight. Son was trying to get up, like he had yesterday, only he must of been too weak, he couldn't do it. He started up some groaning and I rang the bell until a nurse could get back in to help him. He would have to have the doctor, she said, and for me to step out in the hall and wait. The doctor came flying as fast as he could—Son had started some awful hollering and I was afraid he was finally killed. But when they came out of his room everyone was smiling and they told me to go back in, he was as good as new.

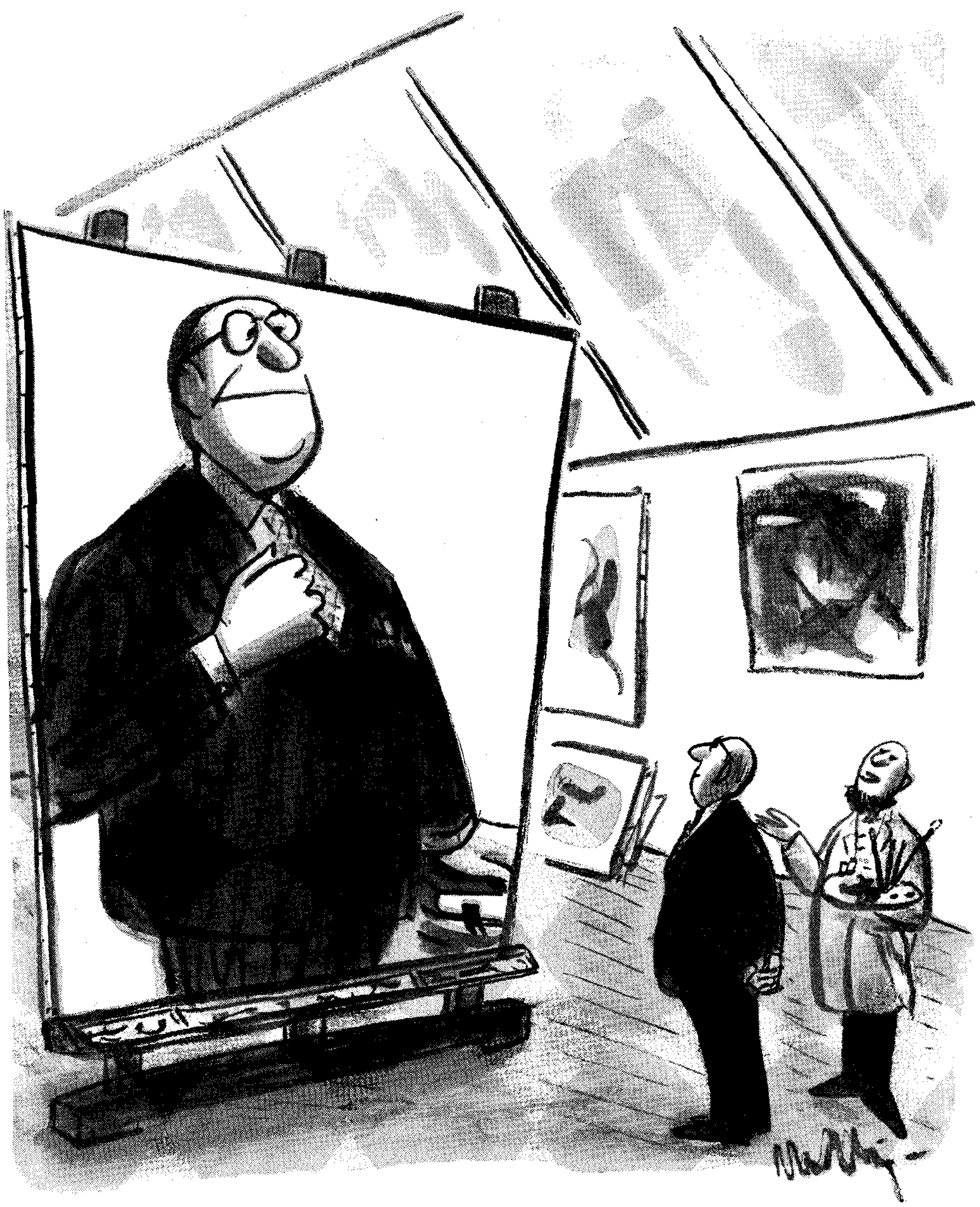
Everything was clean and fresh and Son was lying there smiling, the same as yesterday. Except he didn't remember me, and I had to tell him who I was and what a fine day we had the day before. As soon as I said this, he remembered about my rubbing and said he'd try some more. He'd have to be more patient about calling for those shots. He talked quite a bit different now, it was hard to understand him, but after while I caught on—it was his people's meanness he was needing to tell about. He had cousins, he said, that kept big boats and apartments in the French Quarter, and they could come and get him anytime they wanted, but because he was a genius he had to be locked up. About that time a man came in to shave him, and then some mail, but he said go on and throw it in the trash, it was people after money. I never could get him to listen to his letters.

Well, I got on to Son so fast I learned to keep down trouble. The nurses didn't understand he couldn't stand their noises. He had to have everything quiet unless he went to talking. If he got tired of me rubbing his back, I'd take his feet in my lap and rub on them, and if he got tired of feet, I'd start in on his neck. When he said anything, I eased him on into the subject, and he liked to try to teach me on his mind. I told the nurses to slip a piece of paper under our door so we'd know our pills and trays were there and I could go to the door and get them, and then our linens too, that way keeping them from aggravating him. This worked to slacken off the shots, and it was good because he could get up and down when he wanted to and didn't have to call the doctor in and suffer all that pain.

I am coming to a part now that I don't much like to speak of. By me being so completely with one gentleman all the time, and such a beautiful one as Son, I got to having happenings. It looked like my age hadn't settled on me as good as I believed. It was that same thing I spoke of while ago—I would look at him and think we were the same. Every time Son moved or talked, I would start getting elevated, the way I do in church. I knew it wasn't fitting, me being old and colored, but I had a case of love. I don't mean a nurse's or a Christian's, I mean a sinner's kind. It was making me happier than I'd ever been before, but still I knew I had to stop. Nobody here on earth can help a sinner out, and I had to go to Him at times when Son was sleeping. Our Lord came down not for the big and righteous. He came to help the sinner. I asked Him to stop me, but the trouble is once you really get to sinning it's hard to want to stop. I prayed, though, just the same—it doesn't matter to God what sin His sinner wants.

The way it ended, there was this telephone hole in Son's wall, and when he got a call, if he could talk they would bring the telephone and plug it in. One morning when I was rubbing along as usual and he was telling me bad things his people did to him, the big head doctor, the one that put me in here, came with the telephone. It was his father on the line, the doctor said, and he had some special news. His father had been made first citizen of Mississippi and would be out near on a year just making speeches. He couldn't have Son here, people would be prizing, so he had paid one of his cousins to take him to a place in the French Quarter where they could order anything they wanted for the year. The doctor gave the phone to Son then, and Son started talking with his father, talking mighty ugly, I'm afraid. If it took this, he said, to get him out of this hell hole where they'd put him with a Negro, he was ready. But his father better make it quick or he'd call the news and it would be too late.

Well, the thing was like a thunderclap, but before they brought the phone they must of gotten ready. The first I knew they had a rolling chair and what looked like State Police, and his papers were all fixed and marked "Parole." It was in big letters right across his pages. Then two or three nurses were packing up valises. His cousin was the last to come, and he looked a lot like Son except he had dark glasses and didn't seem so friendly. He took the medicines the doctor gave him, and listened at the rules. Then all of them left out, and I guessed they had forgotten me in the start of my chastisement. —Berry Morgan



*"There you are, sir—larger than life."*

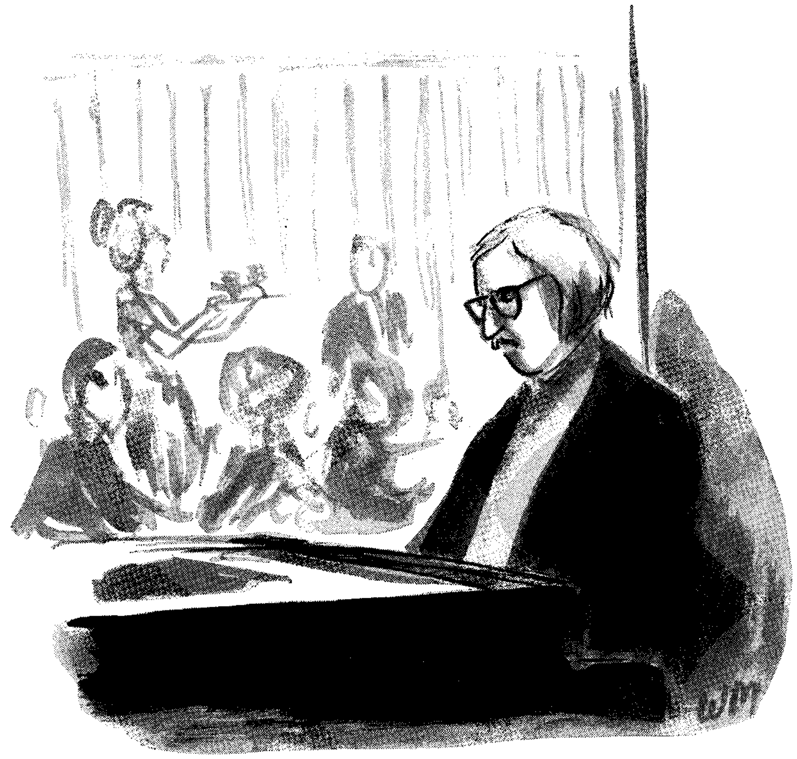
•

FOREMAN TO FIGHT HIS WIFE
AND THEN TRAIN FOR NORTON
—*Headline in the Hartford Courant.*

In his prime, Dempsey could have taken on both of them in the same ring.

# OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

## DANCING ON THE CARPET

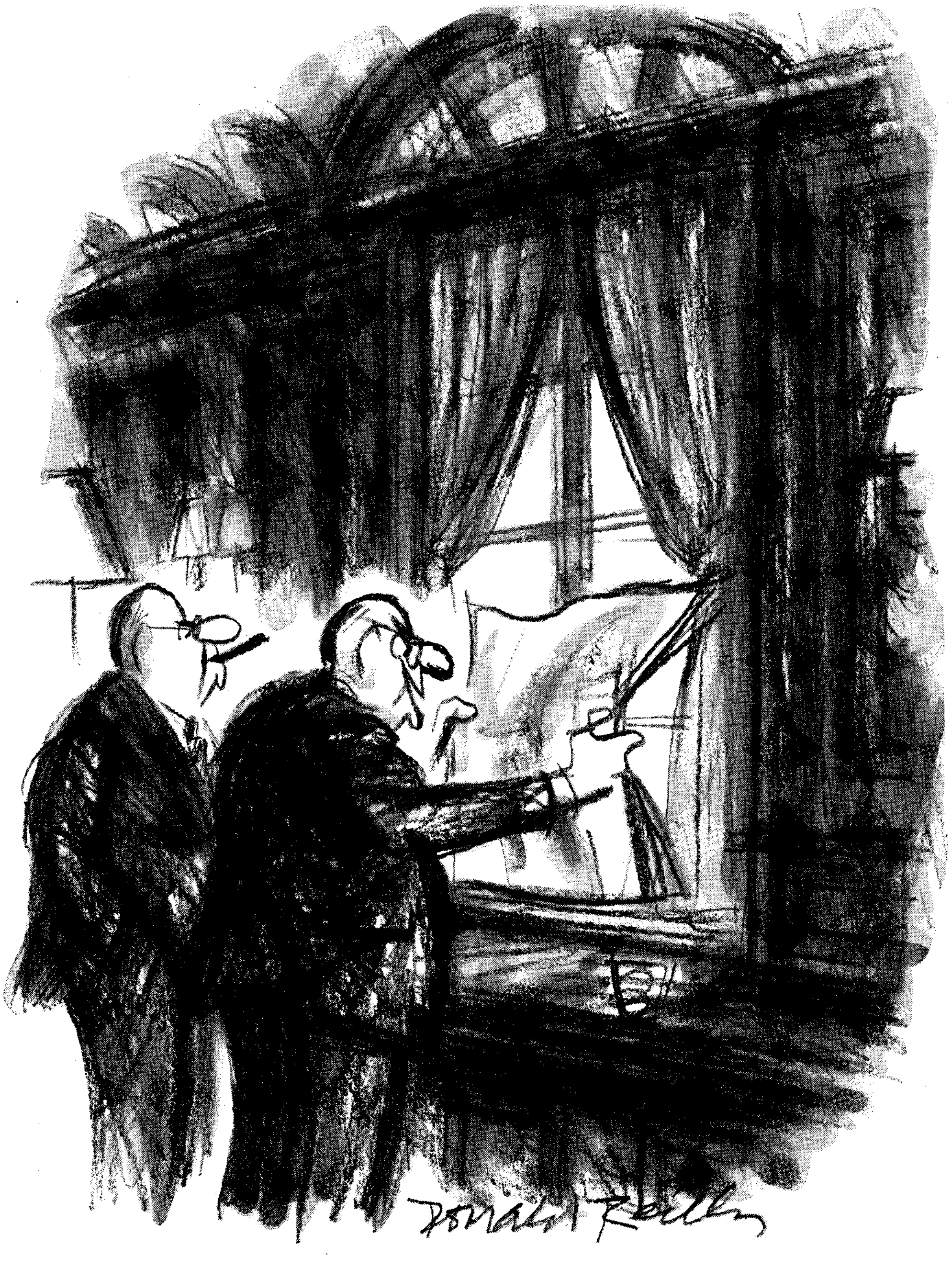


WHEN Jimmy Rowles, the brilliant West Coast pianist, at last began his brave invaion of New York City, a little over a ear ago, perhaps a undred people took ote. But this was hardly surprising. Rowles' previous visits o the city, in the fores and fifties, had een brief and in the emi-visible guises of ccompanist for Evelyn Knight and Peggy Lee nd of big-band pianist or Benny Goodman nd Woody Herman. Moreover, the rest of is career had been pent around Los Angeles, in a variety of qually subaqueous roles hat included studio work, fleeting ight-club appearances, countless recordings for other people (he has recorded three L.P.s of his own, but they ent out of print almost before they ere released), and coaching singers and on-singers, one of whom was Marilyn Monroe. "The studio sent me over to his sumptuous office on the lot where e was supposed to be," he said recent-, "and when I got there the blinds ere drawn and the place looked emp-. Then I saw this form asleep on the fa. I didn't know what to do, so I t down in a chair and lit a cigarette nd dug it all. 'Here I am,' I thought, itting alone in the dark with the most eautiful woman in the world.' Then got nervous. So I cleared my throat veral times and she woke up." But by e late fifties Rowles' reputation as loist and accompanist had grown nong musicians and the knowing to e point at which he was linked with ch other elegant and equally elusive mpeers as Tommy Flanagan, Ellis arkins, Dave McKenna, and Hank ones. Then, in January of last year, ohnny Mercer, the masterly lyricist nd singer, gave a concert at Town all, and he brought Rowles with him his accompanist. Mercer introduced m as the "West Coast Ellis Larkins," it turned him loose for only one solo umber—a slow, dense, inward-looking reading of "Body and Soul." Five onths later, a little more of the iceerg appeared. Rowles took a two-week gig at Michael's Pub and concurrently appeared twice in the Newport-New York Jazz Festival—as accompanist for Anita O'Day, on which occasion he got off a memorable chorus in "I Can't Get Started," and in a concert in which he and nine other pianists, Larkins and McKenna among them, celebrated Art Tatum. Perhaps a hundred more people took note, and one of them was Barney Josephson, the owner of The Cookery, where Rowles is playing a seven-week engagement that sets one Rowles record and nearly breaks another: it is the longest solo stint he has had outside Los Angeles, and the second-longest he has had anywhere.

SEVERAL nights after his opening, I went down to The Cookery to listen to Rowles and talk to him. It was half an hour before his first set, which begins at eight. The room was half full. Rowles was already there, sitting by himself at a table near the piano. A compact, medium-sized man, he looked much as he had last summer. His gray hair was still long and helmet-shaped, he had on solemn, dark-rimmed glasses, and his mod California clothes—a dark-blue jacket cut like a shirt, a horizontally striped turtleneck in two more shades of blue, and vertically striped gray-and-white bell-bottoms—had a startling effect. Two other things were the same: his voice, which is low and gravelly and friendly, and his face, which is chipped and worn. I asked him how everything was going. "It was a little strange in here at first," he said. "I felt like I was playing in a cafeteria, what with all the dish sounds and steady talking. And I don't think I ever played in a club without a bandstand, with the piano right down on the floor in the middle of the tables. A bandstand gives you a little defense, a little privilege. But I'm getting used to it, and Buster Williams, the bass player who'll be with me until Tommy Bryant takes over, is a big help. A lot of the tunes I play he doesn't know, but he's got awful ears. He grabs the structure and chords of a new tune after the first chorus, and he doesn't forget it if I play it a couple of nights later. But *my* ears have been giving me trouble. They've been stuffed up ever since I got off the plane, like as if I caught a little cold out there and carried it East with me. I've been thinking more and more lately that it's time for me to be doing something like this. I'm fifty-five years old, and it won't be that much longer before I get away, like all my friends seem to be doing. This past year, Ben Webster, Don Fagerquist, and Frank Beach all passed. And a couple of weeks ago it was Bobby Timmons, who was only in his thirties. So I figure it's time to play the way I want to play, time to see if I can make a go of it outside the studios and accompanying people." Rowles paused, and waved to a waitress. "Honey, get me a vodkatonic, please. My wife, Dorothy, was all for the move, and that means everything to me, because she's smart musically and every other way. Lord! The other night, I found myself staring at the back of some woman's legs because they looked exactly like Dorothy's. That's how much I miss her already. We met in '36. She was going to a high school on one side of Spokane, where we were both born, and I was going to one on the other side, and we met at a dance I was playing at her school. When I went down to L.A.

the first time, in 1940, I asked her to wait a year, and if it worked out I'd send for her and we'd get married. It did and we did, and it's been thirty-two years. She's been my life's blood. Of course, it wouldn't be right if we didn't fight at least once a week. She's thrown me out of the house as much as two weeks at a time. Once, when I came back, she was gone, and there was a note: 'Try and straighten up. And feed the animals.' She stayed away two weeks, and I didn't find out until later that she was just around the corner.

"We've got three kids, and they're *all* musical. Several years ago, my older daughter—her name is Stacy—saw a trumpet up in the attic which Frank Beach had given me. Chuck Peterson, the high-note man with Tommy Dorsey, had taught me a little trumpet when we were in Skinnay Ennis's band in the Army. Stacy said 'How do you play it?' and I showed her the scales. And last year, when she was eighteen, she won first prize at a big-band contest, and then she played at the Monterey Festival, and was hugged and kissed by Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry. And my younger daughter, Stephanie, who we call Zip, is into the flute. So I asked Arthur Gleghorn, a great English flute player who works in the studios out there, would he come by and play for us. We laid in plenty of vodka, and his old lady brought him over and he sat by our pool and played for hours—Ravel and Debussy—and it was fantastic. My son, Gary, plays organ and guitar. He's thirty-one. He began to break away from me when he was fourteen. I couldn't tell him where the sun rose, he knew so much. But he came around in his early twenties. He's a car genius, and he stops by and gives my arm a squeeze and works on my car, and everything is fine.

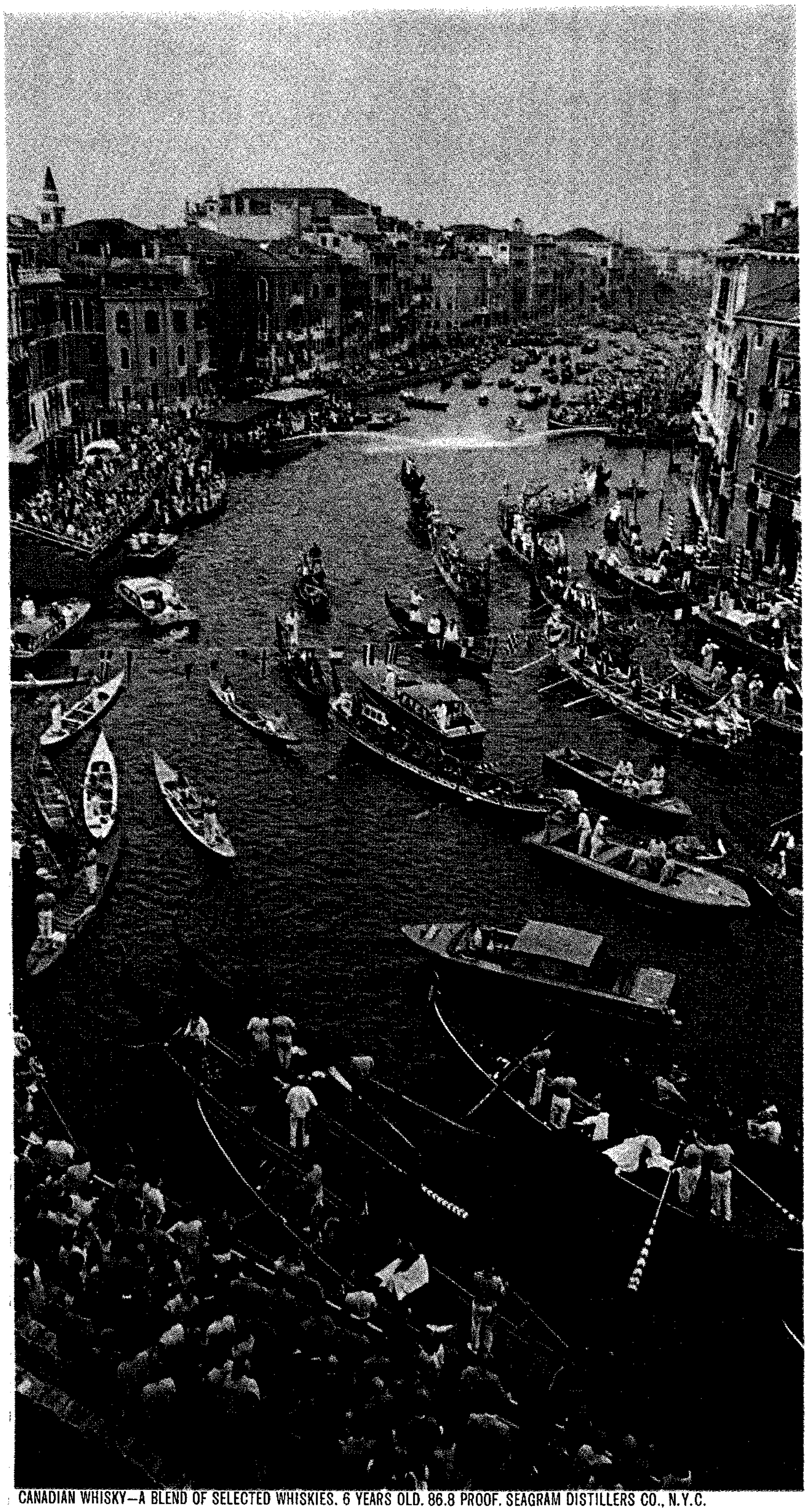


*"France has the right idea—everybody go to hell."*

"Uh-oh. It's five after eight. Tim to work." Rowles took a small blue box out of his pocket. It had the words "Tacky-Finger" on the lid. With careful, ritualistic movements, he dipped the ends of his fingers into the wax-like substance in the box and then massaged them. "There. I saw a telle in a bank put this stuff on before sh counted a pile of bills, and now I can' live without it. It keeps my fingers from slipping off the keys into my lap. Before, I used to rub them under any ol table to get them tacky, and later I'd have to wash the keyboard." Rowle went to the piano, picked up the bench and put it behind the cash register, nea the front door. He replaced it with Cookery chair. In one motion, he sa down, leaned over, poised his fingers second over the keyboard, and san into a very slow "Mood Indigo." H moved in a gentle, circular fashion, a if he were leafing through a stamp album, and he punctuated his felicitou phrases by pointing his right toe at th ceiling. He examined "Mood Indigo *from every possible angle, coating* with little half runs, bell-like chord and sorrowful tremolos. It lasted clos to ten minutes, and was followed by a equally long and introverted version "Prelude to a Kiss." Rowles' engin steadied, and the tempo went up i "I Can't Get Started." A light seeme to go on within the tune, and one coul see the outline of its pleasant bones. ruminative "Skylark" came next, an Rowles closed the set with a cande version of Fats Waller's "Jitterbu Waltz."

He remained at the piano half minute, and, letting his hands han loose, vibrated them vigorously, like swimmer loosening his muscles. H got up and stopped by the table. "I'v got to go downstairs and chant wit Buster," he said. "I'll be back in te minutes." Jazz musicians, like poet are prone to inscrutable remarks, an I remembered what Rowles had tol me last summer about Theloniou Monk. "I went into this restaurant i Tokyo six or seven years ago, whe I was on a tour," he had said, "an there was Monk standing at the ba He was wearing one of his funn hats, and the whole time he revolve slowly, his hands raised and flutterin like moths around his head. When l came face to face with the bar, he' stop, take a drink, then start spinnin again. I'd seen him before, of cours but I'd never talked to him, so I intr

# Only Venice is Venice.
# Only V.O. is V.O.



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"You can put a camera almost any place and take a good picture."

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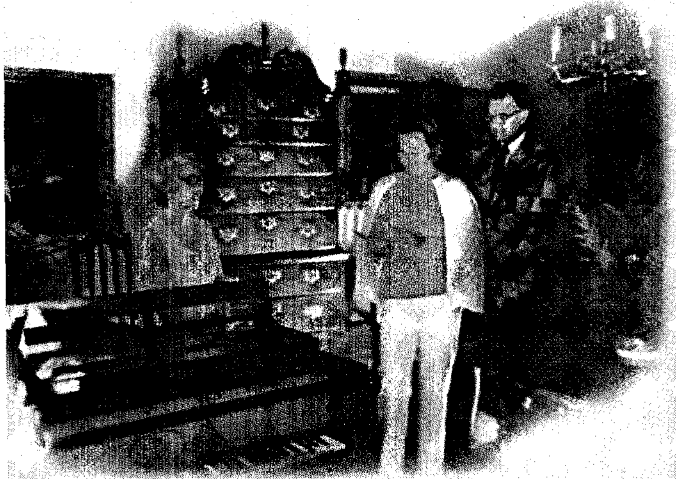
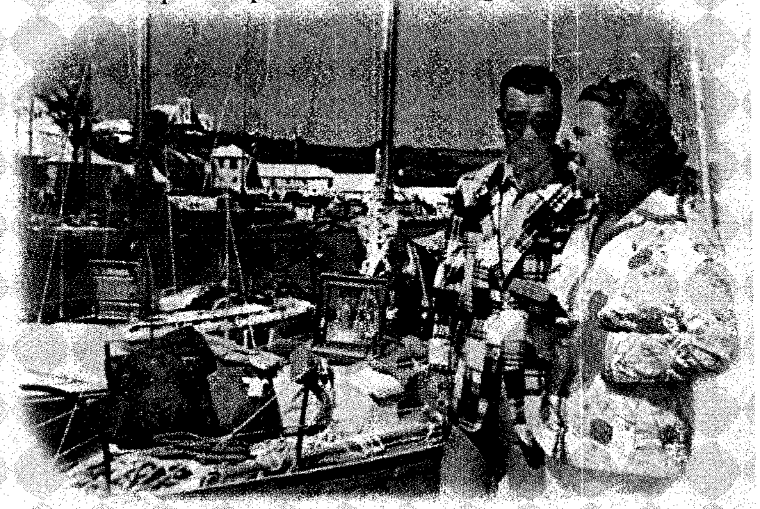


"Life here is quieter on the whole. And perhaps a little more genteel."



"I enjoy looking at old furniture and silver. They're in great abundance here."

# Bermuda

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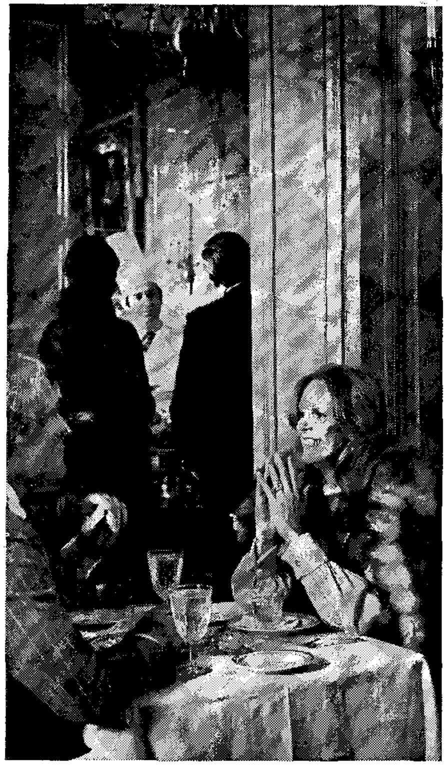
duced myself. I made a couple of attempts at conversation. Silence. Then he said, 'You got any kids?' I told him I had a son who was twenty-four, and I was about to mention Stacy and Zip when he said, 'He's too old. Get rid of him.' And he never said another word." While Rowles was chanting, I pondered his style. His playing is extraordinarily intense, and it demands exactly as much as it offers. Every tune is multi-layered, and, except for those rare times when he tires and repeats certain phrases, it has no soft spots. His singular harmonic sense governs his attack. He uses strange, flatted chords that seem to leave his phrases suspended and unresolved. They are questioning chords. His delicate runs have the same upturned, searching air. They begin in odd places, and while a run is moving buoyantly up the keyboard it suddenly breaks off, there is a pause, and the run resumes, descending through the very notes just played, as if Rowles were trying to knit the two parts. The melody slopes along in the middle distance, and his immaculate time is a further stabilizer. His touch is almost Tatum-light, and even his rushes of hard, no-nonsense single notes in fast numbers have no clamor or urgency. His chords and tricky, broken, winding runs suggest a hesitant, puzzled attitude, a continual where-do-I-go-from-here approach. But this is only a delightful illusion, a polite way of not overwhelming the listener.

*"Don't be silly, darling! It's just somebody I knew in the Movement."*

ROWLES reappeared and ordered another vodkatonic. "I chant with Buster a lot," he said. "He's into the Buddhist thing, and chanting keeps him cool. 'Nam Myoho Renge Kyo' we go, over and over, in unison. I don't know what it means, but it makes you feel like you're doing your rosary. It makes you less conscious of yourself, and I always get in my own way during the first set every night. My playing is a matter of concentration, a matter of intensity. A jumble of things flash constantly through my mind, like people's faces and what I'm going to play in the channel, and all the while the melody is with me subconsciously. I have that, and I have the chords. They're the carpet, and my playing is like dancing on that carpet. I learned how to accompany singers and horn players by listening to the backgrounds that arrangers like Sy Oliver and Duke Ellington and Mary Lou Williams wrote for their soloists. Particularly Mary Lou when she was with Andy Kirk. In fact, I want to meet her while I'm here. It's unbelievable how much I owe that woman. It's unbelievable how much I owe a lot of people. Like Donald Brown, a Blackfoot Indian from Montana, who got me going in the right direction when I was a kid. He played tenor. When I first knew him, I was deep into Guy Lombardo. He was my favorite band, and I loved his piano player Freddy Kreitzer. Brown heard me doing some Lombardo tune at the piano in the gym at Gonzaga University, where I went for a year and a half, and he said, 'Ace, what are you doin' that for? You should be listening to the Benny Goodman Trio.' He took me downtown to a record store, and when I heard Teddy Wilson in the Trio, that was it. It changed my whole life. Brown had absolute pitch and radar ears. If I played a Wilson or Tatum record and asked him about certain chords, he'd tell me to slow the turntable down, which you could do on those old windup Victrolas, and he'd spell out every note. Another person I'll always owe is Ben Webster. I met him late in 1939, in Seattle, where I was studying law—or at least my family thought I was—at the University of Washington. My real father, whose name was Hunter, passed when I was three months old, and I was raised by my mother and a stepfather, who adopted me and gave me his name. My mother had studied guitar, and she played the piano real well by ear, but he was in the rug business and wasn't musical at all, except when he'd come home with some cronies at two in the morning and get me up to play the piano while they sang gems like 'Ace in the Hole.' Anyway, Ben had just joined Duke Ellington, and I knew Ben was *the* man. He introduced me around to all the musicians, and when I was twenty-one and legally free, I dumped the law thing for good and took off for L.A. I played with Slim and Slam. Slim was into his crazy vooterini talk then, and he played the piano with the backs of his hands as well as the regular way. Then I played intermission piano for *Art Tatum*. Man, I was smothered I was so scared. I couldn't believe his hands. They were stubby, but they stretched like cobras when he wanted to reach a tenth or more. And the way they moved, he didn't look like he was playing at all. I'd ask him how he did such-and-such, and he'd show me. But if I mentioned his fantastic touch, all he'd say was 'Oh, I don't know' and



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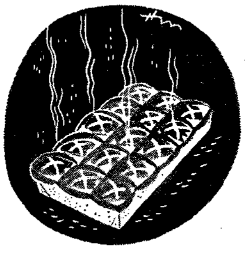
start talking about Westerns or baseball. Once, I hung out with him for three days and three nights, and sometimes he'd play seven or eight hours at a stretch. Dorothy and I were married by then, and when I got home she was so mad she Art-Tatumed me right out of the house for a week. I never travel without Art; I have six cassettes of him over in my hotel room. I worked with the Spirits of Rhythm, too. Teddy Bunn was in the group and so was Leo Watson. And I worked with Lee and Lester Young. Lester was the coolest man I ever met. He wasn't Prez to us but Bubba, after some nephews who called him Uncle Bubba. He had his own language. He'd turn to me on the bandstand and say, 'Startled doe. Two o'clock,' which meant if you looked into the audience at where two o'clock was you'd see this pretty chick with big eyes. 'Bob Crosby's in the house' meant a cop had just come in, and 'Bing and Bob' meant the fuzz were all over the place. When I first knew him, he said, 'There's a gray boy at the bar who is looking for you.' 'What's a gray boy?' I said. 'Man, *you're* a gray boy,' he said, smiling with those green teeth he had then, 'and I'm an Oxford gray.'

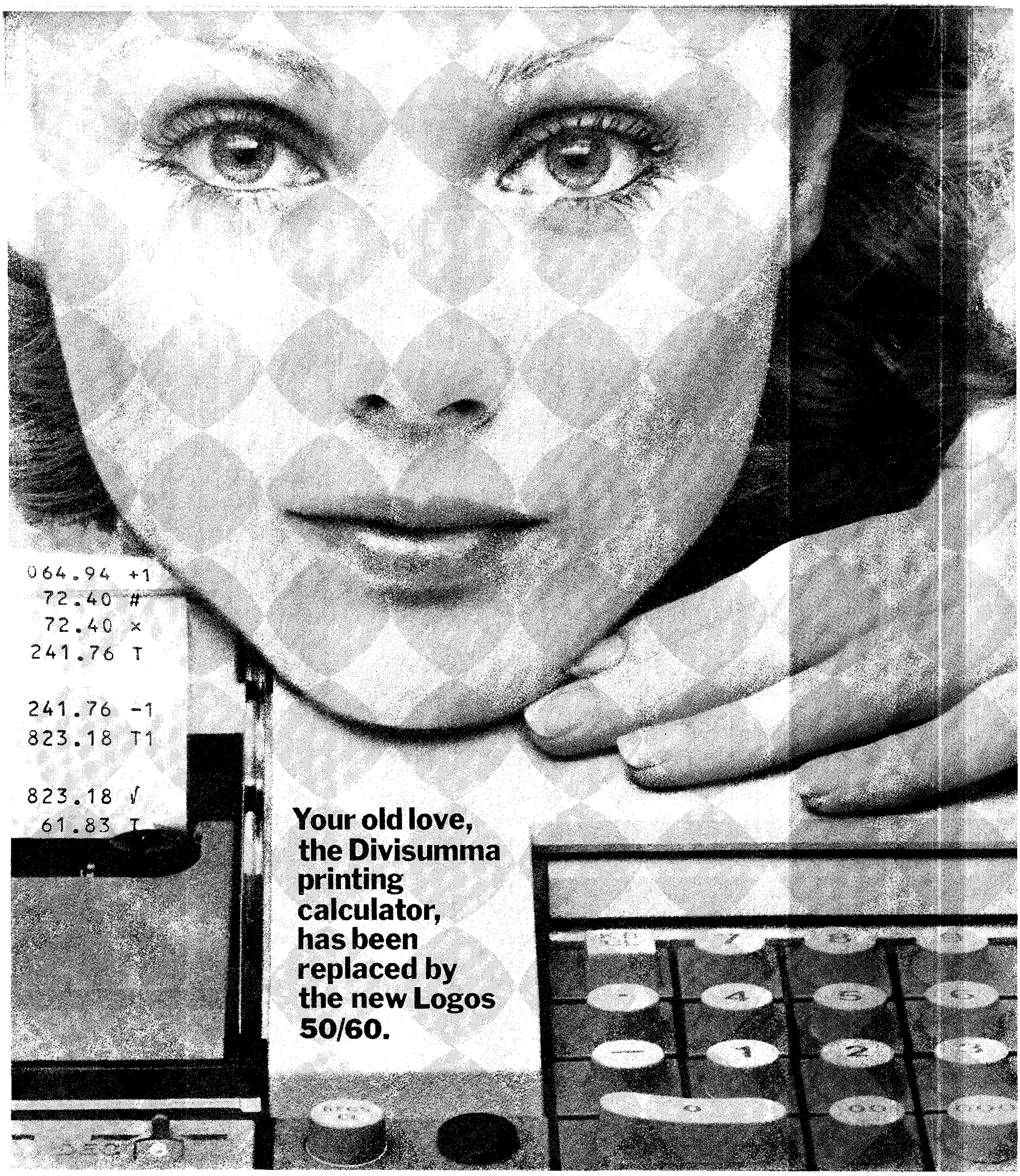


"And everything that was good was 'bulging.' It was a telescoping of a phrase that had started out 'I've got eyes for that,' which meant 'I like that,' and became 'I've got great big eyes for that,' and then 'I've got bulging eyes for that.' But if he didn't like something or somebody, all he did was puff out his cheeks—no words at all, just balloon cheeks."

IT was nine-thirty, and Rowles applied more Tacky-Finger, then went back to the piano. Barney Josephson, immaculate in a gray pin-striped suit, a regimental tie, and a white button-down shirt, stopped by and said how pleased he was with Rowles' playing. "None of my performers are allowed to smoke or drink when they work," he said. "But you'll note that Jimmy does. In his case, it's simply part of the man, part of his style. He couldn't play without doing it, so I told him to go ahead." Rowles began an intense study of "Willow Weep for Me," a song that tends to defy improvisation but that ultimately bowed to his relentlessly polite exploration. He seemed to tunnel right through "The Man I Love," circumventing its singsong, steplike melody. "My Buddy," its melody decked out with remarkable embellishments, and properly played as a waltz, followed. It gave way to "Miss Brown to You," which he sang in a pleasant, husky voice. Freddie Hubbard's "Down Under," Billy Strayhorn's "Lush Life," and an ancient tune called "In the Middle of a Kiss" came next, and he closed with a rocking, medium-tempo rendition of Duke Ellington's "Cottontail" which included a witty paraphrase of Ben Webster's famous solo.

Rowles put a fat, leather-bound loose-leaf book on the table, and went to get a fresh vodkatonic. "I call that My Book," he said when he returned. "It has all the tunes in it I play—maybe a thousand or so." The neatly typed titles were arranged by letter and by category. There were no fewer than seventy waltzes, among them "My Mom," "Dancing with Tears," "Millicent," "Charade," and "Many Happy Returns." The letter "I" began: "It's Like Reaching for the Moon," "I Was Doing All Right," "It Don't Mean a Thing," "It All Depends on You," "I'll See You in My Dreams," "I'll Never Be the Same," and "I'll Remember April." And the letter "S" started out: "Suppertime," "Some Saturday," "Solitaire," "Something," and "Skylark." "I've written some of my own songs and lyrics in the last couple of years. Just off-the-wall stuff. There's one about tennis, a game I love and think of as physical chess. And there's one about Monk, and one about Fred Astaire, and a thing about missionaries called 'Behind the Faith.' " He started to sing softly, "I loved the Matto Grosso/ All the wild Indians in it/ Shooting food with spears/ And shrinking heads." And he went on, "Just imagine their reaction/ When a missionary shows up/ And tries to tell them how to live/ As if they didn't know already."

I told Rowles I had enjoyed the Ben Webster he had put in "Cottontail." "Ben and I used to play a lot of golf in the fifties, when he lived on the Coast," he said. "We'd tee up, and all these fancy types would be waiting their turn, mumbling under their breath about that big black guy who was holding them up. Ben would have one of his little hats on the back of his head, and he'd stand there before the ball, his big front sticking out, and talk to himself: 'Now, Ben, do it just like when you were in the Masters. Keep your head down, Ben, and not too many Wheaties.' And he'd take a terrific swing—pouf!—and the ball would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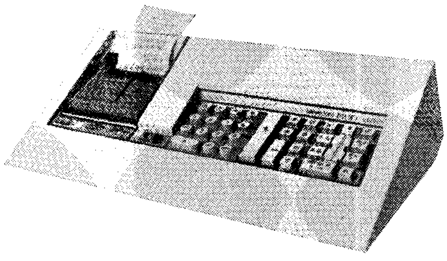


**olivetti**

OLIVETTI CORPORATION OF AMERICA, 500 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY 10022 dribble ten feet up the fairway. We only saw each other on the tees and greens, but we laughed our way around the whole course. Then last summer I got a feeling, a notion. I hadn't seen him for years, and something told me it was time to get over to Copenhagen, where he was living. After I worked the Newport Festival here, I went to Europe with Carmen McRae. She gave me a week off, and I got up to Copenhagen and stayed on Ben's couch. He wasn't in good shape. He was drinking a lot and his legs hurt him, and he was enormous. He never wore anything the whole time but his shorts, and he'd sit in a little swivel chair and talk about 'the Judge,' which is what he called Milt Hinton. Ben was a Jekyll-and-Hyde. He was a sensitive cat, and when he wasn't drinking he was soft-spoken and polite and as gentle as cream. But after two drinks, forget it. Benny Carter was the only man he'd listen to when he was like that. If Ben was roaring around and Carter happened to be there, he'd say, 'Cut it out, Ben. Go sit down and behave yourself,' and Ben would. Ben used to say of Carter, 'There's a man who can bake a cake as light as a feather and whip any man.' One night in Copenhagen, we put Ben to bed—there were always people flowing in and out—and went out to see the sights. I got back late, and there was Ben stretched out on the marble floor like a gingerbread man. I still don't know how I got him into bed again. When I had to leave to meet Carmen, Ben hung out the window, still in his shorts, his huge shoulders and chest bare, and waved and waved and kept saying, 'Come back, S.H.,' which is what we called each other. 'Come back and see me soon.' Ten days later, the cable came saying that he had got off."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla., March 5 (AP)—Wayne Garrett became one of the most secure players in the New York Mets' training camp today when manager Yogi Berra said flatly: "He's my third baseman."

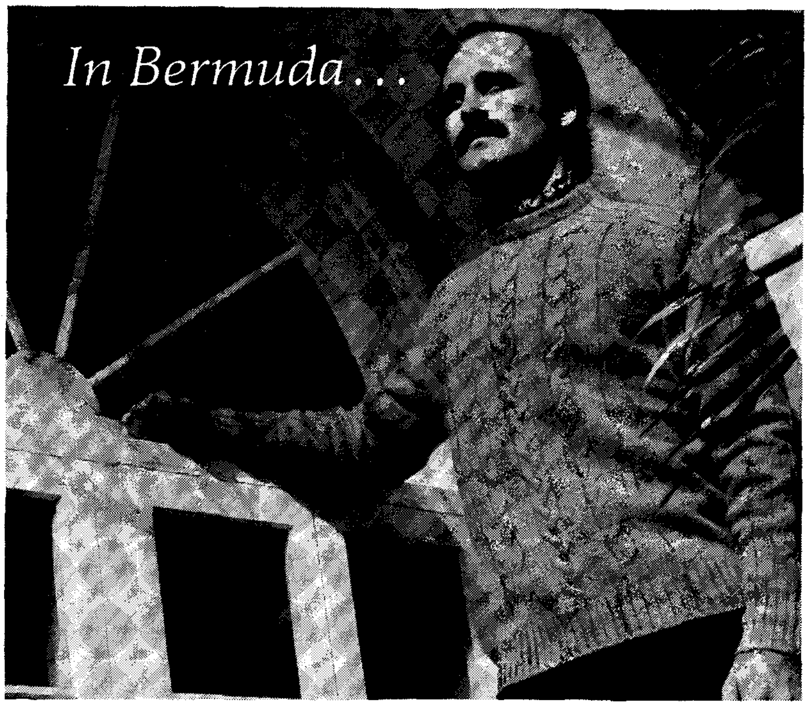
Since the Mets were formed 12 yearsgo, they have had 4466 third basemen.—*Washington Post.*

It just seems that way.

•

ALBANY (AP)—The Senate voted Wednesday to require most large grocery stores to post unit prices enabling consumers to find the best guys.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

And, for us male consumers, the best dolls.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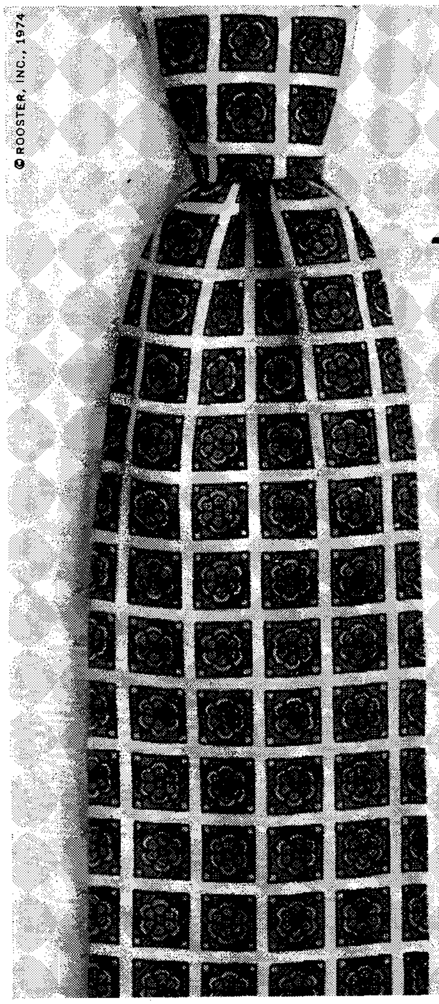
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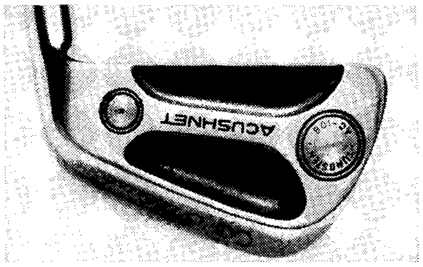

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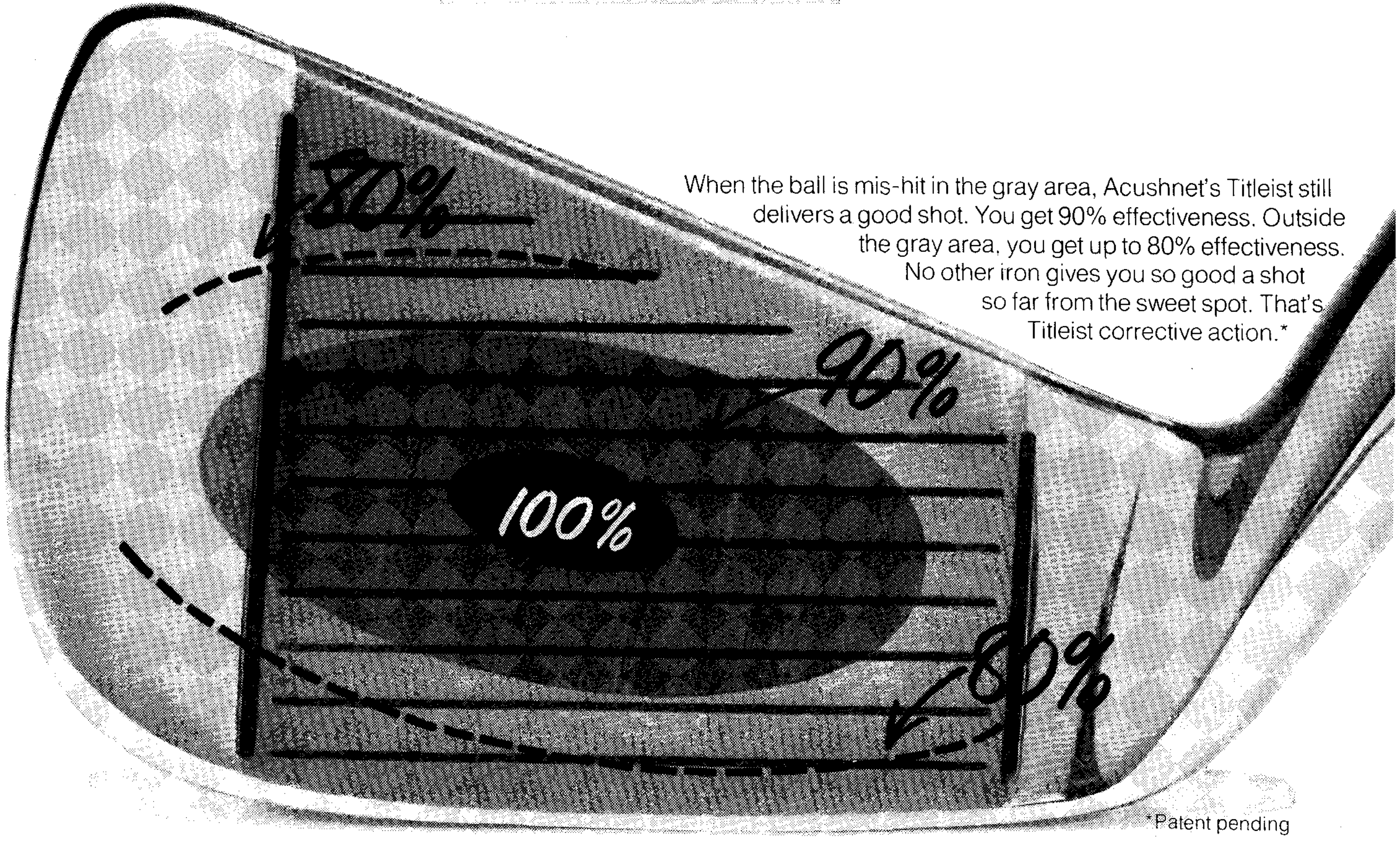

When the ball is mis-hit in the gray area, Acushnet's Titleist still delivers a good shot. You get 90% effectiveness. Outside the gray area, you get up to 80% effectiveness. No other iron gives you so good a shot so far from the sweet spot. That's Titleist corrective action.*

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# THE THEATRE

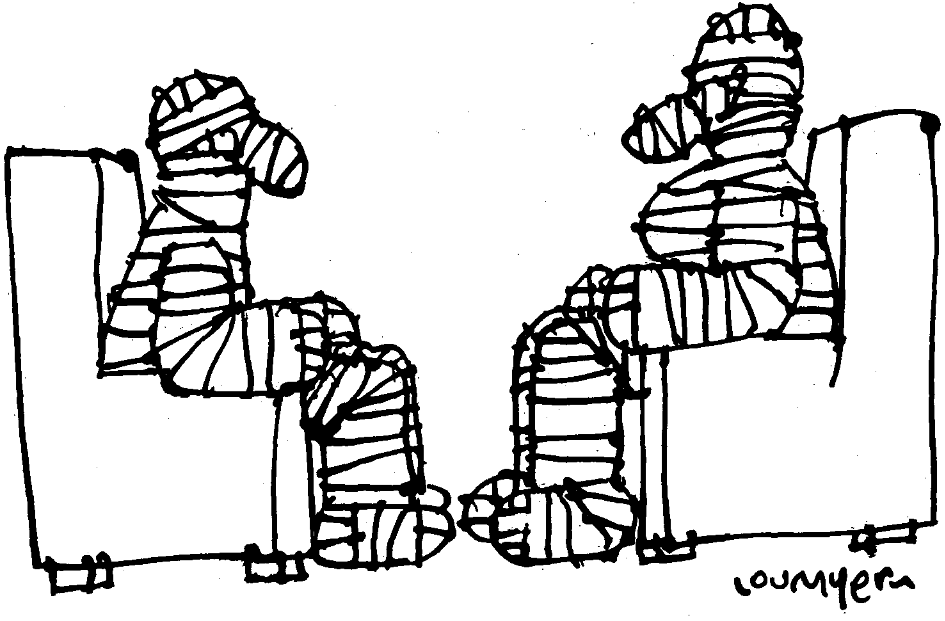
## OFF BROADWAY

THE final presentation of the Young Vic, at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, is a revival of Terence Rattigan's "French Without Tears," which was a great hit in London when it opened, in 1936 (though less of one here), and is now among the company's most popular shows there. No wonder. The sunny atmosphere of the Villa Miramar, in the South of France, just a path away from a beach; the carefree, confident young Englishmen of the aristocracy who are there to cram French for their examinations for the diplomatic service; the beautiful sister of one of them, who is both flirt and tease and gets her comeuppance in the end; the starchy, "po-faced" naval commander who turns out to be a very good fellow; the testy, comical French professor in charge; his devoted, undemanding daughter; the little jokes; the fallings in and out of love; the food; the wine; the bright-blue sky—they all combine into what must have seemed in England of the thirties, and must seem even more so now, a voyage back to Eden itself. An American audience of the seventies—especially those of us who are always aware of what became of these golden lads and girls just a few years later—cannot quite share this nostalgia. I found the play agreeable enough, enjoyed its apparent aimlessness, which almost conceals Rattigan's firm hand on the controls, and laughed at a number of its lines and situations, but I also found it pretty remote and wispy. Actually, of the three plays that the Young Vic has presented here, "French Without Tears" must be the most difficult to do, since it is light comedy, which demands a delicacy and sureness of touch. The actors have had to curb those soaring spirits and rein in that wild invention which made their "Taming of the Shrew" and "Scapino" so marvellous. The production is disappointing, because they do not seem able to supply a different kind of energy to a script that doesn't have much of its own, for all its charm, and because they have not yet acquired the technical adroitness—the spin—that can make an amusing line sound like wit. Nevertheless, some of the individual performances are good. Gavin Reed is splendid as the naval commander—a kind of awful Englishman whose awfulness turns out to be shyness that dissolves in alcohol. Ian Charleson is funny as a young Scot whose future will more likely be business than diplomacy, and pretty Mel Martin, an Alajálov cover girl if ever there was one, is exactly right (and exactly in period) as the flirtatious love object. Carl Toms' bright, airy setting is perfection.

EDGAR WHITE'S "Les Femmes Noires," at the Public, could perhaps be described as a poem—an oral collage—for many voices, most of them indeed of black women, but some of black men, and, as is so often true of such projects, it is best when it is least "poetic." The play doesn't add up to much—only partly because its form has already been made familiar to us by Ed Bullins and Melvin Van Peebles, to name just a couple of dramatists who have already worked Mr. White's territory to greater effect—but it is never boring, and a number of its small scenes are funny and have the ring of truthfulness. The performances, under Novella Nelson's direction, are very good. As a matter of fact, the production could be considered a reunion of some of the best black actors in town. I especially enjoyed beautiful Ethel Ayler and wonderful Rosanna Carter as a pair of well-to-do matrons discussing Paris; Barbara Montgomery as a whore in a rage because somebody has just swiped her hi-fi set and color TV; Rosemary Stewart as a college dropout stranded here after her boy friend has deserted her; Marshall Hutchinson as the boy friend, a young writer who is more stranded than she is; and Bill Cobbs as a butcher who has married a woman with three children and has given her another, because the "little cannibals" keep him too busy to think. The musical accompaniment, of various drums and flutes and a piano, adds quite a lot to the atmosphere.

AT the St. Marks (one floor above "The Great MacDaddy"), the Negro Ensemble Company is presenting a four-week season of workshop, with a new play each week. The first, "Black Sunlight," by Al Davis (which has already opened and closed), is about a struggle for power in a small African country that has recently won its independence. The script is rather stiff and hollow, for all the pressure of the feeling behind it, and as the plot unfolds, the audience is a step ahead of the dramatist all the way. Still, Mr. Davis has written playable parts, which is, of course, an important accomplishment. These parts were very well played by a first-rate cast, under Kris Keiser's direction. Richard Jackson was the leader of the country, so eager and impatient for progress that he bypasses even the members of his own Cabinet in making decisions; Robert Christian was his closest friend, a man whose passion for the democratic process has driven him into the opposition party; Mary Alice was the leader's strong, comforting wife; Gary Bolling was a troublemaking police commissioner; and Robert Stocking was the leader's servant.

—EDITH OLIVER



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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Three Straight*

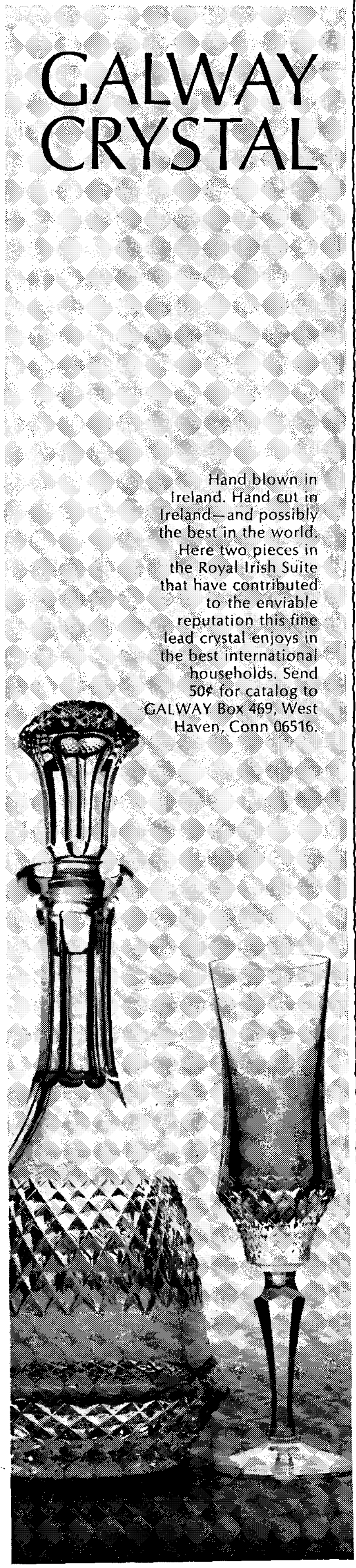
WELL, Forego has done it again. He and True Knight met for the third time last Saturday, in the Widener Handicap at Hialeah, and the result was the same as it was in the Donn and the Gulfstream Park Handicaps—Forego won and True Knight was second. I've always believed, as do a number of trainers, that horses know when they are beaten, and, what's more, who beats them. If it happens repeatedly, they'll say to themselves, "Here's that so-and-so again," and they won't try. But not True Knight. The chart shows that he put Forego to a drive in the stretch, and was beaten by only a length after getting away slowly, as usual, and trailing the six other runners for a mile of the mile and a quarter. Forego, for his part, wasn't hurried in the early running, and took the lead easily on the far turn, but was under pressure in the last furlong. He carried 129 pounds, giving five to True Knight and fifteen to Play the Field, who was third. It was the highest weight a Widener winner has carried since Calumet Farm's Armed, back in 1947. For the record, the time for the ten furlongs was 2:01⅕, and Forego picked up $76,635 in prize money for the Lazy F Ranch. Fair enough.

THE stunner of the week for many at Aqueduct was the resignation of Emil Mosbacher, Jr., chairman of the State Racing and Wagering Board, which has supreme authority over the flats and the trots as well as over OTB and the lottery in New York. Mr. Mosbacher gave the usual conventional reasons for quitting, and Governor Wilson accepted them "with great regret." As you may remember, former Governor Rockefeller created the Board following the report of the Delafield Commission early last year about what was wrong with racing, and in July he asked Mr. Mosbacher, a yachtsman friend and political associate, to organize and operate the agency. Mr. Mosbacher did, staffing it with men he selected. Needless to say, this did not please the gentlemen of the Legislature, in Albany. In fact, there is a bill in the works up there to abolish the entire Board, but now it probably never will be heard of again. Bertram Sarafan, the head of the State Liquor Authority, who was the temporary chairman when the Board was formed, was appointed by Governor Wilson to fill the vacancy. Of course, it was just a coincidence that about the time Mr. Mosbacher was announcing his retirement the Legislature was passing a bill asked for by Governor Wilson that would give the New York Racing Association an additional one-per-cent take from the mutuels, and reduce the take itself from seventeen per cent to fourteen—an experiment to run for sixty-five days at either Aqueduct or Belmont Park. This is similar to what Mr. Mosbacher asked for and tried at the Big A last November and December. Though it didn't lift racing in New York out of the slough of despond, maybe it will do better in warm weather.

NOW and then, a castoff of a big stable comes back to beat a fancied former stablemate. This happened at Aqueduct last Saturday, when Dr. Leon Hekimian's Klepto won the Correction Handicap, for fillies and mares, at six furlongs, and Poker Night and In the Mattress, her former Hobeau Farm companions, finished next to last and last. When the Doctor bought Klepto, who hadn't raced at two, for $11,000, the backstretch brigade agreed that she was well sold. But, to their astonishment, in the hands of Jerry Hirsch, a confrere, she proceeded to win seven of her sixteen starts last season and two of her four this year. It would have been three out of four if she hadn't been disqualified and placed second in a race at Garden State. In fact, the handicapper rated her a pound better than Poker Night for the Correction. And she didn't disappoint him, taking the lead in the stretch to win by a length and a half from North of Venus, who saved the place by a nose from Flightoletti. Poker Night, who wintered at Belmont (and hasn't grown an inch, according to her trainer, Allen Jerkens), was never in the picture; nor was In the Mattress, who was supposed to make the pace for her. As they say, that's racing.

THE Flamingo Stakes comes up at Hialeah this weekend, and Colonel Martingale, the old past-performance analyst, can't see anything beyond Judger and Cannonade.

—AUDAX MINOR



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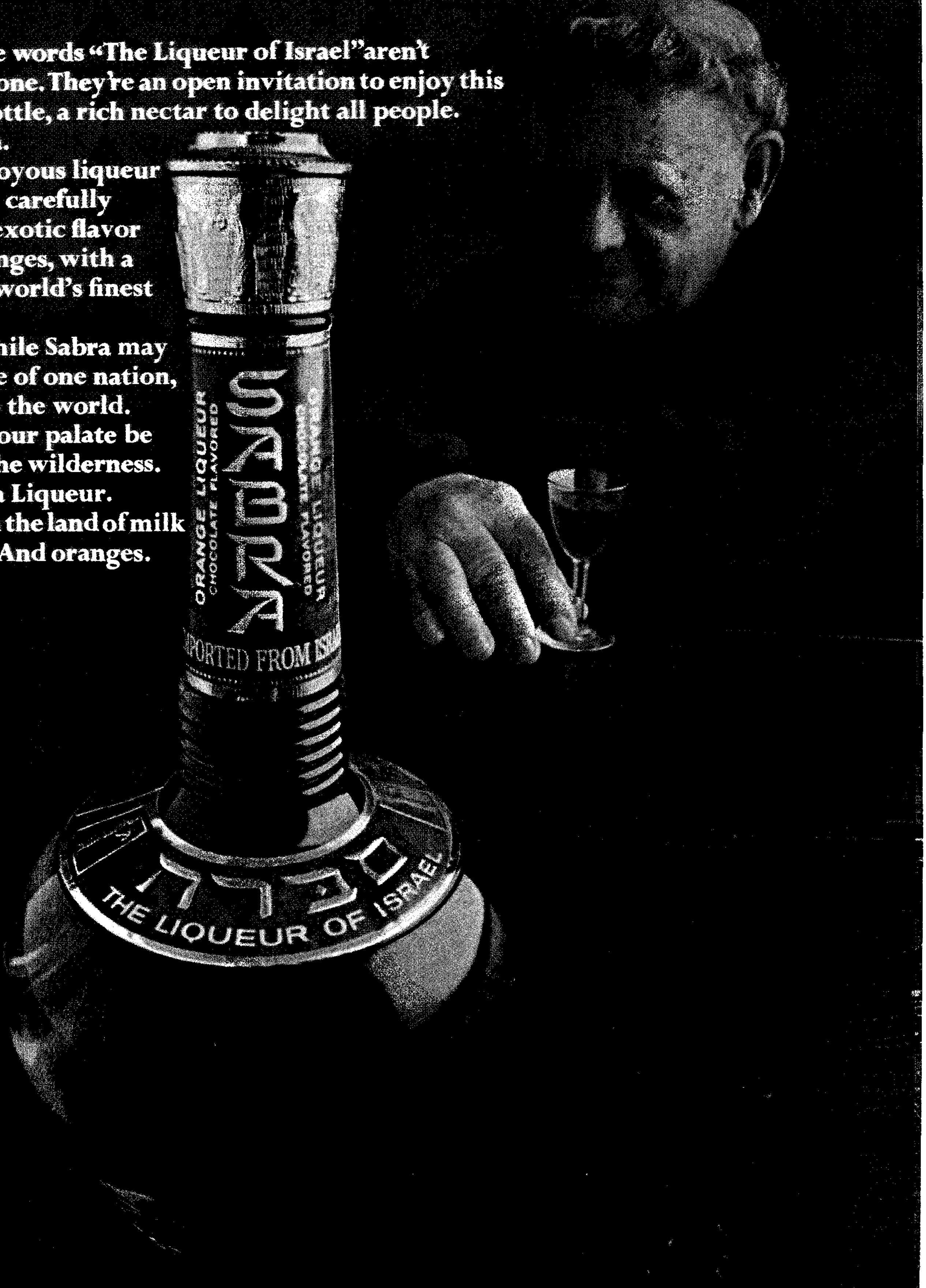

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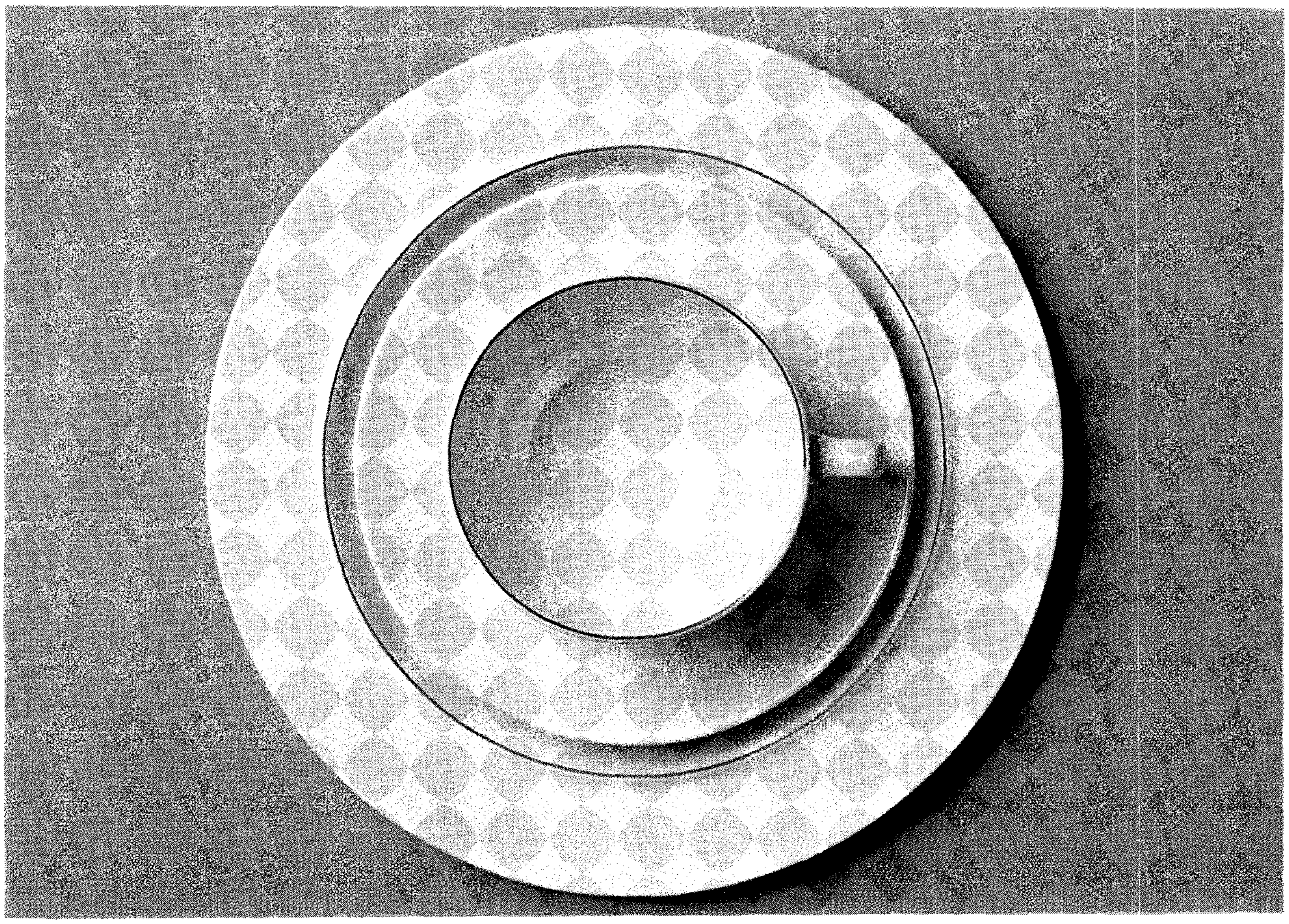

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# LETTER FROM INDONESIA

AFTER eight years in power, the rather plodding and colorless Suharto administration, although it has repaired much of the damage done to Indonesia's economy by the flamboyant and profligate Sukarno regime before it, is having to face up to its failure to make genuine improvements in the welfare of this vast island country's huge and fast-growing population, now a hundred and twenty-three million. In January, long-standing resentments—particularly over the undue influence of foreign capitalists and local Chinese entrepreneurs, over corruption in the Army-run government, over conspicuous consumption and privilege among the affluent few, and over the lack of education and opportunity for the many—erupted in large-scale riots in Djakarta. Thousands of young people, chiefly high-school students and unemployed high-school graduates but also some militant university leaders, wrecked or burned more than a hundred buildings and eight hundred vehicles. The latter were mostly Japanese-made, since the trigger for the protest was an official visit by Premier Kakuei Tanaka of Japan, the country whose businessmen have been the most visible and the most resented foreign operators here. Before things quieted down, security forces were called out, eleven people were killed and more than a hundred injured, a curfew was imposed, and the University of Indonesia was temporarily closed. The official Japanese party, which had been forced to skip most of the ceremonial events planned for it, left town in secrecy under heavy guard.

Obviously, the outburst—which, unlike the demonstrations last fall that toppled the Thai government, was more or less spontaneously organized and carried out by a heterogeneous array of youthful protesters—had its roots in complaints that went beyond xenophobia and immediate economic grievances. In talking with Indonesian intellectuals and journalists in recent months, I discovered a number of sources of unrest: growing political stagnation, brought on by the Army's control of the government and its tacit but nonetheless effective efforts to discourage true democratic processes; resentment over the government's failure to encourage indigenous enterprise; and, above all, indignation over its failure to think in terms of providing work and opportunity for a population expanding at a rate of more than two per cent a year. Criticism has been directed not so much at President Suharto as at the powerful generals around him and at his economic and political advisers, who have not succeeded in transmitting their knowledge to the middle- and low-level officials in the countryside, the result being that government economic plans are invariably misunderstood and poorly carried out. This gap between top-level experts and low-level bureaucrats is growing rather than narrowing as economic development becomes more complex. With the completion of a first Five-Year Plan and the commencement of a second one this month, a leading Indonesian social scientist and historian named Soedjatmoko, who is himself one of the more imaginative governmental planners, has called for "a more realistic style of development." What he has in mind, apparently, is both the achievement of a higher degree of involvement and understanding at the village level and much more rapport with the nation's youth. The government has consistently failed to recognize that half the population of Indonesia is under nineteen, and that the majority of the unemployed and underemployed—who together make up about half of the nation's working population of forty-five million—are in their twenties. In the course of a talk I had with Soedjatmoko, he said, "We may be sitting on a time bomb—or maybe, more accurately, a volcano."

Whatever the Indonesians are seeing now and will see in the months ahead, there were certainly ample portents in the weeks before the January violence that some sort of protest was imminent. In recent months, university students throughout the country, no doubt inspired partly by their contemporaries in Thailand and Korea, were clearly regaining the spirit of rebellion that had given them an important role in the overthrow of Sukarno, in 1966. In several cities, including Djakarta and Bandung, they held meetings and circulated petitions demanding economic justice and declaiming against corruption at the highest levels of government and against foreign exploitation, especially Japanese. Indeed, anti-Japanese sentiment was becoming so strong that Japanese businessmen in Djakarta cautiously turned off a number of large neon signs downtown advertising their products. Among other groups on the receiving end of the young people's complaints were the academic technocrats guiding the national economy. When the government was forced to take note of the dissatisfaction, various high officials, including President Suharto himself, Foreign Minister Adam Malik, and General Sumitro, then the

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head of the all-powerful state security apparatus, known as KOPKAMTIB (an acronym standing for the Operational Command for the Preservation of Security and Order), met with groups of the college students to discuss the issues, though usually in a rather patronizing manner—an approach that, as events proved, did not do much to quell the discontent.

Now, in the aftermath of the Djakarta riots, various efforts have been made both to clamp the lid on and to answer some of the complaints. There were almost eight hundred arrests, which included prominent intellectuals and student leaders, and ten publications, among them the liberal newspapers *Pedoman* and *Indonesian Raya*, and the student paper *Kami*, were shut down—moves unhappily reminiscent of Sukarno days, when most criticism was blacked out. In response to one of the more vigorous complaints of the young people, Suharto dismissed a number of the Army generals who had been his top palace advisers, and himself took Sumitro's place as head of the feared KOPKAMTIB. More usefully, probably, measures were announced that would require increased participation in business ventures by Indonesians and less by Chinese and other non-Indonesians, that would prohibit government officials and their wives from taking part in such enterprises, and that would curb high living and lavish spending by civil servants. However well these measures seem to answer some of the basic complaints, it will take time to ascertain whether they are really going to be enforced, and, if so, whether they can do much to change the angry atmosphere. Roughly fifty people are still being held for trial and the government is now putting out the story that the riots were fomented to bring about the fall of Suharto, on the theory that this will excuse the harshness of the crackdown.

NOTWITHSTANDING a plethora of programs and blueprints—Indonesia's economy may be the most overplanned in the world—Suharto's New Order, as it is called, has displayed an old familiar inertia, and this is something that the more prescient intellectuals have found particularly disturbing. Though the government has eschewed the vainglorious methods of Sukarno's Old Order and avoided the Communist path of regimentation, its reluctance to take purposeful action may encourage further outbreaks of semi-anarchic rebellion—explosions of violence motivated more by nihilistic discontent than by ideology. Prior to the January riots, sporadic instances of rebellious activity had been quickly subdued by police and Army security forces. Together with the unnecessarily numerous bureaucrats, the Army and the police have imposed on post-Sukarno Indonesian society a new form of Guided Democracy—just what they set out to destroy by the overthrow of Sukarno (who invented the term). Daily existence has been smothered by controls and regulations—whether they are obeyed, circumvented, or subverted—and the chaos of Sukarno days has been replaced by overorganization, which inevitably means imbalance and inefficiency.

The most recent example of poor planning on a major scale involved rice, which is usually in short supply and is therefore always a vital matter. Late in 1972, drought-induced rice shortages and high rice prices—the prime cause of an over-all twenty-five-per-cent rate of inflation that year, after three years of effective stabilization—precipitated serious riots in Djakarta and elsewhere. In response, the government, by paying heavily for emergency rice imports, was able to force prices down. The 1973 crop of about thirteen million tons—though sizably increased thanks to new "miracle-rice" seed, fertilizers, and better irrigation methods—was early recognized as insufficient to meet the demands of the growing population. This was particularly true in overcrowded Java, which, although it is only the fifth largest of Indonesia's more than thirteen thousand islands, after Kalimantan (Borneo), Sumatra, Irian Jaya (West New Guinea), and Sulawesi (Celebes), has more than three-fifths of the nation's people. To avert another crisis, the government determined to build a domestic stockpile of nine hundred thousand tons and import an additional seven or eight hundred thousand tons, even though the world price had risen to more than three hundred dollars a ton. Unfortunately, there was by then a world rice shortage, partly caused by heavy floods in the United States. Despite the purchase of some rice from China, only about two hundred and thirty thousand tons were stockpiled, and retail prices rose again.

The domestic rice-procurement plan fizzled for a variety of reasons, the most significant being poor management of village-level coöperatives that had recently been organized. These units, each comprising from three to

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five villages, were to carry out a comprehensive plan involving the dissemination of expert advice, the dispensing of credit and fertilizer, and rice milling and marketing. Such units were to be formed initially in Java and on the neighboring island of Sulawesi, on a gradual basis, so that the peasants would understand their proper role and join up voluntarily. Once established, however, the units were ordered to buy ten per cent of each farmer's spring crop at a price below market level, and as local and district officials, abetted by the military, used high-handed tactics to enforce the order, resentment arose. Taking advantage of a government anti-speculation measure providing that no rice was to move from one province to another, the officials and the military set up roadblocks and seized rice from farmers at random, citing the government declaration that coöperative units should have first call on all rice. The ten-per-cent across-the-board figure was in itself unfair, since the majority of Javanese farmers work tiny plots, live at a subsistence level, and have few surpluses or none. As for the larger landowners, they want to sell their rice to middlemen, who are mostly Chinese, or to their Indonesian front men. Inevitably, therefore, the official seizures of rice led to corruption and profiteering, and the peasants, caught in a squeeze as local officials stepped up the seizures to meet assigned quotas, were panic-stricken. Finally, in July, the government removed the ban on inter-province movement of rice, abandoned the fixed price schedules, and, in effect, acknowledged that, except for limited collections from the richest rice areas, it had no choice but to return to a free-market system. The coöperative movement, initially well conceived, thus got off to such a miserable start that it may never fully recover. (Fortunately, a good crop last fall has at least served to stabilize prices.)

This may be an extreme example of lax administration, but, even so, it demonstrates the principal faults of the first Five-Year Plan: rigidity, paternalism, and failure to obtain the support of the rural population. Suharto, who was born and grew up in a poor Javanese village, has a peasant's sense of what the villagers need; for instance, he has decreed that individual villages receive a hundred thousand rupiah (about two hundred and fifty dollars) from the central government for local improvement projects. But, being a cautious man, he has defined change and progress in the context of creating and maintaining "stability," and in this he

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has been overencouraged by the World Bank and by representatives of an economic-aid consortium called the Inter-Governmental Group on Indonesia—composed of twelve nations, the major contributors being the United States and Japan—which since 1966 have together lent Indonesia three billion seven hundred million dollars. The first Five-Year Plan was aimed primarily at reëstablishing financial stability, rebuilding the nation's shattered basic utilities and its communications network, and increasing agricultural production through crop diversification and other means, but the lack of rapport between the peasants and the cumbersome, ill-informed local bureaucracy inhibited development projects. One veteran Western diplomat here explained to me that after the absolute disaster of the Sukarno period the present Indonesian regime looked pretty good for several years, but then the 1972 drought showed up a lot of weaknesses. "They proved that they have more managers than they know what to do with but don't have the right ones to handle a crisis," he said. "The easy Polynesian way of life is the real problem. Most people, including government employees, still work only from eight or nine in the morning until one o'clock and then quit for the day. There's an up-to-date approach among some members of the new class of experts, but the people as a whole still believe in magic, fate, luck, and Allah's will."

THE second Five-Year Plan, the incredibly prolix details of which fill numerous huge volumes piled high in government offices, was summarized by Suharto in an Address of State last August 16th. Economic and political stability and "stability in the field of public order and security" are continuing motifs in the new plan, which also stresses Indonesia's growing role in Southeast Asia and on the international scene. (Suharto has often expressed the expectation that, along with most other Southeast Asian nations, Indonesia would reëstablish relations with Communist China by 1975.) He went on to list new export and production goals; a doubling of investments, both domestic and foreign; and more equitable tax collection. He defended the village coöperative units as "the pillar for the successful establishment of economic democracy." Though he referred vaguely to "a more even spread of social justice," there was not a single mention in his long speech of the pervasive problem of corruption.

Corruption (the Indonesians, while

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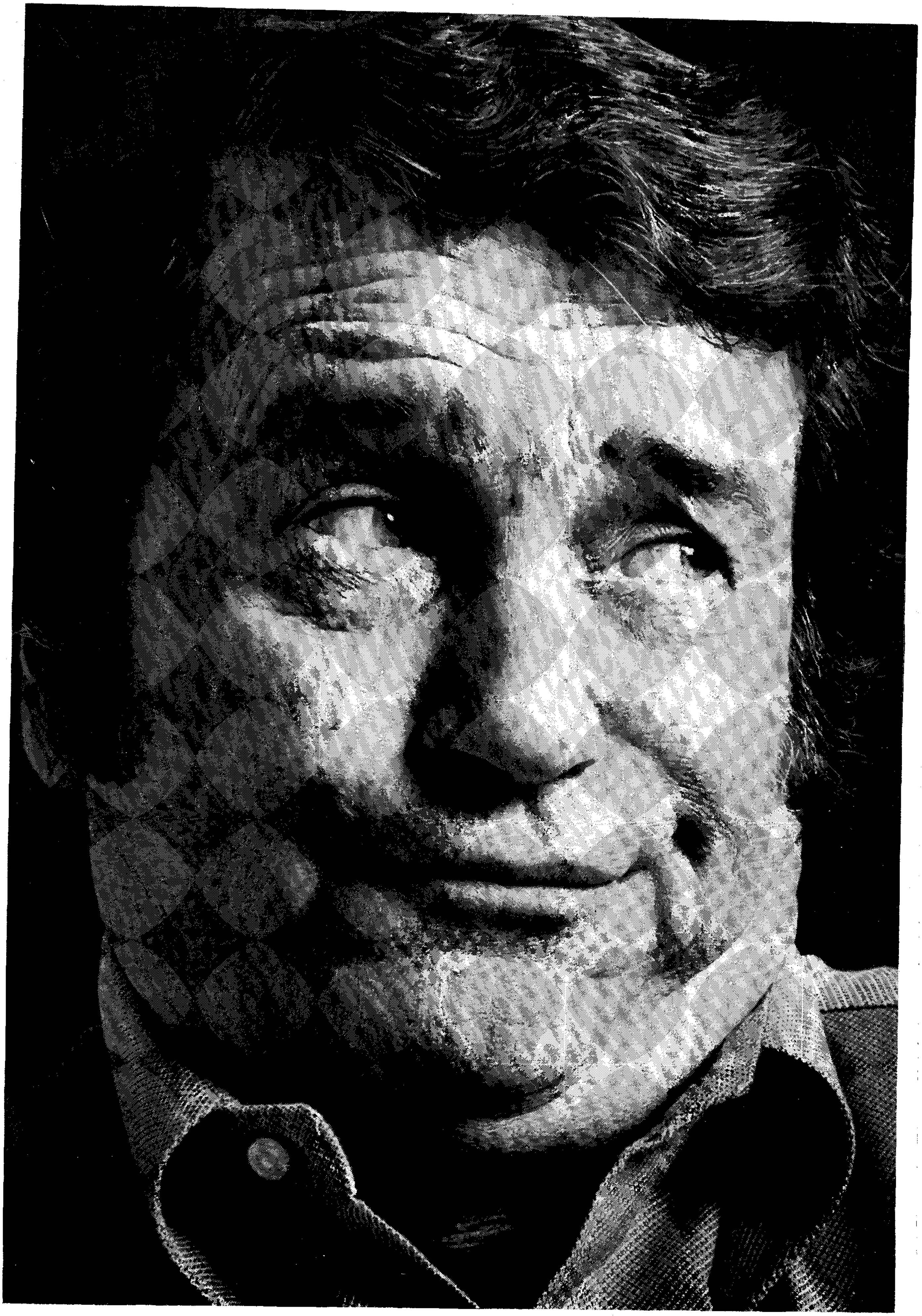

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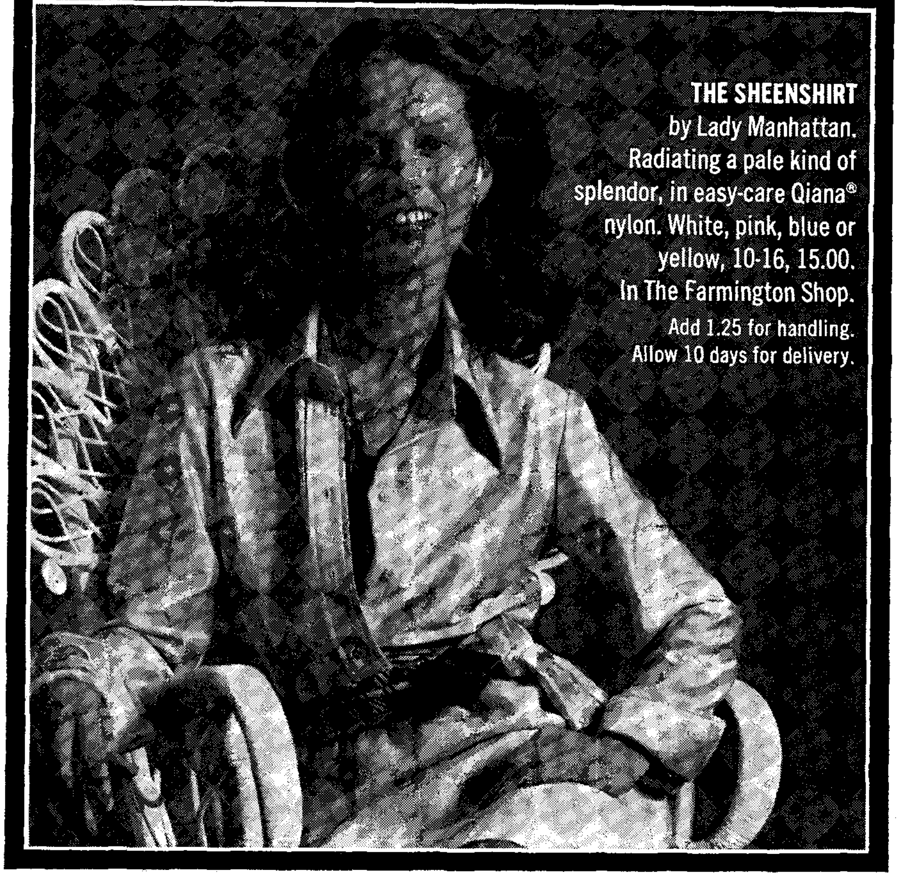

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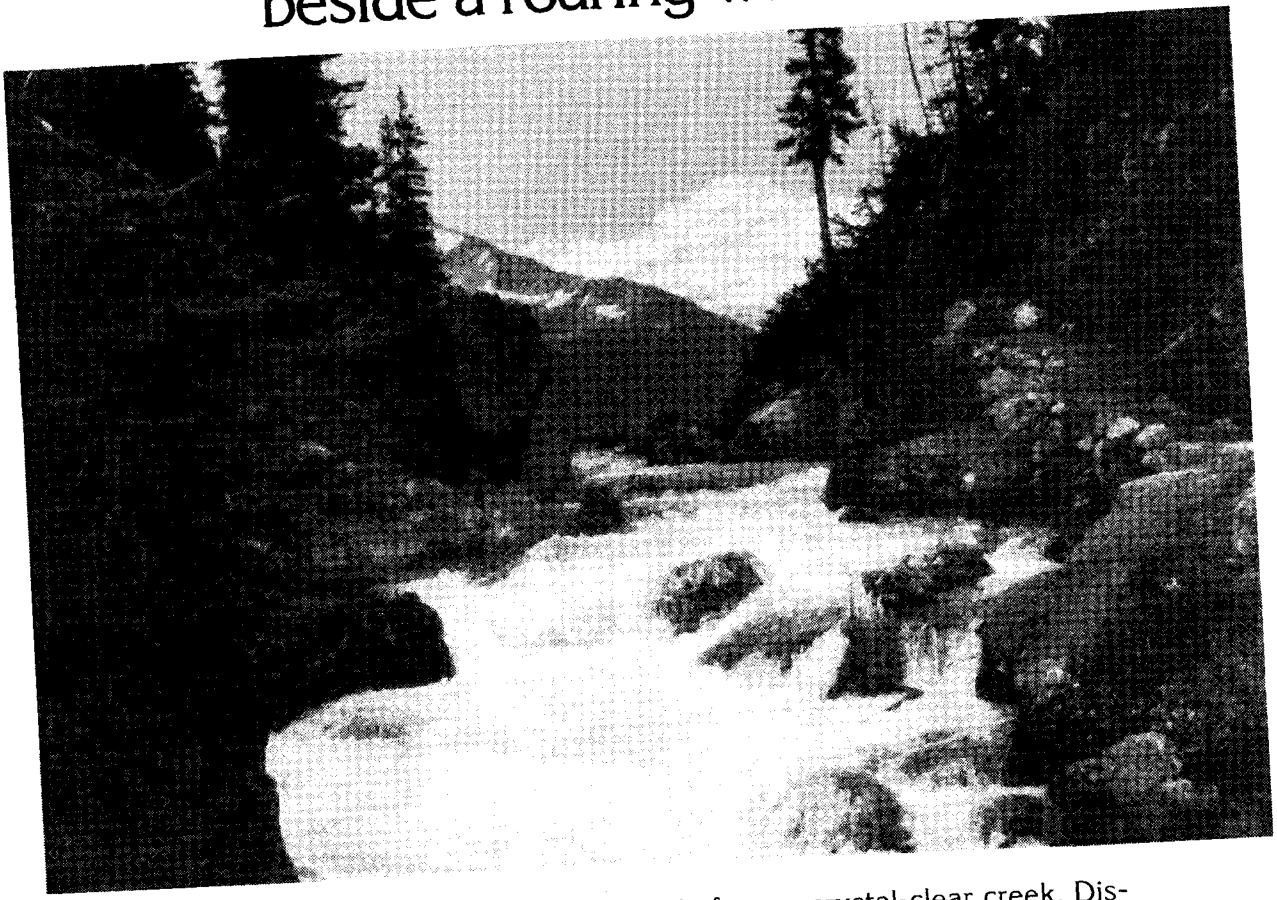
adding Western techniques to old Eastern habits, have adopted the Western word, and call it "*korupsi*") runs so deep on so many levels that it has become both an institution and an art. The payment of "*uang semir*," or "speed money," to get anything done—whether the payment consists of a pack of cigarettes to a subdistrict leader to obtain a small favor or several hundred thousand rupiah to a high official in Djakarta to win a multimillion-dollar contract—has reached the point where taking part in the process is considered a mark of status by both the corrupters and the corrupted. Many neutral observers seriously believe that government and private business would collapse if the system didn't exist, and official efforts to curb it—such as Suharto's creation of a commission to investigate corruption in January, 1970, following outcries by students and the press—have been ineffective. The commission came up with a secret report, a copy of which was leaked to one of the newspapers, but the report did little beyond listing some typical examples of stealing and maladministration in government offices. Suharto subsequently reviewed its rather obvious recommendations and declared, "I myself will lead the fight against corruption." But neither he nor the office of the attorney general has done more than take action against a relative handful of lower- or medium-rank officials, with one exception: in the summer of 1972, a number of top officials were brought up on charges of accepting bribes and condoning smuggling at Tandjung Priok, the vast port adjacent to Djakarta.

The history of corruption in Indonesia goes back to the feudal system of privilege enjoyed by early Javanese kings and their princely underlings, and to the activities of the Dutch East India Company during the early period of its hegemony, when low-paid officials routinely stole from the company and obtained trade benefits for themselves through bribery. The company's rule was superseded by that of a Dutch governor-general at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and thereafter the Javanese *priyayi*, or aristocrats, paid bribes to the Dutch to maintain their expensive way of life, while local headmen maintained their positions through profiteering and extortion. The Japanese, during their occupation, did nothing to discourage such practices, and added a few touches of their own. The birth of an independent Indonesia, in the late nineteen-forties, was followed by a short puritanical period, but this soon petered out as the proliferation of a new bureaucracy under Sukarno in-

# Imagine a land where you can inhale the perfume of pine beside a roaring waterfall.



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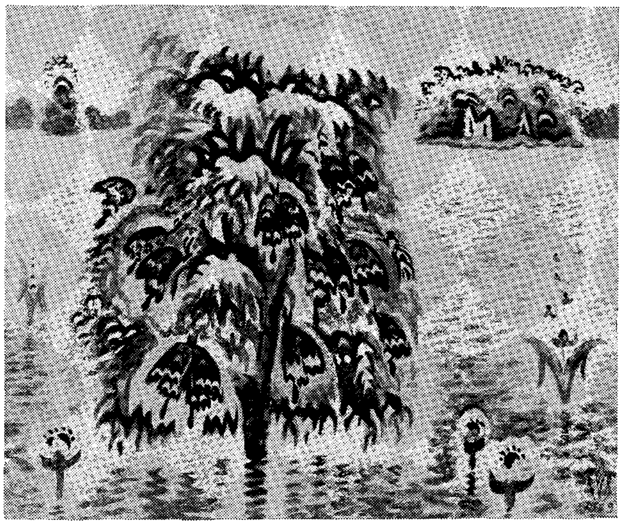
vited new corruption. Today, corruption is exacerbated by an influx of foreign investments and, to some extent, by foreign-aid funds—both of which, critics maintain, further widen the gap between rich and poor and so lower the country's moral standards.

One contemporary observer—Theodore M. Smith, of the Ford Foundation—has written a study indicating, among other things, that "there is not a single official who can live by his income alone." His data show that a majority of government employees require two or three times their salary to cover their basic needs for housing and food. Since only a relatively few people in the bureaucratic hierarchy are in a position to make decisions, Smith notes, those few enjoy "a seller's market." "Officials can exact a price at each gate," he writes. "Corruption at the center of the government is in itself a strong psychological deterrent to positive steps at the lower levels." Simple cheating and pocketing of funds by ordinary officials, profitable deals arranged by the military—which has a hand in a multitude of government-approved enterprises—and arrangements between wealthy local Chinese and important Indonesians have created an intricate web of payoffs and kickbacks throughout the enormous archipelago. A weak judiciary system and archaic taxation invite further abuses. Moreover, both the corrupters and the corrupted protect each other all the way down the line.

Some manifestations of corruption are highly visible. I was astonished, for example, at the scores of large modern houses that have been built in Djakarta's suburbs since I was last here, in 1967, and at the numbers of Mercedes-Benzes and other status-symbol cars on the city's newly repaired and broadened streets. Often, two or three hundred yards away from a row of expensive residences and gardens, people were living in miserable shacks and picking over the garbage of the rich. If corruption is Indonesia's greatest problem, its by-product, conspicuous consumption, is its greatest public shame.

AMONG the many rich men in the new Indonesia, perhaps the richest, and certainly one of the most powerful and most controversial, is General Ibnu Sutowo, the head of the government-owned oil corporation, Pertamina, which is widely referred to as "a state within a state." Indonesia is the largest producer of oil in Southeast Asia; more than a million barrels of oil a day flow from an ever-expanding number of onshore and offshore

CHARLES BURCHFIELD



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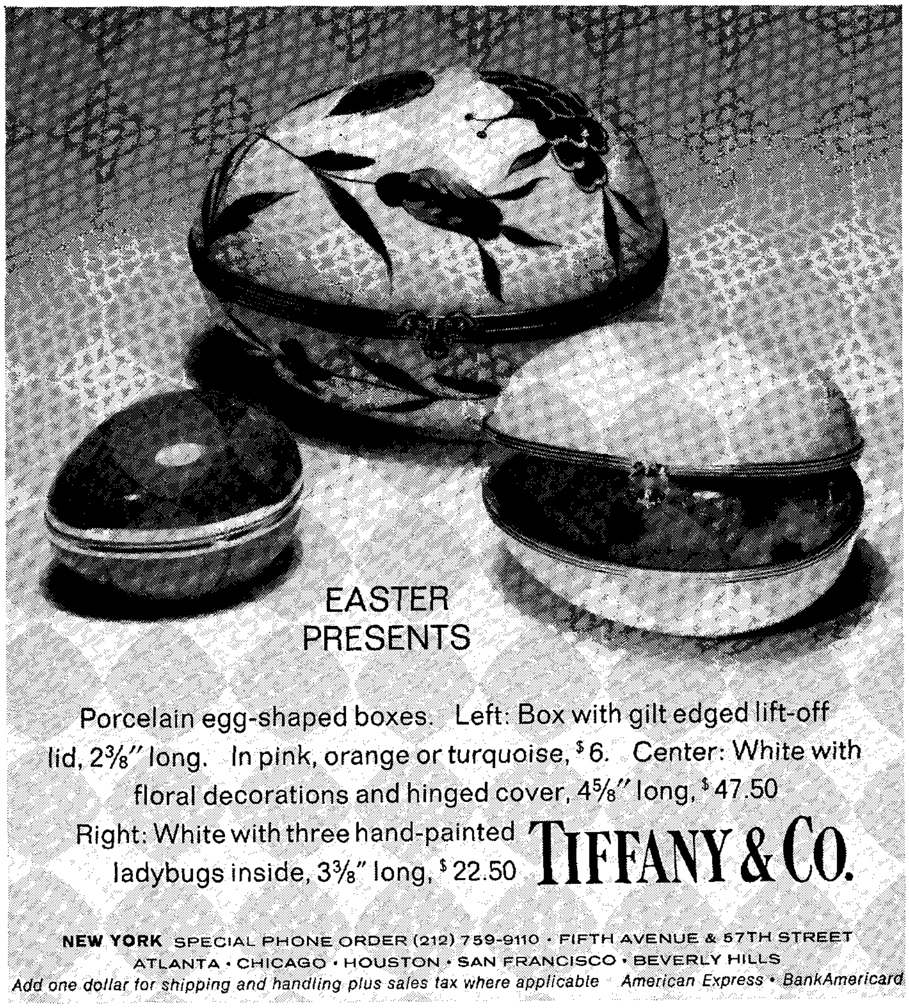

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wells—about two and a half per cent of world production—and it exported more than a billion dollars' worth in 1973. New wells, some of them also producing natural gas, are coming into production in Sumatra, at the western end of the archipelago; in Kalimantan, at the center; and in Irian Jaya, at the eastern end. Under contracts with the world's biggest oil companies, including Caltex, Atlantic Richfield, and Union Oil, the Indonesians have until now controlled the disposition of between sixty-five and seventy per cent of all the oil produced, and about sixty per cent is sold directly by the government and supports much of its budget. Now, of course, prices have gone up, and also Indonesia, under its contracts, is taking a larger share of the oil. Pertamina receives five per cent of the income from the government's oil exports, and manages to spend large amounts of money on private hotels, private planes, and other amenities—which, it must be said, include hospitals for its employees and some highly commendable public projects.

General Sutowo—or Dr. Ibnu, as he is also called, because he began his professional career as a physician (he became an Army officer before he was asked to take over the fledgling oil industry)—is a man who firmly believes in travelling first class. He is wealthy in his own right as an investor in many things other than oil, and, besides, he says, he has to keep up with other oilmen around the world. Although Pertamina was singled out for investigation by the corruption commission, and a special government watchdog committee was set up to supervise the company's finances, Dr. Ibnu still makes his own multimillion-dollar deals and loans abroad on a freewheeling basis. If he has been slightly reined in, he remains essentially an independent force—operating, obviously, with Suharto's approval. He lives in a luxurious, rambling mansion in Djakarta, has another palatial residence in Sumatra, and travels around in Pertamina's planes, the largest private fleet in Asia. When there was some criticism of a lavish week-long wedding party he gave for his daughter in Djakarta in 1969, which cost about two hundred thousand dollars, he explained that his friends and relatives helped pay for it, and Suharto defended him.

A similar opulent celebration took place a few months ago, when the Governor of Central Kalimantan married the daughter of the Sultan of Solo, in Central Java. Pertamina helped sponsor this show of affluence, which Suharto attended, and which cost more than a hundred thousand dollars. Not long afterward came a third such public demonstration of extravagance—at the opening ceremony for a new women's-association building, including a clinic and kindergarten, in Menado, North Sulawesi. For this, Pertamina provided a plane to fly Cabinet Ministers' wives up from Djakarta. A leading Muslim newspaper commented acidly, "A poor country with debts amounting to billions of dollars is apparently oblivious of the real needs of the nation. The greater the debts, the madder are the shows of luxury, feudalism, and arrogance."

The Indonesian sociologists who are worried about what they call "the development of development," and constantly aware of the Malthusian factor (family planning is only beginning to be accepted, and the expectation is that the population will reach two hundred million before the end of the century), are quite naturally asking the basic question "What sort of life are we going to offer the people?" Corruption and the crass display of affluence are the visible side of Indonesia's present dilemma. The invisible side shadows forth the technocrats' failure to humanize their planning and to confront perplexing moral and cultural problems. "For all its blueprints, the leadership seems unable to make up its mind just what it wants to do with and for the common man," one of my Indonesian business friends observed. "Maybe it's simply too élitist in its own training and orientation, or too overwhelmed by the contrasts, to solve the equation."

Here, again, while Suharto seems aware that the ordinary people are not getting enough out of the country's economic development, his preoccupation with stability and with production charts too often leads him to accept the long-standing economic disparities and to ignore the social and cultural challenges. One stalled program, for instance, involves an effort to resettle some of Java's millions of overcrowded farmers on more spacious and fertile islands, the aim being to work toward zero population growth in teeming Java. In an interview I had with Suharto, he talked about the practical difficulties of launching the program. "We must get the land ready—it's not enough just to cut down trees on the outer islands," he said. "We need capital to fill in the swamps and

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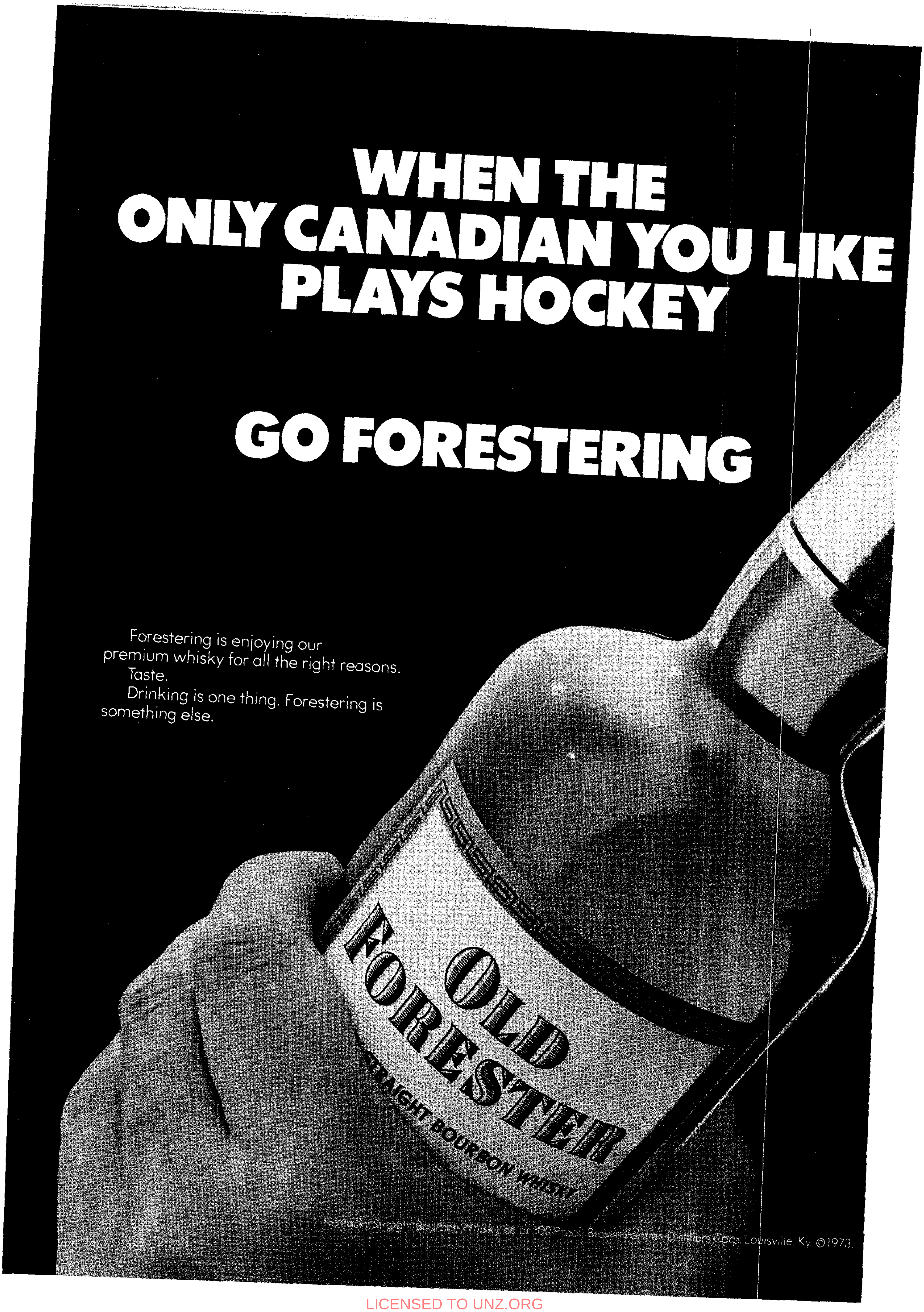

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introduce irrigation. We must make it possible for the people to live better—it's not our objective just to transplant misery." All this is logical, but overlooks the fact that subsistence farmers in Java are not eager to leave their ancestral lands, crowded and unproductive as they may be; a great deal of political and cultural preparation and persuasion, and not just carved-out plots in a far-off wilderness, will be required to get them to move voluntarily. Furthermore, as an American expert here points out, "the migration scheme should be aimed as much at the urban unemployed in Djakarta as at the poor farmers."

THERE is something else that is not only interfering with development but is also having serious social and political repercussions. This is the widening rift between the Muslims, who predominate in the population, and the non-practicing Muslims and non-Muslims. Among the latter are both Christians and those who are increasingy leaning toward the Javanese belief system, which has its own pantheon of gods and goddesses and is rooted in animism with overtones of Hinduism, Islam, and Buddhism. Indeed, the whole interrelationship of religion, society, and politics in Indonesia is undergoing changes, with the country's ancient and natural centrifugal forces operating both ethnically and geographically. The difficulty of achieving a national identity, which has afflicted he Indonesian people since the start of heir revolution, is in many ways provng more of a problem today than it was under Sukarno, who consciously ried to bring the various racial and eligious groups together under the anner of his Guided Democracy. Suarto belongs to the biggest of the growing number of Javanese mystical cults, and the Javanese are among the prime decision-makers of the New Order. Under Sukarno's system, there were several political parties run by and or Muslims—many of whom have always been small entrepreneurs—and hose parties had considerable influence. Now, under the system worked out by uharto and his military cohorts, so-called "functional groups"—nationally organized bodies of students, intellecuals, representatives of labor and business, and so on—are loosely gathered under the government's political umbrella organization, Sekber Golkar translated as Joint Secretariat of the Functional Groups), which holds large majorities in both the House of Repreentatives and the People's Consultative

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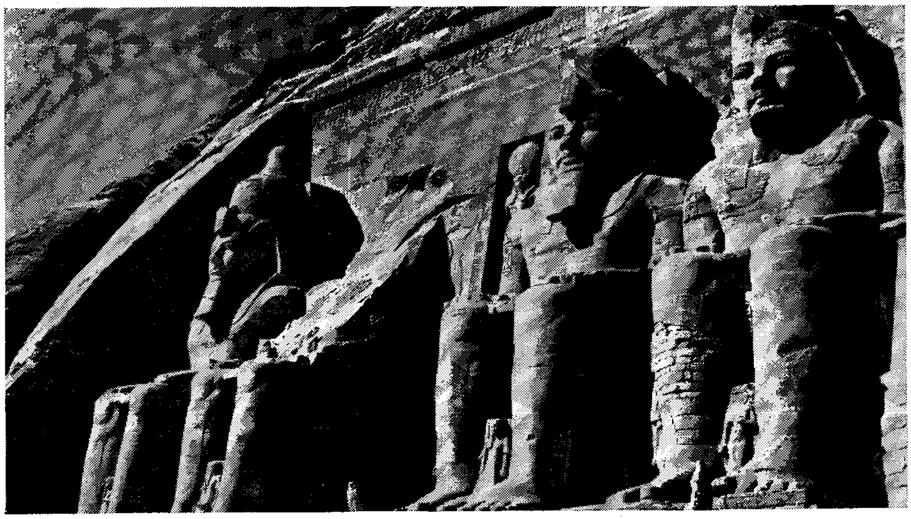

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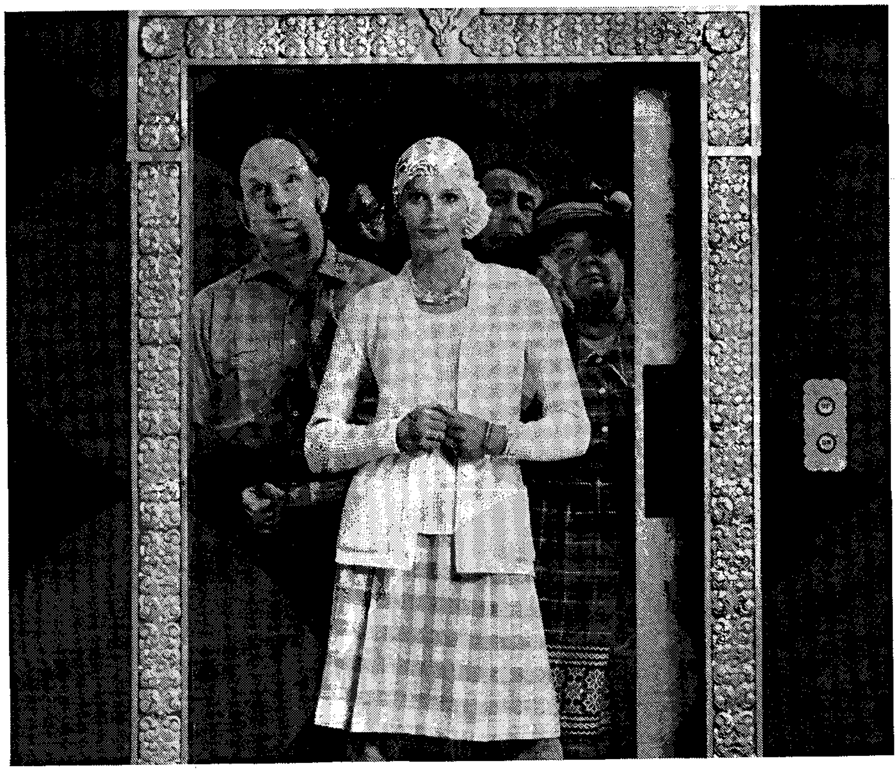

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Congress. This drastic restructuring has fragmented the country's Muslim majority, which now rightly regards itself as an underprivileged group. The revival of Javanese mysticism has driven many Muslims back to their mosques, but this is largely a defensive reaction against the favoritism shown in business and government to the Javanese mystics, to Javanese who are merely nominal Muslims, to Catholics, and to the members of the military-Golkar machine in general. By and large, the majority of Muslims feel left out of the developmental and entrepreneurial process, and quite a few, being unable to obtain credit from banks, have lost their businesses. One of my friends here, a newspaper editor, told me, "The Muslims are turning inward, because they have no political leaders left and because their religious leaders, for the most part, are not modern enough in their views to inspire them. The older Muslims are helpless and the younger ones are disillusioned and angry. If the Islamic problem is ignored, it will explode. It won't be a radical outburst in the Communist sense, which is what the military says it fears, but it will occur."

Islamic discontent rose higher recently with the introduction of a new marriage bill in the House of Representatives. The bill was an effort by the Suharto regime to "Indonesianize" four separate marriage laws that had been operative under the 1945 Constitution: the Islamic law, which allows Muslims to follow their traditional marriage customs, including polygamy; a civil code for Westerners and Chinese; a separate law for Christians; and the so-called *adat* (customary law), which covers non-practicing Muslims and those who are without any religion. Under the proposed law, couples with differing ethnic, religious, or national backgrounds were to be given government sanction for marriage, and polygamy was to be discouraged.

Last September, five hundred young Muslims broke into the House of Representatives to protest the bill, and thirteen were jailed. Earlier, a well-known Islamic preacher, scholar, and author who signs himself Hamka (a name composed of the initials of his full name and title, Hajji Abdul Malik Karim Amirullah) had written in one of the leading papers, "Weak in politics, weak in the economy, weak in nearly all other sectors, the Muslims are less than wholly weak in only one aspect—namely, their faith." He had attacked the proposed bill for its total disregard of Islamic doctrine and for, among other things, what he inter-

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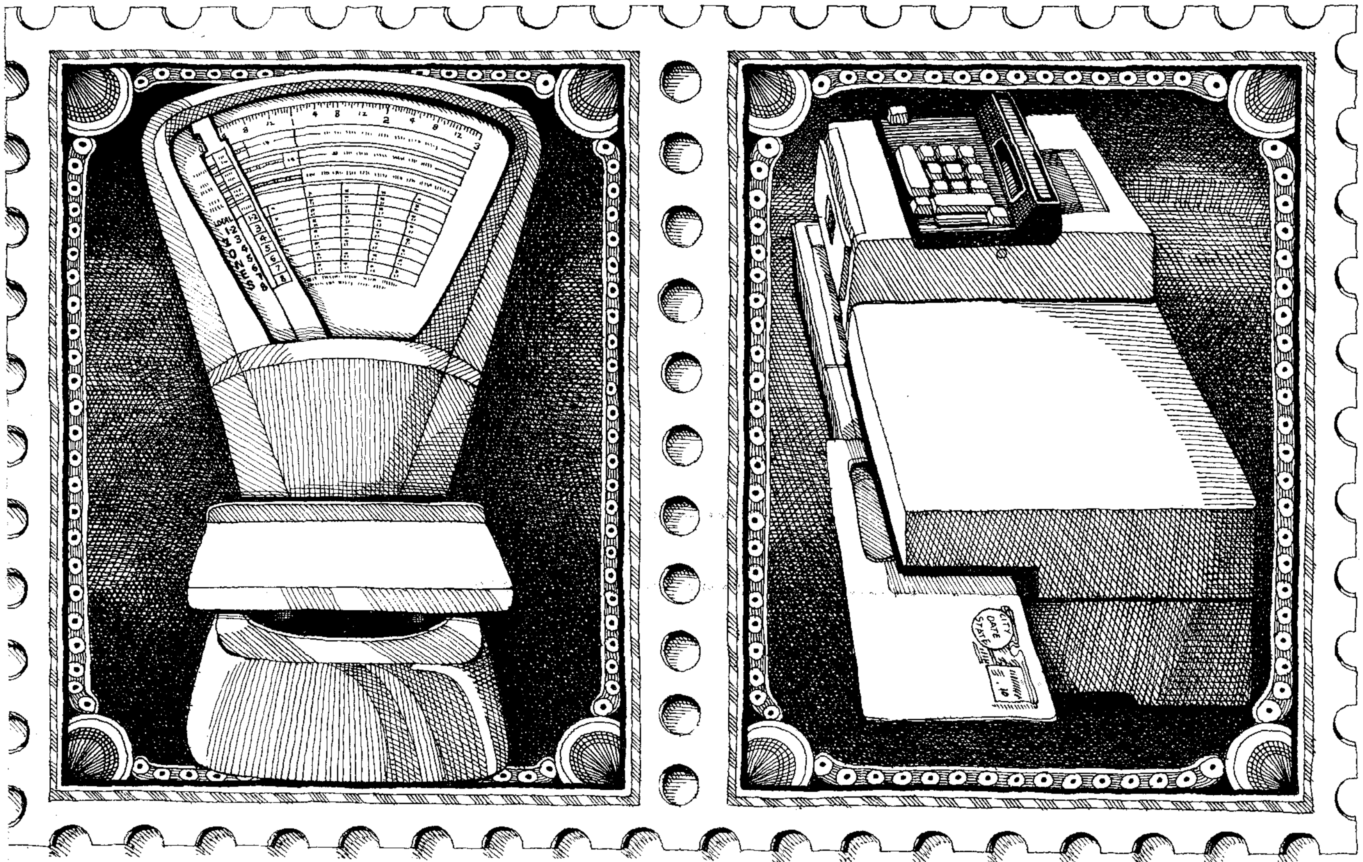

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preted as its acceptance of "free sex and pornographic magazines." In response to such protests, a watered-down bill, allowing polygamy as long as a wife or wives consented, and omitting any endorsement of interfaith marriages, was passed in December.

Another Islamic issue in the House of Representatives recently has had to do with compulsory religious instruction in schools—something that the secular politicians and the military were seeking to abolish. Again the Muslims fiercely opposed the proposed change, and again they won their point. Their opponents, however, persisted in seeking recognition of the Javanese mystical groups, called *kebatinan*, as a religion of equal standing with Islam and Christianity. Suharto came up with a compromise acknowledging "mystical groups that believe in one God." Since this description applies to scores of cult groups, many of them little more than fanatical secret societies with crackpo leaders, the effect, one commentato has said, "will be like planting a tim bomb." Another effort to securalize Islamic education is being undertake by the Ministry of Religion, which, ou of governmental deference to the Muslim majority, is run by Muslims though modernist ones, and which ha more employees than any other ministry—a hundred and sixty-five thousand, many of them mosque caretakers There are some eleven thousand religious schools in the country, almos all Muslim, and about half of them ar dedicated solely to religious instruction, the other half also teaching suc secular subjects as civics, mathematics and arts and crafts. Hajji Bahrun Rangkuti, the Secretary-General o the Ministry, explained to me, "W are putting more emphasis on socia work, in order to make the religious lif of the less informed young people mor meaningful—to prepare them to perform good acts in this world, not just i afterlife." He went on to say that th Ministry was also seeking to "reëducate" the old-style *kiyayi*—the loca Islamic teachers—and to create greate understanding between the followers c Javanese mysticism and those of Isla and other religions, as well as an appreciation of Western philosophies. Bu the majority of Muslims, he added, remained confused, angry, and in n mood to compromise. At the momen they seem to have little choice.

INDONESIA has a much broader educational problem: at least a third c the children of elementary-school ag don't attend school at all, because ther aren't any schools in their districts, an

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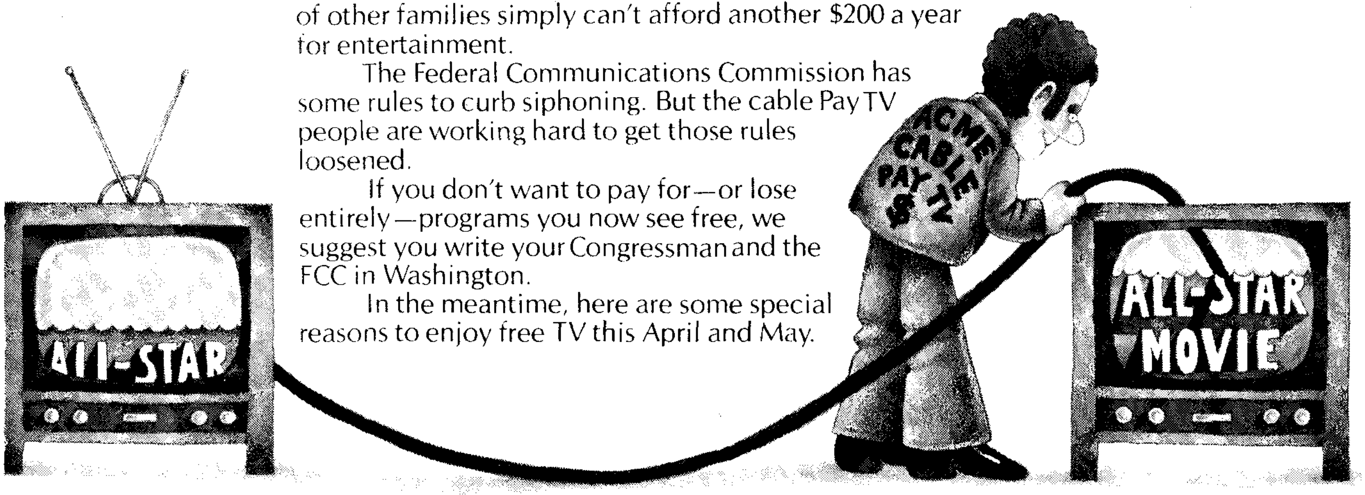

**The Movies.** (Part II) Traces history of American cinema. Monday, April 1 (9-11 pm).

**Academy Awards.** Cinema's outstanding efforts. Tuesday, April 2 (10 pm-midnight).

**Clerow Wilson's Great Escape.** Flip Wilson character in series of animated misadventures. Wednesday, April 3 (8-8:30 pm).

**Crown Matrimonial.** Drama based on 1936 abdication of King Edward VIII starring Greer Garson, Peter Barkworth, Anna Cropper. Wednesday, April 3 (8:30-10 pm).

**NBC News Presents: Special Edition.** Three Nobel Prize scientists probe cancer research. Wednesday, April 3 (10-11 pm).

**Portrait: A Man Whose Name Was John.** Raymond Burr in dramatic incident in life of Pope John XXIII. Friday, April 5 (10-11 pm).

**Marshall Efron's Illustrated, Simplified and Painless Sunday School.** Story of Passover; Easter and Spring. Sundays, April 7, 21 (10-10:30 am).

**The Story of Jacob and Joseph.** Drama based on biblical story starring Colleen Dewhurst, Keith Michell, Herschel Bernardi. Narrated by Alan Bates. Sunday, April 7 (8:30-10:30 pm).

**Women of the Year, 1974.** Honors to outstanding women. Monday, April 8 (10-11 pm).

**It's the Easter Beagle, Charlie Brown.** Tuesday, April 9 (8-8:30 pm).

**Harlequin.** Original ballet based on *commedia dell'arte* character choreographed and danced by Edward Villella, with Patricia McBride as Columbine. Wednesday, April 10 (3:30-4:30 pm).

**The Greatest Story Ever Told.** The story of Christ with Max Von Sydow, Sidney Poitier, Angela Lansbury, Charlton Heston, Dorothy McGuire, Shelley Winters. Friday, April 12; Saturday, April 13 (9-11 pm).

**What Is Impeachment All About?** Impeachment procedures explained to young people. Saturday, April 13 (1-1:30 pm).

**The First Woman President.** Story of how Mrs. Woodrow Wilson virtually took over reins of Presidency when her husband suffered stroke. Starring Eva Marie Saint, Richard Basehart. Sunday, April 14 (9:30-10:30 pm).

**Tony Awards.** The best of Broadway. Sunday, April 21 (9-11 pm).

**The Yanks are Coming.** The American Heritage—Story of doughboy in World War I taken from his diaries and people who knew him. Monday, April 22 (8-9 pm).

**Larry.** GE Theater—Factual account of man who spent most of his life in a mental institution. Tuesday, April 23 (9:30-11 pm).

**The Presidency.** The American Parade—Traces history of nation's highest office. Wednesday, April 24 (8-9 pm).

**Wedding Band.** ABC Theatre—Alice Childress play starring Ruby Dee. Wednesday, April 24 (9-11 pm).

**The Paper Prison: Your Government Records.** ABC News Closeup. Thursday, April 25 (10-11 pm).

**Wild Science.** Developments in quest for scientific knowledge. Narrated by Peter Falk. Friday, April 26 (8-9 pm).

**Love from A to Z.** Liza Minnelli and Charles Aznavour blend talents. Tuesday, April 30 (10-11 pm).

**The Hollywood Bowl.** ABC Afterschool Special—World of music via animation and live action. Wednesday, May 1 (4:30-5:30 pm).

**The Incredible Flight of the Snow Geese.** Glen Campbell narrates naturalist film. Monday, May 6 (8-9 pm).

**Duty Bound.** NBC Religious Special—Courtroom drama about amnesty. Sunday, May 26 (4:30-5:30 pm).

**Emmy Awards.** Television's top performers and programs. Tuesday, May 28 (12 noon-1:30 pm—Daytime awards); (9-11 pm—Major awards).

**Pursuit of Youth.** Examines costs of quest for youth. Thursday, May 30 (10-11 pm).

**Art Thefts.** ABC News Closeup—Look at the international art heist business. May. TBA.

**REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS**

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**Saturday:** In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Yogi's Gang/Super Friends/Emergency + 4/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/GO/CBS Children's Film Festival/ABC Wide World of Sports/Reasoner Report

**Sunday:** In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Kid Power/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make a Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Special Edition

**Note:** This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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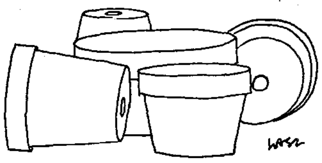
the total university attendance is under three hundred thousand, or less than three per cent of the twenty-to-twenty-four-year-old age group. The traditional concept of a university has always been élitist, and the government here is not averse to keeping things that way, figuring a larger student population would be even more volatile and pose an even greater political threat. What is needed more than higher education, many planners feel, is increased vocational training, so that young men and women can make more useful contributions to the nation's economic development. During my interview with Suharto, he said, "Young people grew insecure as a result of the old government's policies. We have had to guide them so that they will be equipped to deal with new challenges. The younger generation was impatient at first and wanted to move too fast, but it understood when we explained that the slow and thoughtful approach brings results. We would have had a civil war if we had gone too fast. We calculated our actions carefully, and now we're moving confidently."



From a long discussion I had with a group of a dozen government-sponsored "youth leaders," most of whom were in their thirties and held government jobs, I came away depressed by their lack of zeal and by the insipidity of their views. Though the polarization that a few years back was expressed on the barricades and that led to Suharto's New Order may have been dangerous in some respects, the present acceptance of paternalism seemed to me to pose a whole new set of problems. I felt that most of those in the room scarcely believed their own statements. All the old exuberance of Indonesian youth that I remembered—not only seven years ago but twenty-two, when I first visited this country—seemed lost amid parroted shibboleths of "government spokesmen." Included in the group were two or three former militants, who had joined the establishment because, they said, "it seemed to us the best way to achieve development." One of them added, somewhat cynically, "At least, now we have development *and* corruption. Before, there was corruption and no development." Nobody in the group seemed worried about the dominance of the military. "We like true leaders, whether they are generals or civilians," one of them said. "We don't want to go the way of Pakistan. We want to avoid more conflicts."

In contrast to the pallid views expressed by this group is the spirit behind a project called BUTSI—an acronym for words meaning Indonesian Board of Volunteer Service. Under this program, begun on a small scale in 1968, about six hundred college students spend two years in rural areas teaching villagers administration, better production methods, health care, family planning, and fundamentals of nutrition. The program had its origins in the days of the struggle for independence, during which student guerrillas, when they weren't fighting the Dutch, helped the peasants, and then taught in new high schools in the liberated areas. Thirteen universities, covering half the nation's provinces, have recently been brought into the BUTSI program, and several thousand student volunteers are expected to take part in it this year, receiving small living allowances similar to those given American Peace Corps volunteers. But BUTSI is still only a small effort, and will need considerably more government help if it is to be successful on a large scale. One sensible proposal is that demobilized members of the armed forces—which are slated to be reduced from a total of four hundred and eighty thousand to three hundred and fifty thousand over the next few years—be used not only to settle the undeveloped areas and help out in the lagging resettlement program but also to work with BUTSI.

BEFORE the outburst this January, there had been only a few clashes, or even serious protests, involving the young. In January, 1970, there were serious demonstrations against corruption. In October of that year, when an engineering student at the Bandung Institute of Technology was killed by a police-academy cadet after a soccer-game brawl, several hundred students rode through the streets of Djakarta denouncing the military and proclaiming a new civil-rights movement, but this didn't last long. And in January of 1972 several hundred students at the University of Indonesia demonstrated vehemently against a twenty-five-million-dollar scheme proposed by the President's wife to build a permanent "Indonesia in Miniature" exhibition—something on the order of Disneyland—on the outskirts of Djakarta, which would include a hotel-recreation complex and exhibits depicting every part of the country. The project was criticized both as unduly lavish and as unrealistic in its depictions of the various national

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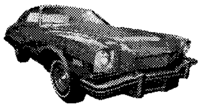

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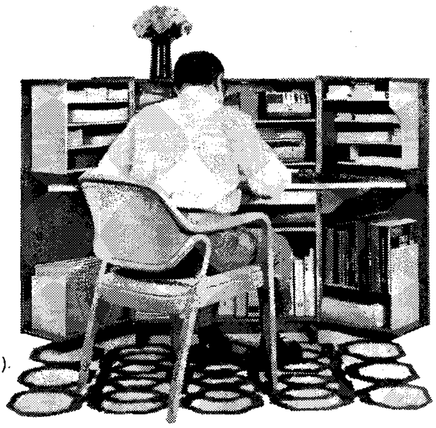

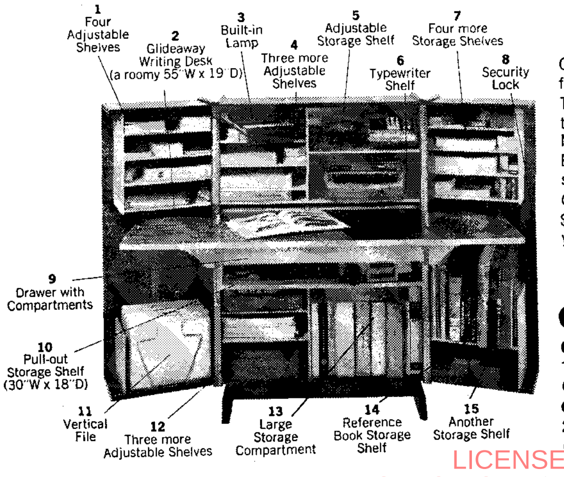

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cultures. Mrs. Suharto and some of her friends had previously been involved in a number of commercial enterprises, which were reported to include a batik factory and a Toyota agency, and there had been rumors of corruption in connection with these, as there now were in connection with what became known as the Mini Project, but nothing could be proved. The opposition to the Mini Project aroused Suharto's ire to the point where, in a rare display of public anger, he referred in a speech at a hospital dedication to using "special powers" to "crush criticism." The Mini Project has been temporarily set aside but not abandoned.

Of late, there have been increasing ethnically inspired disturbances—an especially alarming manifestation. Last April, students from the islands of Sulawesi and Sumatra fought in the quiet city of Jogjakarta, in Central Java. The trouble started when a Sulawesi undergraduate killed the driver of a *betjak*, the Indonesian version of a pedicab. The local *betjak* drivers then attacked a student dormitory, which turned out to be inhabited by Sumatrans, and two students were killed. The student imbroglio ensued, and one band of youths, angered over the failure of the police to come to their aid, destroyed the house of the public prosecutor, after which students and *betjak* drivers all took to their heels.

A more serious ethnic clash occurred last August in Bandung. An automobile driven by a wealthy Chinese was slightly grazed by an Indonesian horse cart. The driver of the car jumped out and beat up the Indonesian cartman, who had to be taken to a hospital. When word of the incident spread—including a false rumor that the cartman had died—a large number of *betjak* drivers and what some newspapers described as "long-haired people" (the wearing of long hair is officially discouraged, though not punished) started throwing rocks at Chinese-driven cars and Chinese-owned stores. A full-scale riot followed, in which one Chinese merchant was killed, about sixty were injured, and several hundred people were arrested after doing damage estimated at some three million dollars. A number of government officials blamed hidden Communist agents, but others more reasonably pointed out that the affair was a manifestation of dissatisfaction over high prices, for which they held the Chinese middlemen and their Indonesian agents responsible. There are three million Chinese in the country, of whom about a million have taken Indonesian citizenship and Indonesian names. Of the remainder,

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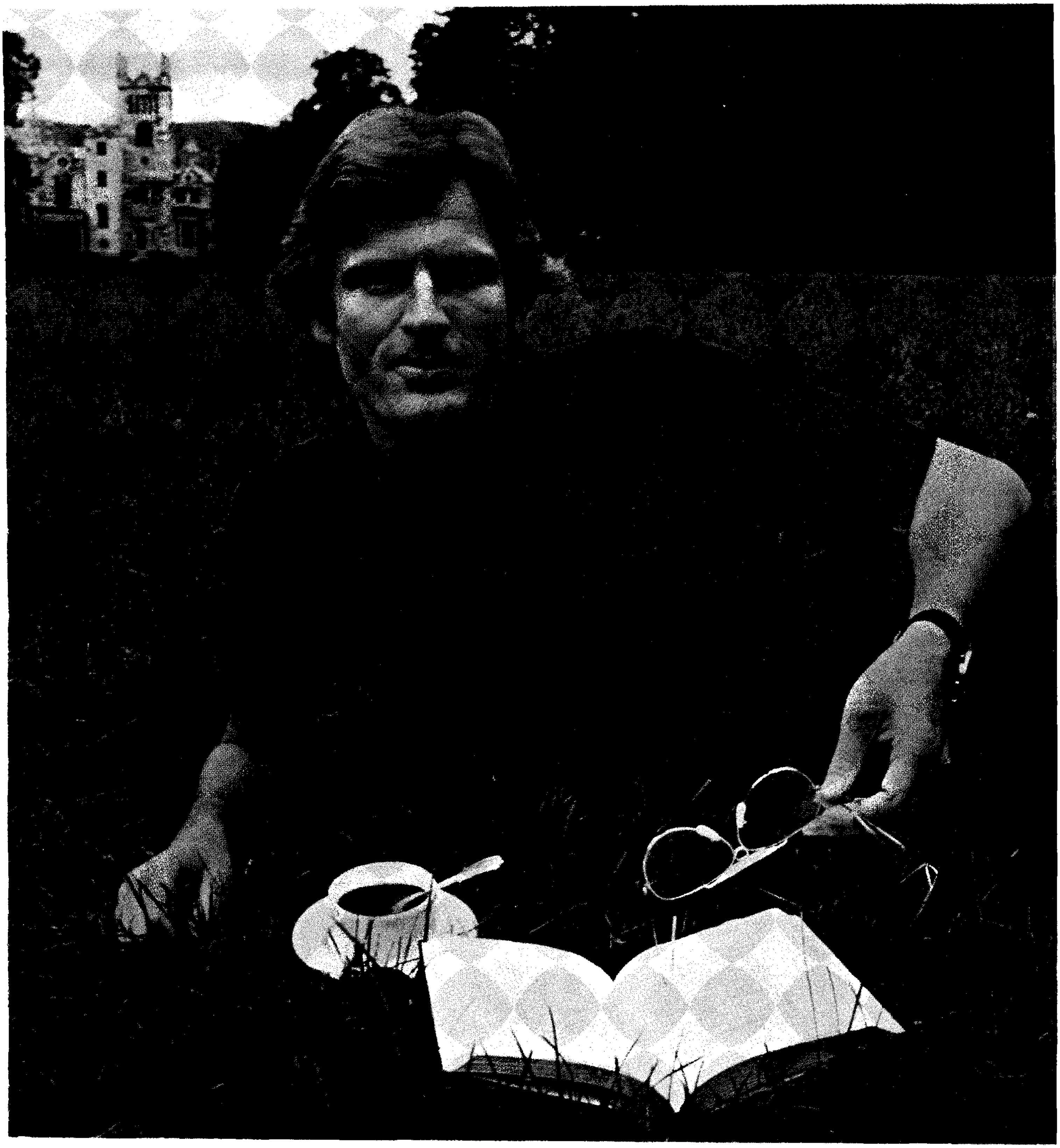

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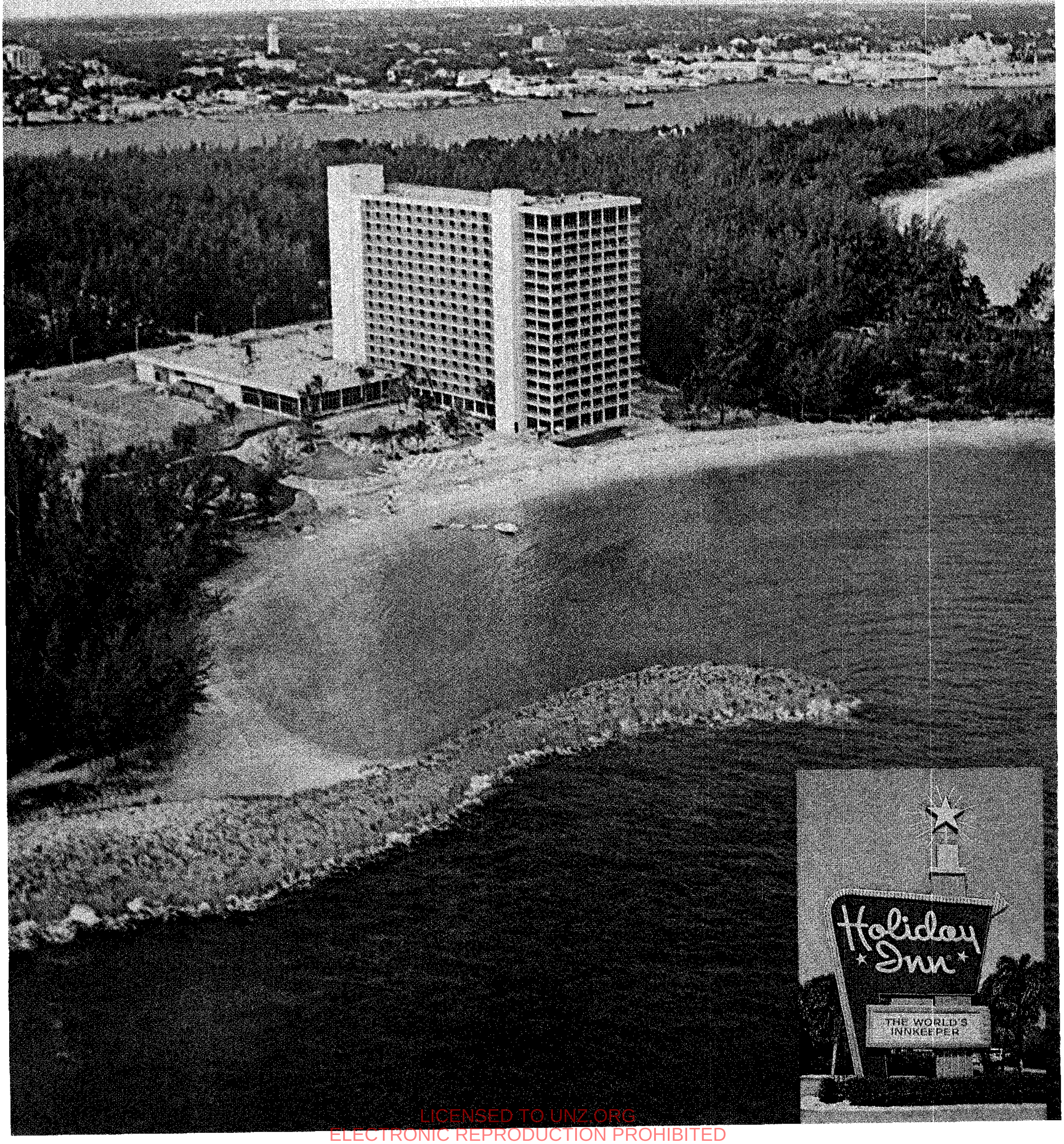
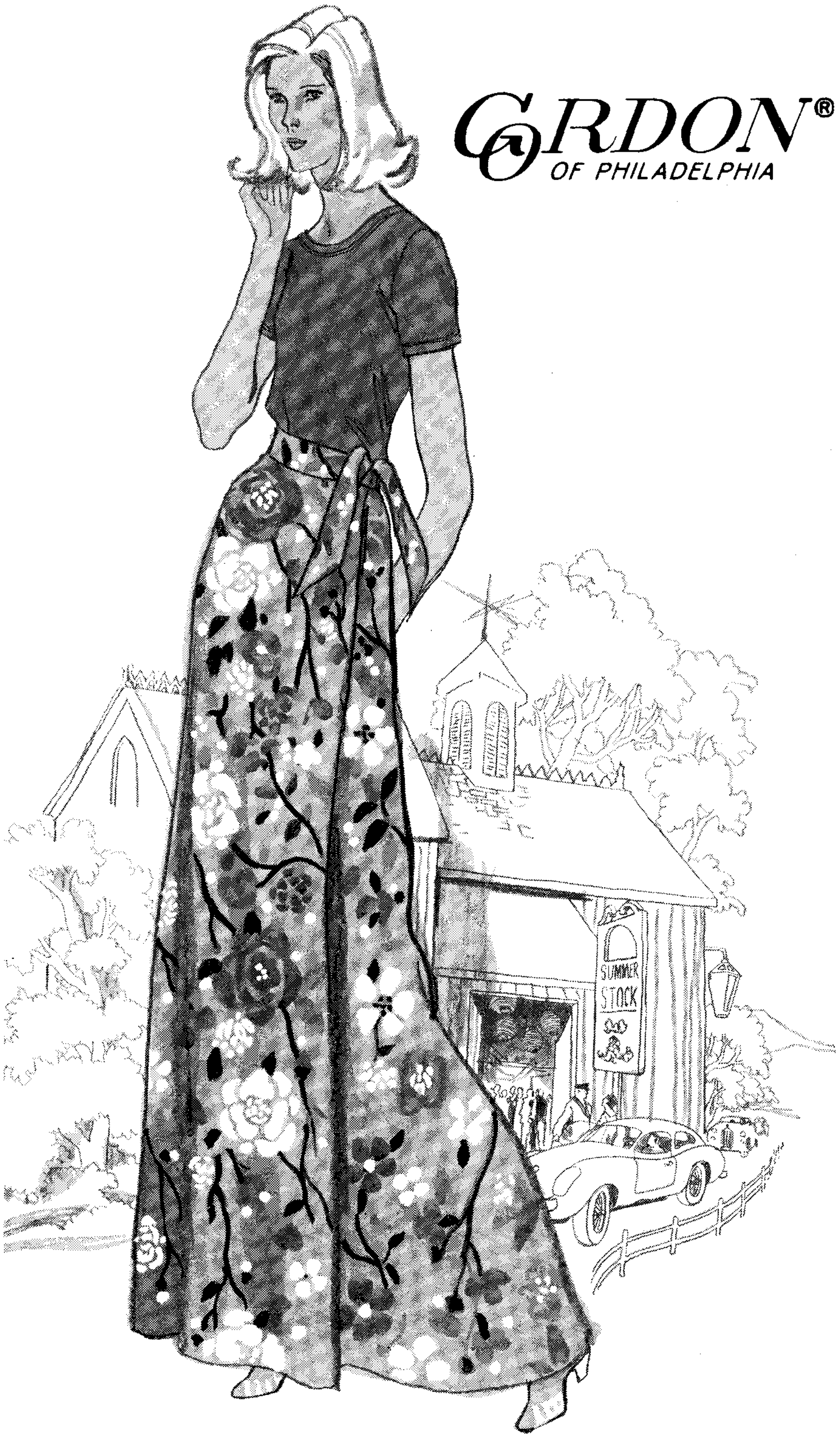


about a hundred thousand hold Peking passports. Though anti-Chinese feeling ran high following the attempted Communist coup in 1965 (which had the approbation, if not the direct support, of Peking), the Chinese have continued to dominate much of the country's commercial activity.

In his Address of State last summer, Suharto said of these earlier student disorders that "the people who benefit are only those who want disorder, particularly the remnants of the P.K.I. September 30th Movement." The P.K.I. was the Indonesian Communist Party, now outlawed, and its attempted coup began on September 30, 1965. Unless the economic situation deteriorates badly, a major Communist revival in Indonesia is considered unlikely for the foreseeable future. The organized Communist movement was virtually destroyed in the orgy of mass killings and arrests that took place between late 1965 and mid-1966. Nevertheless, Indonesian intelligence officers say that some scattered Party cells still exist in parts of Java and that in West Kalimantan there remains some dissident guerrilla activity, which is encouraged and partly led by the Communists and is contained by relatively large government forces on the island.

THE issue of political prisoners, sizable numbers of whom have been held in Indonesia ever since the 1965 coup attempt, is a lively one, which continues to hold the attention of Amnesty International, the London-based humanitarian organization. According to the figures I was able to obtain from various reliable sources, there are twenty-five hundred so-called Class A prisoners, regarded as "incorrigible Communists," against whom there is enough evidence to warrant a trial; some of these have been sentenced to jail terms averaging between five and ten years, and about two hundred trials a year are still being held. Ten thousand Class B prisoners, not tried owing to lack of evidence and regarded as potentially reëducable, have been segregated, with four thousand members of their families, on the small island of Buru, in the Moluccas, where they have some freedom of movement. From ten to fifteen thousand prisoners considered to fall between Class A and Class B are being held in jail pending disposition of their cases, along with ten thousand additional Class B types, who will probably go to Buru after their cases are reviewed, or else will be reduced to Class C. The government claims to have released all Class C prisoners, who were only peripherally



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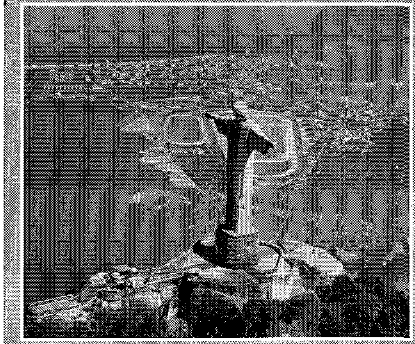

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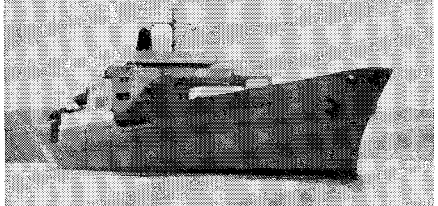

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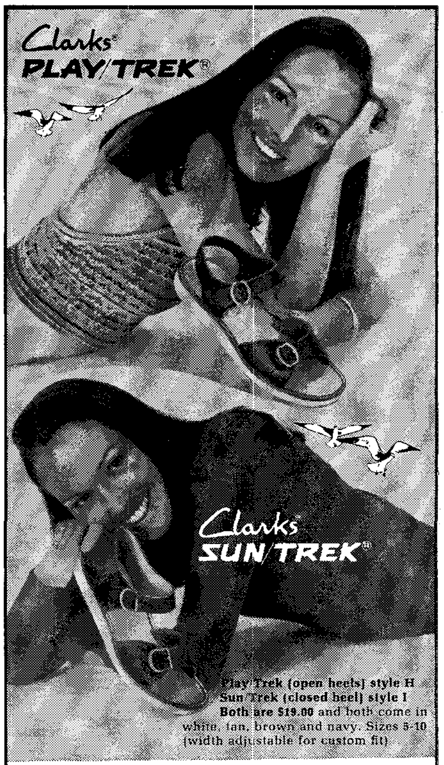
involved, if at all, in the 1965 events—a total of about two hundred thousand—but Amnesty International says that many of these were simply reclassified as B's and puts the number still being held without trial (in all categories) at fifty-five thousand. The government appears to be acting to settle the cases of all remaining prisoners as soon as possible, though not fast enough to satisfy Amnesty International. When the C people are released, they are kept under surveillance by government security agents; some end up being rearrested. It is estimated by the security forces that at least fifty thousand C people who have been set free have made some contact with friends who were Communist sympathizers in the pre-coup days.

The most credible possibility of a new left-wing upsurge lies in two negative factors in Indonesian life today—the continuing, purposeful stultification of political activity in the government's overriding pursuit of peace, order, and tranquillity, and its failure to pay enough attention to important social issues, among them the fair rendering of justice. Suharto's abiding distrust of politics as usual, which he considers conducive to chaos, has led him to place his faith in Golkar and the Army as the chief instruments to guide the nation, with the help of the technocrats and bureaucrats. "Political and economic stability go hand in hand," he told me. "It was because of the failure of the old parties that the people sought to reconsolidate themselves through Golkar." In the opinion of the old-time nationalists who led the fight for independence, however, Golkar cannot provide the necessary impetus for forward political movement but is simply an agent for controlling the many separate faceless fronts and organizations. "Golkar tames and crushes the initiative of the people," one of these men told me. "It may be a stabilizing force but it can never be a dynamic one." Some of the criticism has been even stronger. For example, the former Vice-President, Dr. Muhammad Hatta, in decrying the manner in which the old political parties were forced by Suharto to unite into two weak new blocs, bluntly demanded in one of the big-circulation papers, "Have we got to head for Fascism first, in this period of transition?"

On the basis of the 1971 elections and the subsequent apportionment of seats, Golkar and the Army control nearly three-quarters of the House of Representatives—which meets annually, both to initiate legislation and to pass (or amend) bills submitted by the Presi-



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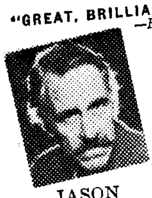

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dent—and also of the People's Consultative Congress, which meets every five years and is chiefly a ceremonial body, formally electing the President and approving government programs. Suharto was the only Presidential candidate in that election a year ago, and the only Vice-Presidential candidate was the Sultan of Jogjakarta, Hamengku Buwono IX—who had been chosen by Suharto. There are five main factions in the Congress, which has nine hundred and twenty members: Golkar, with three hundred and ninety-two members; the armed forces, with two hundred and thirty; the Unity Development Party, whose members are the remnants of four former Muslim parties, with a hundred and twenty-six; the Indonesian Democratic Party, an amalgam of four former non-Muslim nationalist parties, with forty-two; and a hundred and thirty individual regional representatives, making up a loose faction that usually votes with Golkar.

Golkar was originally established in 1964, under Sukarno, by an edict bringing together into a single body all the functional groups not affiliated with any political party. It has gone through several permutations since then. In an effort to find out more about Golkar, I had long talks during my stay in Indonesia with General Ali Murtopo, one of Suharto's principal advisers and a guiding spirit of Golkar, and with a Catholic Chinese named Lim Bian Kie, the dominant figure in a think tank called the Institute for Strategic Services, which prepares analyses and instructions for the different functional groups and acts as a link between them and the government leaders.

Both Murtopo and Lim Bian Kie made it clear that the purpose of Golkar, as the present government first saw it, had been to organize the elections that ultimately took place in 1971. Both men also said that they thought the Army should not remain dominant in social and political affairs, and that they were taking part in an effort to "civilianize" Golkar, which, among other things, would give a greater voice to the large organizations that do not belong to it but coöperate with it, such as newly created federations of youth, workers, civil servants, and farmers. This "civilianizing" effort was to have been emphasized at the first convention of Golkar, held last September in Surabaya, Java, but, as things turned out, the convention was most notable for the dominant role played by the Army. Major General Amir Murtono, of the Ministry of Defense and Security, was elected the new general chairman. The

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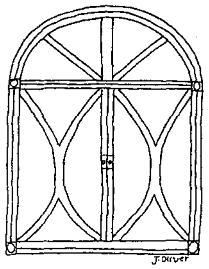
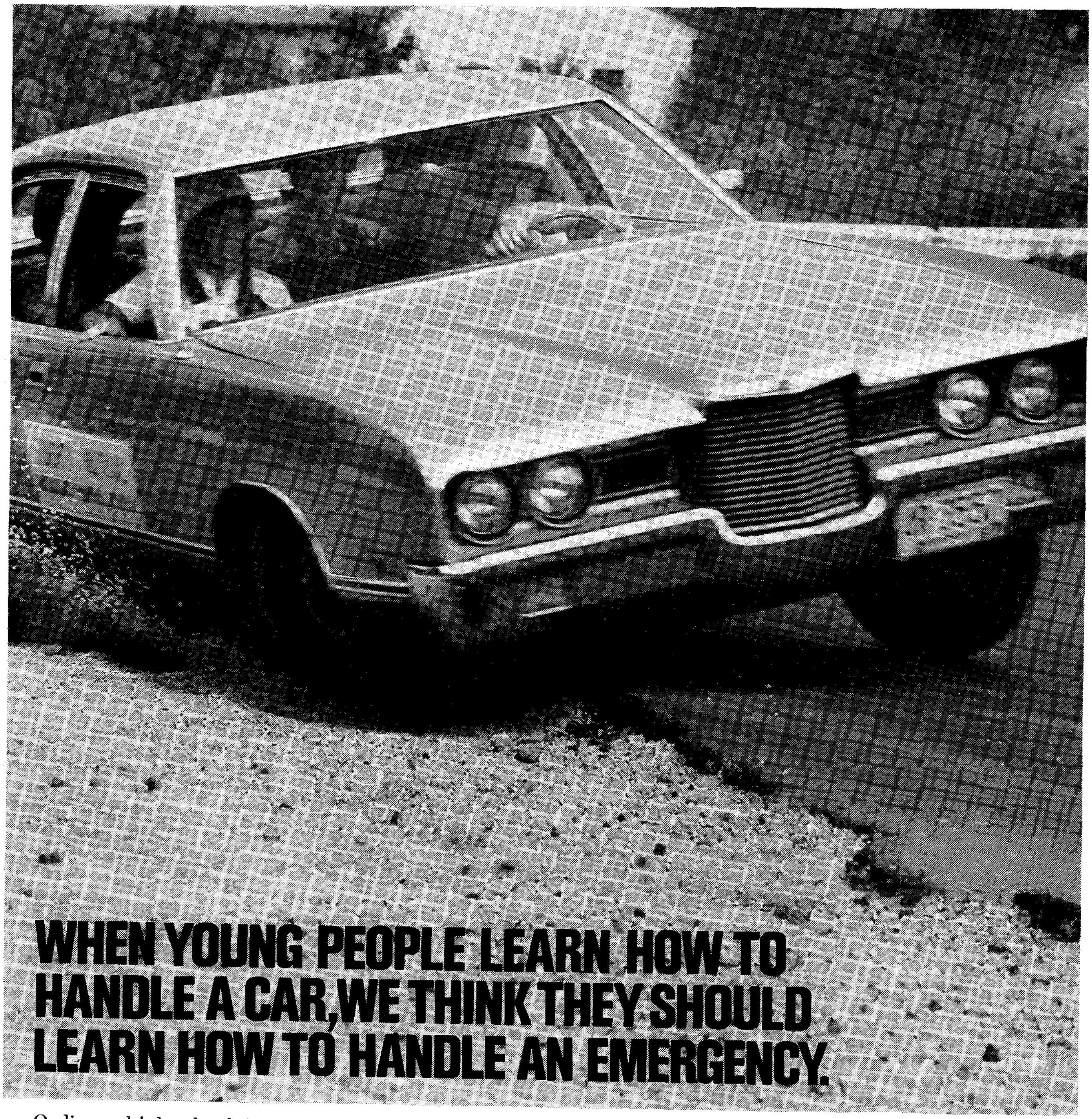
predominant opinion of Golkar was summed up by a friend in Djakarta: "It's a big wet blanket owned and operated by the Army for smothering any real political life that still exists."

In line with this apparent objective, a recent government decree forbids political activity below the district level—the ostensible purpose being, according to official spokesmen, to create "a floating mass" in the villages which would not be "dominated by any political faction." What this actually means is "dominated by any traditional political party," inasmuch as the ubiquitous Army has at least two men in every village, and thus fulfills a political function for itself and Golkar while excluding other influences. The unions of peasants and workers, members of which I also spoke with, are severely hampered in their activities. Strikes of any kind are forbidden. "But the villages are not as pastoral as they look," another of my old friends said. "They have their own religious and class cleavages. It's true that, in the past, the old parties, especially the Communists, heightened these divisions, and the upshot was that the central authority collapsed, bringing about the wild mass killings of 1965. But now there are new rivalries—between some active Army leaders and some other members of the government who have their own ideas about controlling the village bureaucracy and don't want any interference from Golkar. In effect, a dangerous vacuum exists. Suharto wanted to fill it with the new village coöperative units, but the rice fiasco put a damper on that."



If, as seems likely, Golkar is not allowed to become an organization with more civilian and grass-roots appeal, and if the moribund old political parties fail to find new leaders and programs, it is possible that the Army could run Indonesia indefinitely, and this is what many Indonesians fear will happen. The Ministry of Defense and Security, known by its acronym, HANKAM, now serves as a sort of politburo for Golkar. Until January, Suharto used his top palace-guard advisers—notably, Murtopo and a more mystic-minded general named Sudjono Humardhani—to offset the influence of other ambitious officers, who were pursuing their own interests, which included money. However, the most powerful general after Suharto has been Sumitro, the man who, until Suharto took over the reins himself after the January riots, headed KOPKAMTIB. KOPKAMTIB can apprehend and interrogate anyone it suspects of any sort of anti-government activity, and thus is the most feared body in the nation. Until the palace advisory group, known collectively as ASPRI, was abolished by Suharto in January, Sumitro, Murtopo, and Sudjono seemed to get along well as his chief advisers—though rumblings of rivalry between Sumitro and Murtopo were believed to be partly responsible for Suharto's move. In the wake of the riots, Murtopo's star has risen, largely because many feel Sumitro mishandled the crisis. However, if anything should happen to Suharto, Sumitro might still take over the reins of power, although Murtopo and some of the other generals would undoubtedly attempt to prevent such a move. There are some reports that Sumitro's wings have been thoroughly clipped and that he may be sent abroad as an ambassador. In any event, Suharto's position remains firm, and it is doubtful whether, if he were deposed, the Vice-President, Sultan Hamengku Buwono, could rule under the confusing circumstances of continued infighting among the military. Suharto and the Sultan work closely together, the Sultan concentrating on matters of social development and manpower organization, and consulting regularly with the important technocrats—as Suharto does, too, especially when something like the rice crisis occurs. Pertamina's Ibnu Sutowo is certainly powerful in his own right, and some say he has political ambitions, but he seems more inclined to want to go on running his oil fiefdom and acting as a sort of super financial diplomat.

ONE other man who, like Dr. Ibnu, is regarded as something of a lone wolf and an outsider but whose strength and popularity are not to be discounted is the Governor of Djakarta, General Ali Sadikin. A handsome man in his late forties, Sadikin has been running Djakarta since 1966, and, having been appointed to another term, will continue in office until the beginning of 1976. Under his tenure, the city has undergone tremendous physical changes and lesser social ones. Here, even more than in most Asian capitals, change—running to new high-rise office and government buildings and hotels—is more superficial than real. Repaved main avenues and new streets in the suburban areas have given the city an appearance of plush prosperi-



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ty, even glittering wealth, but one has only to stand on the roof of one of the tall new buildings on Djalan Thamrin, the principal thoroughfare, to see the real Djakarta—miles and miles of kampongs, or small village communities, extending as far as the eye can see. It is in these kampongs that the vast majority of the city's five million people live—for the most part, in squalor. (The average yearly income is less than thirty thousand rupiah, or seventy-five dollars.) One of Sadikin's most highly acclaimed projects—the World Bank is one source of the acclaim—is a kampong-improvement program, which entails building better roads, and better drainage, water-supply, garbage-disposal, and health and sanitation facilities, but only a small proportion of Djakarta's villages have so far been affected, and Sadikin told me that it will take fifteen years to bring the necessary minimum improvements to four million people, the present population of the kampongs. By then, the city is likely to contain eight or ten million people.

Sadikin's biggest immediate problem is to cut down the monthly influx of some fourteen thousand migrants into Djakarta. The majority of these are poor Javanese villagers, though numbers come from Sumatra and the other islands, too. In 1970, the government issued a decree making the capital a "closed city," and ordering the migrants to register with local district managers and to deposit enough money to guarantee their return home if they can't obtain work within three months. So far, though, Sadikin admitted to me, only a relatively small number of the newcomers are registering, and the population of the city is growing at an annual rate of 5.7 per cent—more than twice the national figure. He said that usually there are at least a quarter of a million unregistered people in Djakarta, most of them street venders or *betjak* drivers, and that the effort to reduce the influx is primarily psychological. The city government conducts sporadic roundups of illegal migrants, piling them into trucks and dumping them on the outskirts, but most of them quickly make their way back in, settle down with friends or relatives, and continue to earn perhaps a hundred rupiah (roughly twenty-five cents) a day at odd jobs. During a recent month-long stay, I saw hundreds of *betjak* boys sitting idly on curbstones or pedalling aimlessly; most of them were lucky if they got three or four fares a day. Men and women in rags puttered about the streets, begging or

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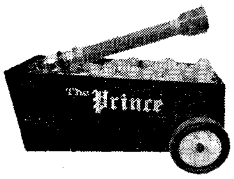

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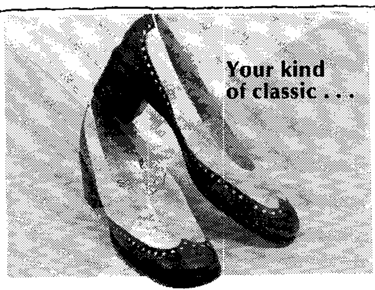

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picking up anything they thought could be of use, including pieces of tin or cloth, which might help make better shelter than that provided by bridges, culverts, or doorways.

Nearly two-thirds of Djakarta consists of kampongs, with areas on the fringes that are at best high-class slums. Very little has been done to provide low-cost housing, because, Sadikin says, he doesn't want to encourage migration. But unless rural development takes a big step forward the migration is bound to continue, and social problems will increase accordingly. Sadikin has established a hundred and fifty birth-control clinics in the city, and has tried, with some success, to encourage family planning, but not enough is being done about the lack of jobs. Though he has organized special trade schools to train mechanics and has started a small cottage-industry program, all this is on a minor scale. His current budget is forty-three million dollars a year—about a tenth that of Singapore, which has half Djakarta's population. He told me that to cover minimum needs would take twice what he collects, but apparently the government is more interested in luring fresh foreign investment for major development—more oil wells, more mining exploration—than in doing something to alleviate the poverty of the metropolitan population. What is needed is some labor-intensive small industry, but the big investors who shuttle in and out of the always crowded new hotels aren't interested in that, while the indigenous entrepreneurs lack sufficient capital, or, if they do attempt to start a business, become stranded in a maze of bureaucratic regulations, can't afford to pay "speed money," and don't know the right people to see.

Sadikin's most successful experiment has been not the attempted closing of the city to migrants but its opening to foreigners and well-off resident Chinese. In order to raise funds to meet his budget, he built race tracks, a jai-alai stadium, and three big gambling casinos, and installed nine hundred slot machines in various places around Djakarta—collecting, in 1972, four and a half billion rupiah, or more than eleven million dollars. Last July, however, the government abolished the slot machines, on the ground that too many poor people were losing what little money they had, and this past winter Suharto ordered an end to all forms of betting except at race tracks, so Sadikin's municipal income from gambling in 1974 will be a good deal less than he expected. Scores of night clubs, bars,

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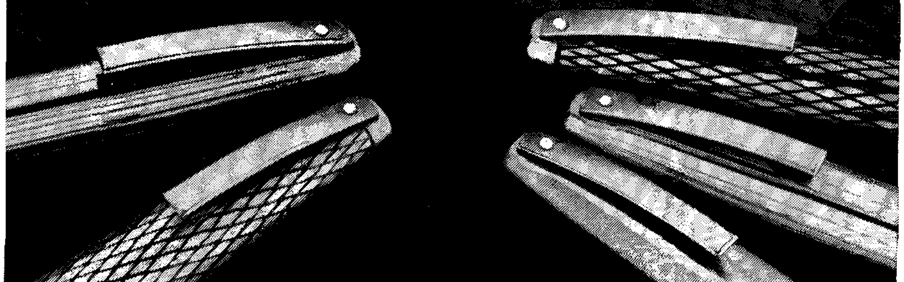

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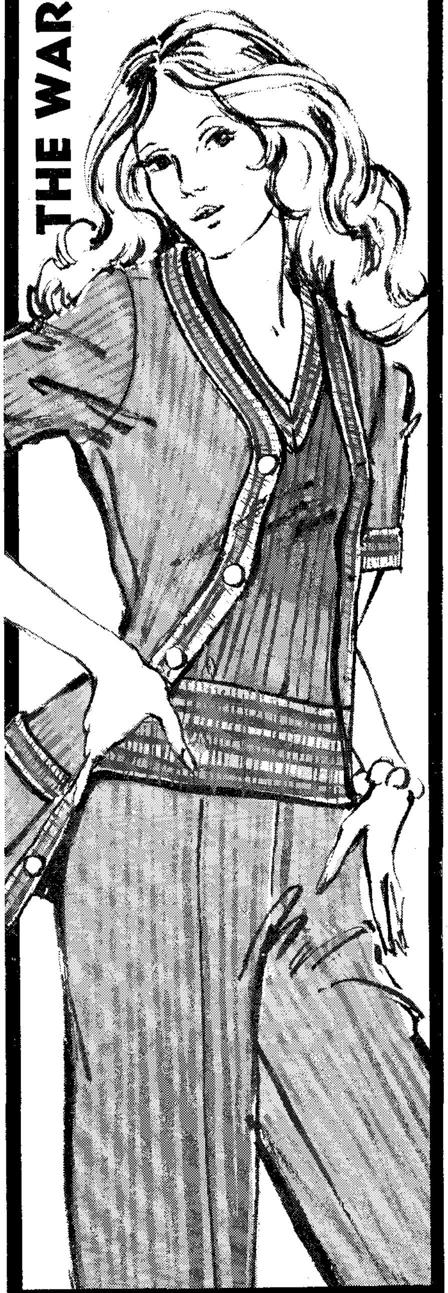

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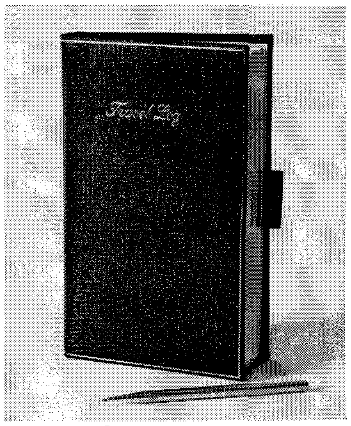
and massage parlors (some of the last advertise "tall" Australian girls as well as "beautiful" Indonesian girls) have added to Djakarta's long-standing reputation as a city of sin. This has upset the devout Muslims and some of the city's other staid residents, but Sadikin says he just couldn't make ends meet without the tax revenues from pleasure dens. It is worth noting, however, that property taxes in general remain lower in Djakarta than in perhaps any other city in the world—another simple means of helping the rich get richer.

THOUGH the rich are similarly getting richer in Bali, five hundred miles to the east, it's not the Balinese but the Javanese and Westerners who are turning this once lovely island into a tourist trap. I found the changes in the seven years since I was there last even more disturbing in some respects than those in Djakarta—probably because Djakarta was never beautiful but Bali used to be a tranquil paradise, with its own deep traditions carefully preserved. A very private people, the Balinese have had their privacy invaded and their dances and arts and crafts commercialized and cheapened—at least on the heavily populated southern end of the island, which is the part the tourists visit. What the Government Tourist Office calls "cultural tourism" has brought a sixfold increase in foreign visitors over the last three years. There were a hundred and twenty thousand in 1973, and still more are expected this year and in the future, as various entrepreneurs complete two additional large, modern hotels, bringing the total to about a score. A great number of the tourists are Americans, who fill the expensive air-conditioned hotels, complete with piped-in music, swimming pools, night clubs, cocktail lounges, and menus offering a weird mixture of food, which ranges from pizzas and spaghetti, through Australian hamburgers, to a few Indonesian dishes that are more Javanese than Balinese. The governor, the military, and the police in Bali are Javanese, and so are many of the guides who lie in wait for visitors at the airport and in the hotel lobbies, charging twenty-five dollars for five or six hours of conducted excursions that take in the same few temples and the same few shops, selling the same paintings and wood carvings, which are produced in an assembly-line manner. Condensed forms of Bali's famous dances, such as the *kechak*, or monkey dance, are put on for the tourists, who, it is assumed, would be bored by the more traditional longer versions.



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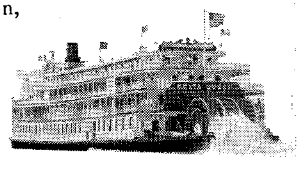

Besides, the shorter the show the more numerous the performances that can be scheduled.

Bali was one of Sukarno's favorite places, partly because his mother was Balinese, and he used to make frequent trips with distinguished visitors, for whom he would arrange receptions, dances, ceremonies, and lavish feasts. It was he who decreed the specifications for the big new international airport and for the Bali Beach, the first of the modern, plush hotels. In those days, the tourists only trickled in, and the population pursued its bucolic business, growing rice, coconuts, and coffee beans. It would be unfair to say that all the Balinese have now been affected by the tourist trade—most of the two million people in the villages and hills remain untouched—but the encroachments are insidious and inescapable. I walked along the polluted Sanur Beach, in the principal tourist area, and was shocked at the number of new Coney Island-like shops. I found only one of the old dealers in genuine antiques whom I recalled from earlier years. His name is Jimmy Pandy, and he gave me welcome relief from the polyglot fare at my hotel by inviting me to share a genuine Balinese dinner with him in his lush garden compound. The few Balinese who are trying to preserve the island's cultural and historic values, he told me, are fighting a rearguard action. Even Western hippies, who congregate on Kuta Beach, near the airport, seemed to be caricaturing customs that the Balinese have largely discarded, such as unabashed nudity. Playing amplified gamelan music as they smoke their pot, they typify the sad, mechanical bacchanalia of tourist Bali.

THE more one travels through Indonesia the more one becomes aware that its countless contrasts may be both its blessing and its undoing. Clifford Geertz, an American who is one of the foremost Western scholars concerned with the country, has perceptively noted, "Order and chaos look so very much alike." He was referring to the problem of social transformation amid the simultaneous processes of "the reconstruction of the civil government and the reconstruction of cultural identity—the Indonesian sense of self," a sense that he rightly considers "inescapably plural." Indeed, the pluralism of the national character on all levels—ethnic, religious, political, and sociological—lends richness and variety to the nation, but what is worrisome in today's Indonesia is that as the developmental revolution continues the society is be-

**Francisca Guarachi.**
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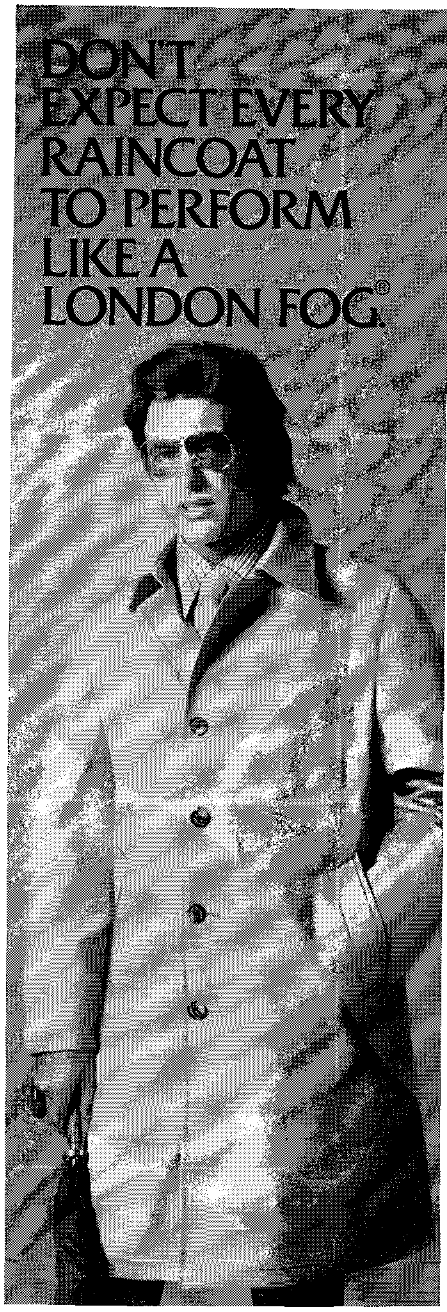
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coming not less uncertain and divided but more so. Though progress is everywhere to be seen, so is privilege, which is not only personal but geographical, in that vast provinces and regions are still neglected by the central government. For example, the government, which collects practically all national revenue, gives relatively little of it back to the huge island of Sumatra, which provides more than half the natural resources but, except for improved roads and restored rubber and palm-oil plantations, remains truly insular and undeveloped.

The real conflict, perhaps, is between the planners and the promoters. It is probably true that if it were not for the oil profits millions of Indonesians would now be starving for lack of imported rice. But there is a limit to what increased exports and a rising gross national product can achieve. Development without commensurate social benefits is meaningless. In mid-October, it was disclosed in Djakarta that eight new multinational investment groups, involving thirty-four foreign banks, were being formed, and that as a result foreign investments could double or treble in the next five years. Djakarta, it was said, might soon rival Hong Kong and Singapore as an Asian money market. This is scarcely a prescription for the future which offers the marginal farmer or the starving *betjak* driver much hope. Progress for whom and for what? is the question that troubles the consciences of those who are worried about the future of the many rather than of the few.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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## MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

*[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Chronicle]*

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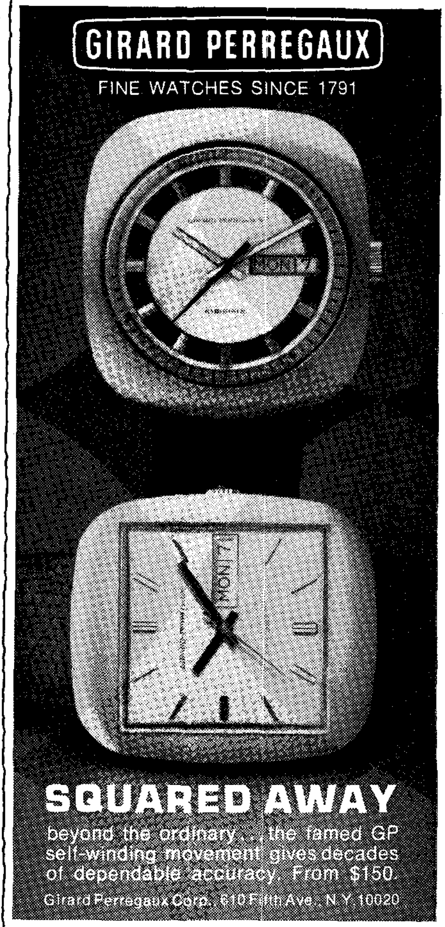
*United Press*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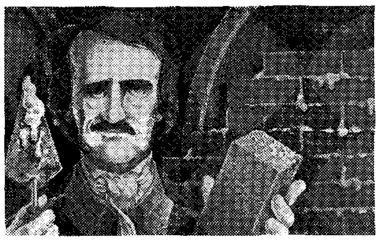

Things have changed since Poe's day.

Unfortunately, we Americans became interested in wine about the same time we did away with basements.

And many people have simply written off the possibility of having their own wine cellars, not knowing that there are many places in the average home well suited to storing wine. Having a wine cellar is essential to the true connoisseur of wine, and the more of these there are around, the better for Inglenook, so let us proceed.

## WHY WINE NEEDS A SPECIAL HOME.

Wine is a living thing. Like plants, wine needs special care and the proper environment in order to survive. Wine will die if exposed to direct sunlight, heat, or freezing temperatures.

It doesn't even like temperature fluctuations. Nor does it like vibration. If handled too roughly, wine can even be bruised.

With these requirements in mind, let's look at several locations around the house that could serve as your wine cellar.

## A PLACE IN THE SHADE.

If you do happen to have a basement, this is the best place in the house to store wine. Failing this, check out the garage. A concrete floor will keep the wine at the most even temperature throughout the year, unless you happen to live in Hibbing, Minnesota, in which case you'd better look around inside. A closet beneath the stairs, a cupboard in an unheated hallway, an unused closet on the cool side of the house; these are all excellent locations for an indoor wine cellar.

Be sure no sunlight can hit your cellar and that it is away from heating pipes, radiators, or flues. Also make sure that major appliances which set up vibrations, such as refrigerators and washing machines are nowhere near your wine cellar.

The ideal temperature for a wine cellar is 56° Fahrenheit.

Check out your location with a thermometer and should the temperature vary more than 10°, insulate your cellar in some manner.

We suggest a material known as expanded polystyrene. A one inch thickness of this material is as effective against changes in temperature as is 4 feet of concrete.

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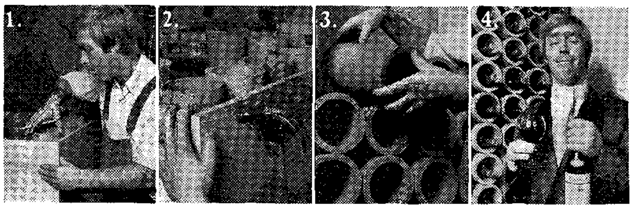
Wine should be stored lying down so that the wine comes into contact with the cork. This keeps the cork from drying out and letting in air, which ruins the wine. You will need some sort of rack or bin to hold the bottles so that when you remove one, the rest won't be disturbed. The simplest is the case that the wine came in. Another type of wine rack can be made with cardboard mailing tubes, large fruit juice cans, or ceramic drain tiles.



**To build a ceramic drain tile wine rack:** 1. Cut 1" x 12" boards to desired height and width. Allow extra ½" on sides for tile variance. 2. Nail boards together. (To avoid bulging and insure safety, reinforce case by attaching boards to back of case and wall.) 3. Set box upright. Stack tiles. 4. Ta-dah!

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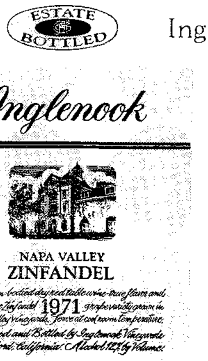

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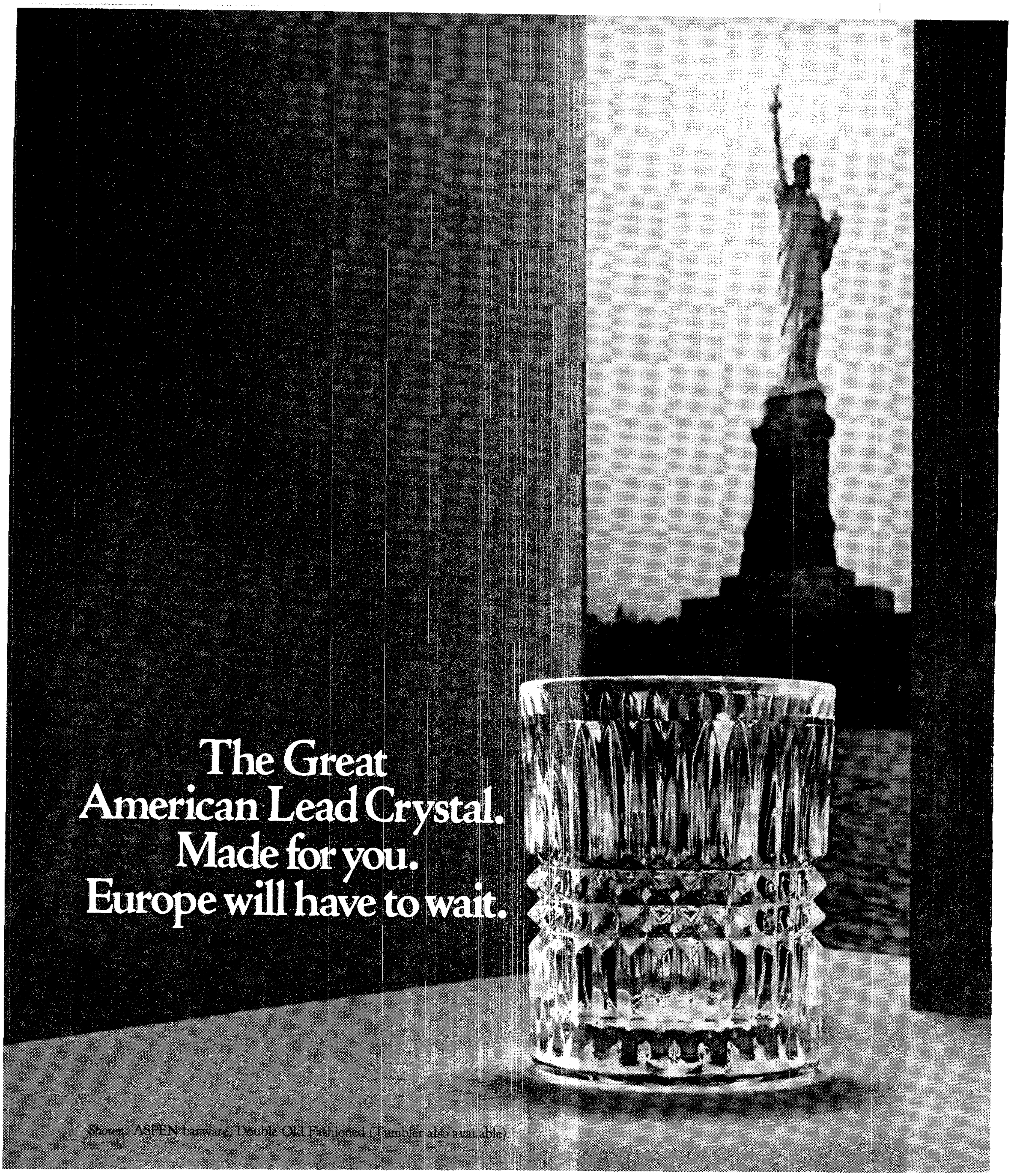
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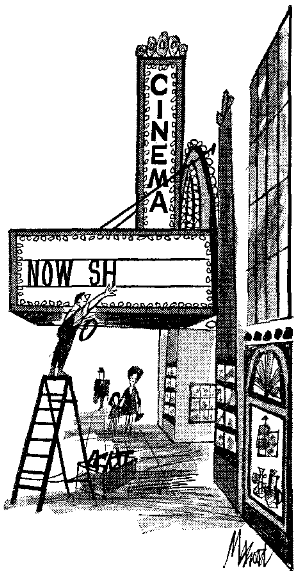
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Courtly Love's Last Throw of the Dice*

LAST throw of the dice, last fling. Jack Clayton's slow, graceful film of F. Scott Fitzgerald's iovel "The Great Gatsby" (1925) ias a peculiar blurring and rallentando bout it. Both qualities are in the book, s if the last Charleston were being lanced by people making an inhuman ffort. The picture upholds Scott Fitzerald's discovery that vhen he wrote truthully about his own reams and misfortunes nd discoveries, other eople recognized themelves. At Princeton with, among others, dmund Wilson, his reat accomplice in aiety, practical jokes, rinking, misadventures, ard times, and hatred f the shrill or redunant in literature), he iust have had his charcters' ardor. Fellow-'rincetonians of the me remember that he ad visions of being a otball hero, and that in e First World War he dreamed of ehaving with patriotic dash and courge; and later of winning what his ontemporaries always called "the top irl." All typical ambitions of his lot. ut it has probably been taken too iuch for granted that he was simply a eporter of his age. The beautiful, saddened prose is deceptive: it is homesick or a more serious future, if anything, ot for a doomed time already so aked in nostalgia that it could seem lost past if the characters were drunk nough. Though his steely distance rom his age is not obvious, in low mes later his obdurate judgment of e epoch he lived through as a young ian declined to indulge regret. When e gate clanged, he heard it first.



"The Great Gatsby" is an account f the lives of rich Midwesterners come ast, and of equally rich Easterners. hey spend summers at the book's reat fictional colonies on Long Island, e metaphorically named West Egg nd East Egg. The Midwesterners vho have enough self-knowledge not try to change themselves stay at Vest Egg, which is less florid. The esablished families of rich Easterners live t East Egg but flock eagerly to the olossal parties of the *nouveau riche* iillionaire and Midwesterner Gatsby. On days when boredom between parties becomes acute, or thoughts of what on earth to do next intrude, the inhabitants pour into a New York where it always seems to be time for iced tea or midnight sprees, which is something that Clayton's film acutely records. The sweating Beautiful People in pale suits and light, floating dresses are given a curious look of children in unexplored bays cloaked in mist. Even Fifth Avenue seems aquatic, and the Plaza Hotel; one would not be the least bit surprised to see a shoal of mermaids swimming through the traffic. But there are enough notes of sharp humor in the film to make one remember that Scott Fitzgerald never lost sight of the fact that, as he said in a letter, one side of his own family was "straight potato-famine Irish." Writing in an age when wisdom about consequences was out of fashion, he was not really in step at all. This is one of the moral underpinnings of his work. It has made it endure. He saw quite critically that this was a special time—probably before an economic crash, certainly a reaction to the First World War—and that the gulf was not between intellectuals and illiterate but between privileged and poor, boring (non-flamboyant) and amusing (if corrupt, no matter). President Harding, though old, behaved in the spirit of the young when he notoriously played poker with tycoon party-supporters. In general, though, the attitude of the rich young ghetto round Gatsby is to let the old keep to themselves. The past generation is tossed aside as the one that was in the World War, discredited for it, and impeached except for the procedure of appearances, and of colorful rumors bruited about which are never sworn to be untrue. The condemned rich would die out. The instinctive conviction of the characters is to adhere to the nineteenth century's theories of natural social evolution. They share appreciations of beauty in women, exoticism, breaking the rules of Prohibition, and freewheeling ability: the people around Gatsby are always attracted by simple truthfulness, with the paradox that fibbing by the rich is regarded more as a splash of vividness than as a moral failure. Why not? is the reigning mood. Why not lovers, why not wear out a hundred pairs of slippers dancing, as Daisy in the film so eagerly says she has done? The manly ideal is a sort of combination of Darwin and Don Giovanni. Most of the girls seem to want to be loaded and free-loving Madonnas, equipped with a zoo of pampered pets and a well-staffed nursery. Their swoops of passionate love at pretty dogs and carefully laundered children are overpowering and clownishly saintly, in the film as in the book.

Like Fitzgerald's "Winter Dreams" (the short story that was a preparation for "Gatsby"), the novel—and Francis Ford Coppola's film script—is a plethora of small incidents. They seem at first to amount only to a story about Jay Gatsby (Robert Redford), long since jilted by his shimmering Daisy (Mia Farrow) for a hulking, wealthy man with a touch of effete swank named Tom Buchanan (Bruce Dern). She threw aside her promise to wait for Gatsby when he was in the war and too far away for the satisfaction of her empty little head. The onlooker and confidant—technically replacing the first-person narrative of the book—is Daisy's second cousin once removed, called Nick (Sam Waterston). The tiny story and its fragile, sunny elements—nothing is irrelevant if the writer's mood is happy, as H. G. Wells wrote in "The Contemporary Novel," published in a 1911 *Fortnightly Review*—gradually balloon out like the muslin curtains of the Buchanans' house, and the lounging girls' soft, pale skirts, in a hot breeze at the beginning of the film. The unrequited-love story swells into a fable about a very rich man who seems to be his own creation, driven by a bitter disappointment that he has never stopped trying to heal, living in an illusion of company alone in an enormous mansion, and giving huge parties that he never attends but only scans from his window upstairs, because the hundreds of rich marauders are his diluted single hope of ever finding the girl he lost. The green light at the end of her dock blinks at him across the bay as soon as night falls. One evening, alone, he raises his arm to it in a swift, odd gesture, half reaching, half benedictive.

Edmund Wilson once recalled that Scott Fitzgerald had looked into Emily Post's "Etiquette" and been inspired with the idea of a play in which all the motivations would consist in try-

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ing to do the right thing. The characters in "Gatsby" often do something very nearly as hilarious as that, though the narrative is mixed with rushes of violence, rudeness, danger, and tragedy. The eloquent film is not quite speedy enough to reproduce the movement of the book, which has life's birdlike fluttering. But Clayton is a very serious filmmaker, with a shapely comprehension of an author's intelligence. He makes one know that these Midwesterners in the East are hellbent on display and carnival partly because they are exiles who pay no heed. Like the people in "The Beautiful and Damned," they are self-consigned to an opportunist background that they will not admit to be alien. They take refuge in noise, secret crime, any disguise. The Easterners here are parasites they are proud to support, though Scott Fitzgerald himself never forgot that he was out of place in the East. He was a Celt among unromantics, and a nonpracticing Catholic to boot, steeped in what he called in an ironic letter "my romantic Chestertonian orthodoxy." In another letter, he says, quite gaily, "I am ashamed to say that my Catholicism is scarcely more than a memory—no, that's wrong, it's more than that; at any rate, I go not to the church nor mumble stray nothings over crystalline beads." Some strain of Midwestern Irish always remained. He loathed French literature for its technical quarrels rehashed. He liked imagining arid future professors of literature relegating his early-twenties' work to his "second," or "neo-flapper," period. It fell, of course, as things turned out, in the middle of a pitifully short and harried writing life—he died at forty-four—in which he was perpetually concerned with the consequences of richness and carelessness. He wrote with magic felicity about a hellhole of a world, and about characters in paradisiacal captivity seen without lamps. "They were careless people, Tom and Daisy—they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made . . ." Nick narrates in the book and the film. Their career is the pursuit of the hectic. Jazz is always to move to, not to listen to. It is the jungle drum of the new, of the perilous but promising. People go to parties too much and stay up too late. The unseen work too much, especially the hideously misled garageman Wilson (marvellously played by Scott Wilson, of Richard Brooks' "In Cold Blood" and Norman

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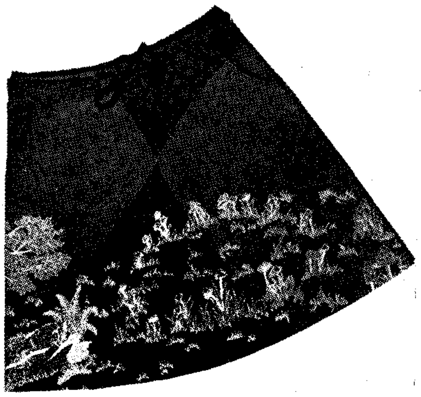

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Jewison's "In the Heat of the Night"). Everything deserves the same energy of the rich, whether it is gadgets, polo-playing, or bigoted racial theories learned from suspect books about the natural supremacy of the Nordic peoples.

The film is the story of one short, hot summer of elation, an interlude of borrowed nobility. Fitzgerald wrote as if he were in a room full of motor horns and sailing times. He could catch the tinge of a year, feeling himself in the workhouse when others were in mansions on Long Island looking forward excitedly, like Daisy, to the longest day. The film's attitude toward omanticism is there in its attitude oward Daisy, the inexpressibly lovely girl who creates misery for a great umber of men. She brings with her a atiety that will paradoxically always emand more. She fits perfectly into his society of casual trespassers on atsby's territory, vagrants who will ast out the summer and then wonder where to go. "Gatsby" has the same otion of rich people's cruelty and asualness in love as Fitzgerald's "The iamond as Big as the Ritz" (1922), n which a middle-class boy falls in love with the heiress to a great fortune nd she returns his love; their plan to arry, though, is foiled by her family's ealous guard over the money, and the oung pair can only be together later in overty, when fortune and parents have een mythically incinerated and reuced to exploding char. "Gatsby," ook and film, is a story of luxe blown p to the bursting point, so that lives re damaged by the flying splinters. In itzgerald's story "The Rich Boy," he rites, "Let me tell you about the very ich. They are different from you and ne. They possess and enjoy early, and does something to them, makes them oft where we are hard, and cynical here we are trustful, in a way that, nless you were born rich, it is very ifficult to understand." In "Gatsby," aisy explains her action in jilting the hen poor Gatsby, whose name had een Gatz: "Rich girls don't marry oor boys." Determination to have her t all costs has driven him to defeat the reezing axiom and turn himself into a illionaire. And then, after all that, aisy's greatest award to him—truly he best she can do—is her unshared but eal enough joy over his shirts, which re the most *beautiful* she has ever seen, nd *hand-picked* for him in *England!*

The reigning idea in Fitzgerald, and specially in "Gatsby" as Clayton rasps it, is the law of chivalry and he terrible effects that can flow from

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transgressions: here, two deaths among the underprivileged and one among the rich upstarts. The opiate happiness of the heat suddenly turns into hysteria. Before this, Daisy's troubled notion of romantic behavior has been shaken by knowing of her husband's affair with the garage proprietor's wife, but even the flimsy idea of chivalry held by the aerial Daisy doesn't allow her to lie to her husband in revenge about her vow long ago to Gatsby, whose motive in getting her cousin Nick to come to his parties is obviously to have some contact with her. Having lovers doesn't quite count as infidelity in this world, though split marriages are as bad as lost chances. Marriages are approached with a practicality that strikes no one as repulsive: generally for money. "Imagine marrying *anybody* in this heat," says an idyllic-looking rich girl in a lilac dress, so lightly that all her rich friends agree. Gatsby, not guilty, is killed in his own swimming pool through a terrible act of misapprehended chivalry on the part of the cuckolded and now bereaved garageman, who walks dazedly into the grounds clutching a pistol in a crumpled paper bag that might be holding a workman's lunch sandwich.

The stately film has much kindness and beauty, but some works of art have their truest condensed existence only in the original form, perhaps. Fitzgerald's short novel could only be stretched out into this mistakenly lengthy film by the use of repeated views, shots sometimes held too long for the matter, tracking shots untrue to the terseness of Fitzgerald, and explanations in Fitzgerald voice-over dialogue of what has already been fully shown in visual incident. One of the best things about it is the performance by Mia Farrow as Daisy, Louisville-born, bastard product of East Egg sophistication. The character's deftness in manipulation and in pretty agitation is cloaked in a docile, talkative lyricism, with a suggested heritage of suitors stretching back to times when her ancestors might have ordered slaves around and shrivelled outsiders. She speaks in a sorcerous murmur that melts into the balmy evenings. She seems a true type of the courtesan, and a child of sophistication dropping back into the savage. She appropriates every emergency as confronting her, and ignores all other suffering and peril. When a man with a pistol threatens, she abandons her husband, clasps her hands to her pretty, quivering mouth, and runs to clutch her three-year-old daughter to her, who grumbles about having to wear oyster pink, which hap-

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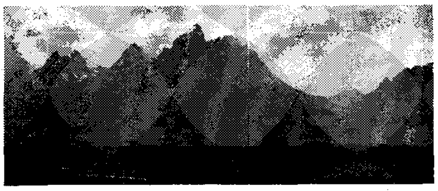

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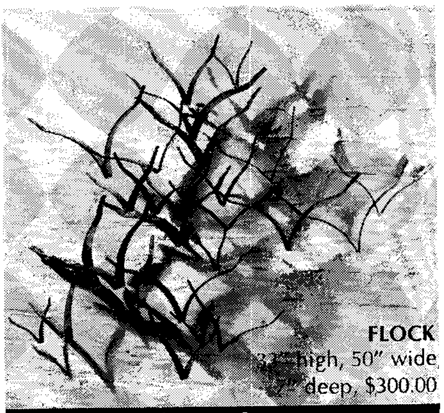

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pens to be the same color as her mother's dress and as the drawing room where they are. "Beautiful little fools can wear whatever colors they want," murmurs Daisy. Beautiful little fools, she has been schooled to believe, are rich girls' best thing to be. The part is one of the most nearly perfect examples of women-as-toys in modern filmmaking. Feather-light though Mia Farrow makes the character seem, she also gives her a shivery cynicism about love. Knowing that her husband has just been on the phone to his mistress, Daisy turns away and talks about how romantic the birds look on the lawn. Knowing that Gatsby is again waiting for her and that he will count on her coming this time, she holds hands with her husband at breakfast and doesn't rock the boat. It is a performance that exquisitely mixes beauty, frailty, and instincts of the most perfidious sort. It makes you sense that her decision to marry Tom Buchanan might have been inspired by something as silly as Gatsby's future lack of a dashing uniform when he someday came back from the war. The choice certainly had to do with Gatsby's poverty, and it reminds one of Scott Fitzgerald's heartache when his fiancée, Zelda, who became his wife after he hit it rich, broke off their earlier engagement because she had decided he wasn't earning enough to keep them both. Bruce Dern as Tom, the only coward in the story, wears a narrow toothbrush mustache and acutely plays him with a touch of the brazen nitwit covering a peremptory heart. But the character can still stir Daisy, who, like her cousin Nick, finds almost any exhibition of self-reliance fit for worship. Tom's thick embrace of the virtue of being Nordic gives him a well-guarded moat around himself against, for instance, recognition of the racism in him—which certainly strikes Nick, who attends quietly to every glance and sees every hypocrisy and idle insult. Nick has the role of the go-between for Gatsby and Daisy; Sam Waterston gives the Pandarus part, which could be grovelling, an alertness and nobility that recognize Gatsby to be worth the whole hungry crowd of his guests, none of whom turn up at his funeral, apart from one latecomer. The party has vanished because the money has died. The great Gatsby—rumored to be related to Kaiser Wilhelm, or to own oil, or to be something high up in the World War, with an implication that he was on the German side; but actually a bootlegger, gambler, and associate of a fixer of the World Series—dies too soon to know that his

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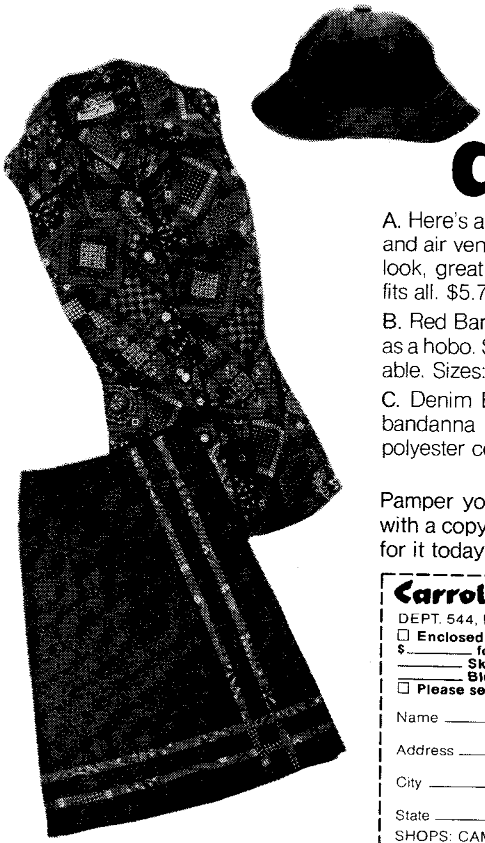

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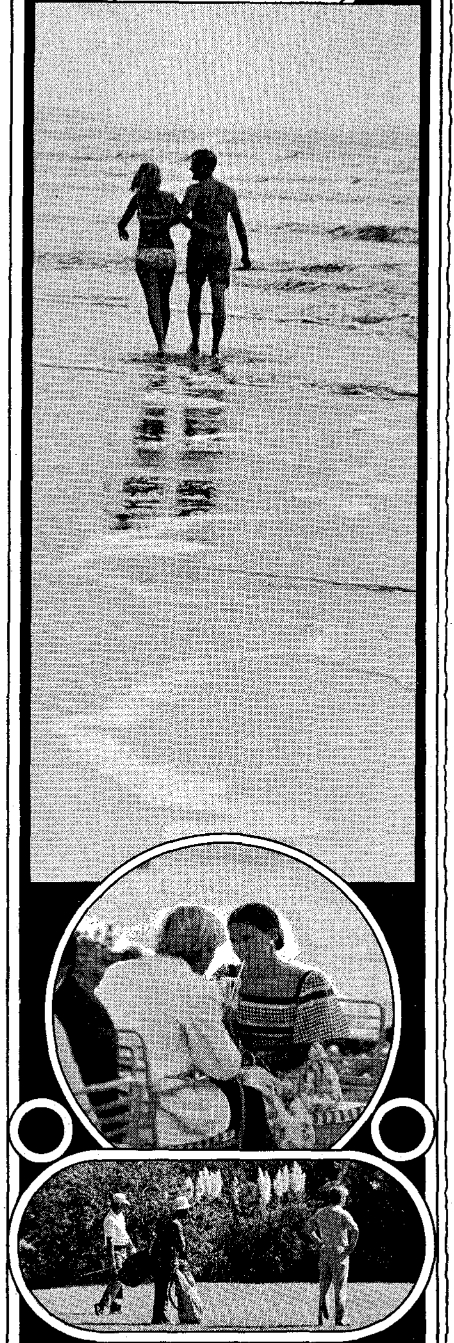

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future is already behind him. Only Nick comprehends it. Without the film's sage use of Nick to stand in for Fitzgerald's first-person narrative—a device that always presents technical problems in literature, though it prevents the omniscient eyes of the author from peering round the back of his characters' heads—the action might be preposterous. As it is, and in spite of ponderous moments, there is much beauty and thoughtfulness in the film. It is marvellously cast and acted, from the waiting, watchful performance by Redford down to Elliot Sullivan in the small part of a man desperately looking up churches in the telephone directory to comfort the garageman, whose wife has been killed by a hit-and-run car.

Gatsby, the self-created man, who seems to have been his own parents, was forever making lists of how to improve himself, even as a child. His father arrives after his murder, unshaven, and has one of them with him: "*Practice elocution, poise and how to attain it. Study needed inventions. . . . Save five* [crossed out] *three dollars per week.*" The coffin is lowered into the turf. What shall we do next, the absent habitual guests wonder. It will be fall soon. We have no plan. What shall we plan? The sometimes drowsy film pierces, with Fitzgerald's moral breeding, to the weakness in the society's fabric: lack of intelligence and resolve going unperceived, like lack of heart. All admiration in the East Egg crowd is still given to gusto and achievement, even after terrible toll has been taken. Meanwhile, mist swirls around Gatsby's empty mansion like the scarf that choked Isadora Duncan to death.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

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[*From the Athens* (*Greece*) *Post*]

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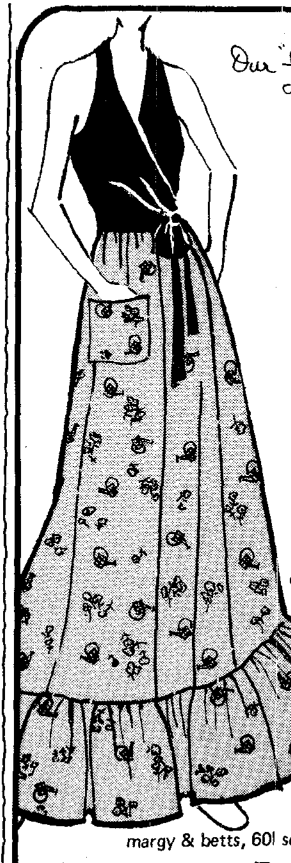

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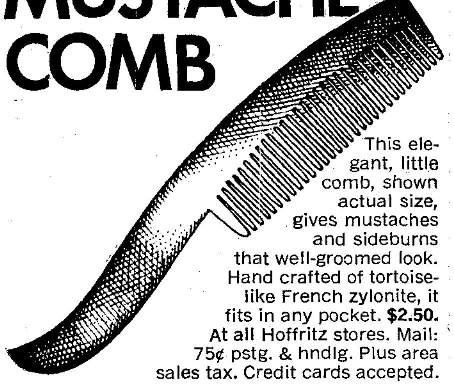

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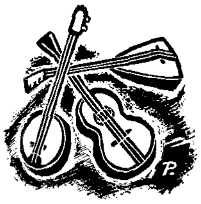
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *A Pride of Pianists*

NO doubt about it, the external format of the piano recital has loosened up in recent years. Although André Watts still espouses formal wear for a Sunday matinée and Bruce Hungerford apologizes for his absentmindedness in donning an ordinary jacket instead of a tailcoat, Stephen Bishop has no qualms about wearng a lounge suit in the evening. The old chronological programming matrix has pretty well gone by the board, too: Scarlatti or Bach (very probably a transcribed organ piece), a classical sonata, a group of Chopin, Schumann, or Liszt, something a little more recent (Brahms for the timid, Debussy or Rachmaninoff for the darng), and a clutch of bonbons as encores (or perhaps even as a final listed group of applause-getters).



Big works are more in fashion now han groups of small ones (Chopin is he exception here), and breadth of epertory is apparently no longer an ssential consideration. Some near-imperatives do appear to hold sway: at least one Beethoven sonata now seems o be virtually mandatory, its absence cceptable only in the context of an "all-somebody" program or, possibly, of a substantial group of Chopin is presnt. If pianists, voting with their fingers, are to be believed, status in their world today hinges greatly on demontrable mastery of at least one of these wo composers: either the most universal figure of our musical tradition or the most exclusively pianistic. During he past month, I heard seven recitals by more or less celebrated pianists, and xamined the programs of several othrs; only one, Gina Bachauer, elected o flout this tacit convention.

A consensus also prevails with repect to the acceptable range of mateial, which has actually narrowed at the arly end of history, for baroque music has mostly passed to the harpsichordists and to a few pianists who specialize n this literature, often to the exclusion f most else), while transcribed Bach rgan works are, if played at all, frankly treated as romantic repertory. No substantial change has taken place n the near end of the time scale: Deussy and Rachmaninoff, along with heir epigones, still constitute the borerline, the successor traditions being onsigned to the ghetto of contempoary-music concerts. Again, only one ianist among my large handful stepped over the limits; Stephen Bishop, playing at Hunter College on February 27th, made small forays in both directions, with a Prelude and Fugue from Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier" and the "Six Dances in Bulgarian Rhythm," from Bartók's "Mikrokosmos."

These modifications have not greatly altered the recital's utility as an occasion for the display of intent and skill, of—in the long run—personality. And the pianist is special among recitalists, for he stands absolutely alone, presents only himself to the public. Instrumentalists and vocalists have to be doing with accompanists, however discreet these may be in manner and volume (indeed, that sort of discretion, although frequently encouraged by the soloist, can seriously undermine the impact he makes). The pianist confronts but two potential exterior limitations; he is at the mercy of the available selection of instruments (not what it ought to be, most will tell you) and the acoustics of the hall (in New York, Carnegie and Tully *sì*, Fisher *no*). Beyond that, ensemble, balance, technical competence and polish are subject only to one pair of hands, and so the piano recital may well aspire to be a satisfying whole in terms of projecting a personality, an individuality.

It doesn't always work out that way. I could find little common ground between the André Watts who opened his Fisher Hall recital on March 3rd by distilling heady perfumes from Mozart's Rondo in A Minor, K. 511, and the André Watts who came on next to offer a deadpan recitation of Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata—especially since at least the first movement of the Beethoven invites (and of yore frequently received) similarly mannerist treatment. No doubt about the technical prowess, even in that peculiar, stylistically repulsive Mozart, transmuted into a subspecies of Chopin waltz: the swelling runs and cloying rubato, forever calling attention to themselves rather than to any facet of Mozart's melodic inflections and carefully differentiated rhythms, were laid on with enviable control.

Watts the keyboard athlete emerged more explicitly in the fleet fingerwork of the "Moonlight" finale, and triumphed in Liszt's "Les Jeux d'Eaux à la Villa d'Este," his damper-pedal foot executing countless tiny hair-trigger vibrations to blend but not muddle resonances generated by the shifting arpeggios. Between, the mannerist returned to fuss up Rachmaninoff's already fussy "Variations on a Theme by Corelli," and later, in the Chopin B-Flat-Minor Sonata, all three faces of Watts appeared in turn.

That the absence of a consistent statement from a performer about himself is disturbing does not imply that the converse is true; had Watts stuck to a single point of view for the entire afternoon, I might not have been much more satisfied. Obviously, a further obligation is involved: coherent, alive, and enlightening statements of the individual works in question. The two expectations may be said to go hand in glove: we ask the performer's hand to fit the composer's glove amply, but without rending it; if the fit is good, the hand will remain identifiable as its owner's, for it will have subtly affected the shape of the glove. The metaphor is enticing—perhaps Watts' hand has yet a while to grow, and in the meantime he may be resorting to uncomfortable postures and some tugging of the glove—but it also borders on confusion, for whatever Watts' present shortcomings, they are quite literally not in his hands.

Digital virtuosity is, of course, not merely the ability to play fast and loud all over the keyboard, which the merest groundlings recognize as, at least, an athletic achievement. Its less obvious facets involve control: striking and releasing notes in a consistent way so that they form a smooth, coherent line; balancing the sonority of chords so that in succession their component parts can be heard to lead coherently from one to the next; weighting simultaneous melodic strands to define a hierarchy—or the absence of one—among them (this is what some call "bringing out inner voices," although the inner voices thus lauded occasionally talk nonsense). Inseparably bound up with these and related skills are musical decisions—or, from the listener's point of view, musical consequences; if the pianist cannot control his fingers, or elects to control them in inappropriate ways, he alters the shape, and the effect, of the piece.

Claudio Arrau's recital, at Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium on March 9th, provided some instructive and easily pinpointed examples. Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata, Opus 57, begins with a bare melody curving down and then up, by way of relatively long and very short notes; its particular lurching character is reduced if you shorten the longest note by a third, as Arrau did. Later, after having been subjected to a far-ranging development,

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this melody returns in its original form—but now over persistent repeated notes that mutter about the passing of time and cast into question the theme's original harmonic stability. Arrau could not, or did not, make these repeated notes speak evenly, and thus superimposed a diffuse and generalized insecurity on Beethoven's very specific one (although the presence of the metronomelike tolling forced him to count the theme's notes out to full value this time around). Even the occasional technical achievement of the sort one expects from a pianist of Arrau's reputation was a source of musical puzzlement. In the slow movement of this same sonata, he managed a virtually imperceptible transition from the second variation to the third, the doubled rate of motion emerging as gentle vibration around the previous pattern—but the kind of continuity this brought about had been explicitly denied at earlier, parallel junctures in the same movement by markedly discontinuous slowdowns.

A pupil once asked Artur Schnabel whether it was better to play in time or to play as one feels; his characteristically mordant reply was another question: "Why not feel in time?" Bruce Hungerford, in an all-Beethoven program at Tully Hall on March 19th, began by not getting this together, either, although in a very different way from Arrau. In two early sonatas (A Major, Opus 2, No. 2, and D Major, Opus 10, No. 3), Hungerford played the fast movements very much in time, to a rigidly foursquare pulse, hectoring every downbeat with equivalent force—and the slow movements very much as he felt, with conspicuously distended meter. This dichotomy relaxed somewhat by the interval, after which the "Waldstein" Sonata, Opus 53, and the E Major, Opus 109, were laid out with impressive logic and clarity, if occasional rough sonorities and imbalances. Hungerford comes on as an "idea pianist" rather than as a virtuoso, and this posture is convincing, because he does indeed have coherent ideas about Beethovenian structure and logic. Withal, the kind of unforced graciousness that emerged in one exquisitely phrased and shaped encore—Schubert's A-Flat Impromptu, Opus 142, No. 2—would not be amiss in his main line of work.

Nine days earlier, at Carnegie Hall, Vladimir Ashkenazy also played Beethoven's Opus 109. It is not difficult to describe certain things that the young Russian achieved more successfully; near the end of the slow movement,

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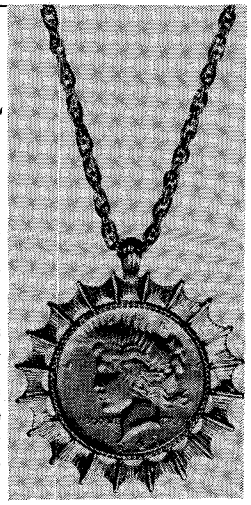

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for example, he sorted out the necessary articulations from fast patterns in the right hand and kept every detail clearly audible over a loud trill in the bass, which Hungerford couldn't quite manage. Yet Hungerford's performance of this movement went forward more convincingly, with just a shade more swing, a touch of extra pressure on certain notes.

Not that there was ground for any disappointment in Ashkenazy's recital; his technical resources are obviously fabulous, and he, happily, remains an essentially direct player, in the way permitted only to such virtuosos (although not always granted them). When Chopin transfigures one of his melodies by adding counterpoints and enriching the harmonies, Ashkenazy can keep all the extra material under control without implying, in his articulation of the melody, any additional effort whatsoever. On this occasion, he seemed somewhat preoccupied with creating wide dynamic contrasts—clearly a temptation to one who can both maintain absolute control at almost inaudible levels and hammer out fistfuls of repeated chords with the speed, impact, and evenness of a machine gun. To the extent that such a preoccupation implies a distance from the musical thought itself, it may measure the margin by which Ashkenazy's hand does not completely fill that metaphorical glove. Even in the music of Chopin, so full of coloristic and textural invention that clearly ignites his pianistic imagination, one misses the final, total commitment of self that still makes memorable the recitals of Artur Rubinstein—but that is a level reserved for few indeed, and only after much experience.

We are on difficult ground here, for the fewer the obstacles between performer and work, the smaller the applicable vocabulary. More and more, the issue becomes rhythm, that thorny nexus on which converge meter, pulse, accent, tempo, even dynamics and phrasing. Our understanding of the relationships—many and complex—among these aspects of performance is mostly intuitive, and yet they involve the heartbeat of music, its most distinctive quality as an art that measures and characterizes time. The desirable conditions we usually define by exclusion: "not too fast" and "not too slow," "not too stiff" and "not too free," and so on, are the essential significances of a variety of circumlocutions we draw upon for this purpose, while positive words like "justness" and "naturalness" only tenuously bridge the gap between the listener's experience and

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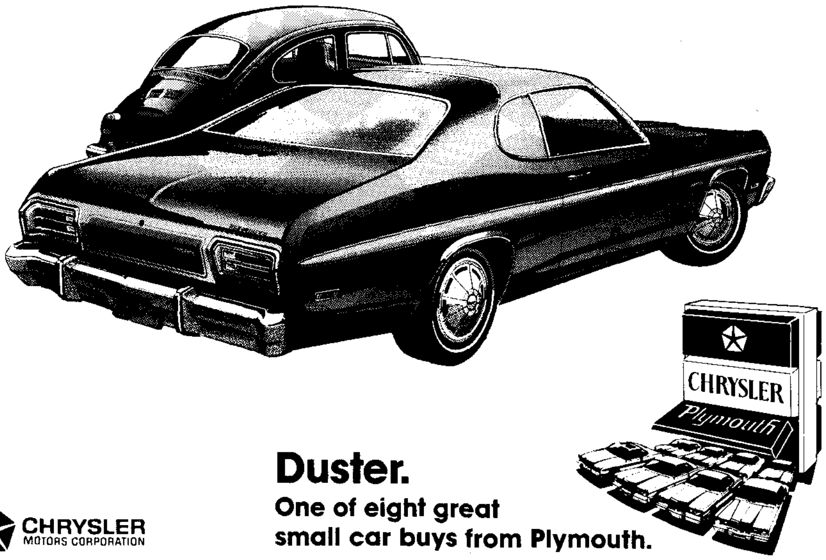

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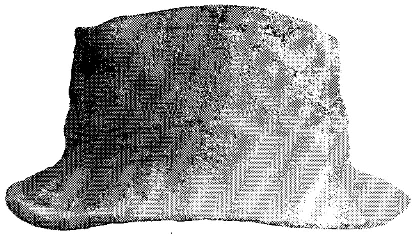

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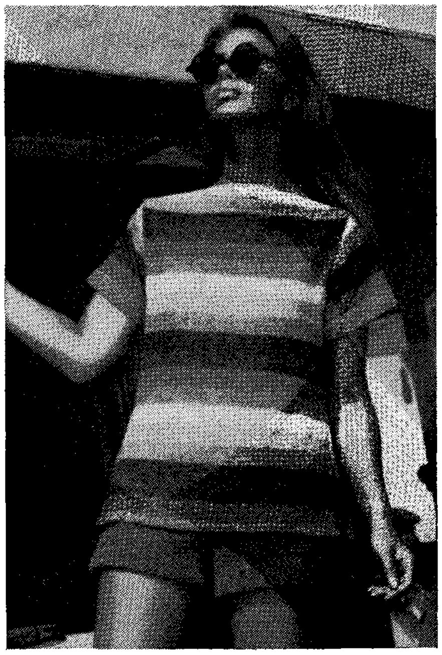

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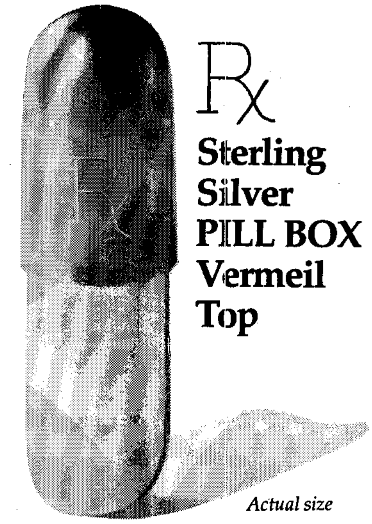
I cannot speak with complete authority about Alfred Brendel's recital on March 17th at Carnegie Hall—the first of a series of three devoted to Haydn, late Beethoven, and Schumann—for I heard part of it from a seat that, although superficially well located, turned out to be acoustically disadvantaged. Brendel's performance of the Schumann Fantasy, Opus 17, heard from a better position, farther back, certainly epitomized these rhythmic virtues of which I have just so evasively spoken, and much else besides. There may be some technical extremes at which he would yield to Ashkenazy—his fortissimo is not quite as plangent, I think—but at no point in this program were those extremes in question. Brendel has no superior in fully realizing a rich, rhythmically complex texture; he set forth Schumann's lines and their various pulses with perfect clarity. His coloristic resources seem continually to increase, and with them an element of fancy that some find disturbing, perhaps because on recordings it is frozen into an immobility not characteristic of the concert performances. Others may be distracted by a recently acquired extravagance of gesture, including some sudden arm motions that seem at odds with the sense of the music—but then one doesn't go to a recital to look at the pianist. Among these players, Brendel gave the most, of both music and himself.

Gina Bachauer, on the other hand, projected primarily an image, and an unconventional one. At Carnegie Hall on March 20th, she began with Mozart (the G-Major Sonata, K. 283), entirely avoiding any "ladylike" nuances (no bad thing, that), and then launched right into Reger's knuckle-crushing "Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Bach;" after the interval she plunged into Scriabin (the Twenty-four Preludes, Opus 11) and, for an encore, the second book of Brahms' Paganini Variations. One gathered from all this that Miss Bachauer wants very much not to be considered a "lady pianist," and she indubitably demonstrated prodigious stamina. Alas, most of the evening sounded like the sheer hard work it must have been, and various refinements were overlooked in the Scriabin pieces. It would be interesting to hear her in a program less preoccupied with the display of sheer power.

—DAVID HAMILTON



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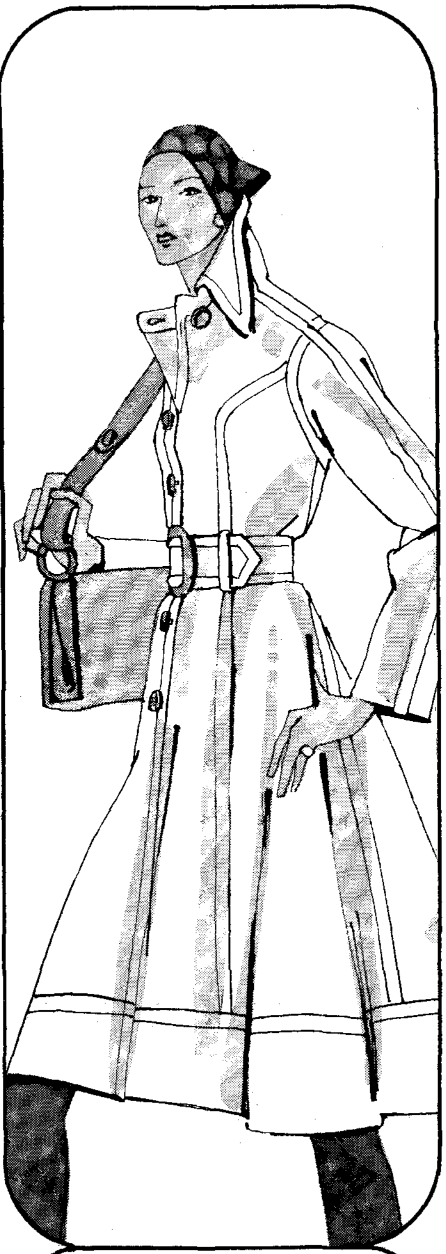
# DANCING

## *The Big Click*

"AMERICAN GENESIS," the full-evening Paul Taylor work that was given its New York première at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, is like a bicentennial pageant dreamed up by the cleverest kids in the ninth grade. It's too inventive and bouncy to be sophomoric, but its lack of stature is disappointing. Taylor has taken the fables of Genesis—the Creation, the Fall, and the Flood—and staged them in terms of American history and culture. Everything is big, bright, and simple, and the parallels are theatrically so irresistible that the audience can easily start having ideas of its own. The trouble with the piece is that Taylor hasn't anticipated the fecundity of what he has set in motion; he hasn't kept the action moving ahead of the audience. There are moments when it actually lags—when we think we're much farther along than we are. Part of the difficulty derives from Taylor's restraint and good taste; he never sermonizes, never forces us to see things his way. All the ideas in the piece are stated provisionally, but the absence of tendentiousness is also an absence of rigor. We lose the beat just when we need to be smashed to pieces by it.

But Taylor's main problem is technical, and he lets it absorb too much of his energy. He has not only set himself the task of braiding his twinned epics in a single strand of visual suggestion, he has also tried to make a big-scale, consistently buoyant dance show with roles for all ten members of his company. Another choreographer—Martha Graham, for example—would have stopped at this point and commissioned a score. But Taylor has set the whole thing to a tape consisting of excerpts from Bach and Haydn, selections by the folk guitarist John Fahey, a whole Martinů concerto, and miscellaneous Gottschalk. The music constitutes a third force that determines the way the action will go, and although the appositeness of the accompaniment engages us as much as it did Taylor, he really could have done without this extra set of demands. Taylor has yielded to too many temptations at once; he's looking for the big click. When he has the Puritans landing at Plymouth Rock in their black and gray choir robes to fanfares from Bach's "Easter Oratorio," or when he envisions Noah as a Mississippi riverboat captain in a setting by Gottschalk, it's impossible not to feel his happiness; the stage is filled with the brimming wealth of discovery and the atmosphere is tonic. The sons of Noah and their wives are rebellious layabouts looking for a good time. They become the animals who board the Ark, doing wild scratching and pecking vaudeville-type dances to "Lassus' Trombone," the one non-Gottschalk selection. An admirer of "Cakewalk," I resisted Taylor's inventions for the music he shares with that ballet, but succumbed at the second performance. I've never been able to resist Taylor's big, simple rhythm. (And now he's given me big, simple ideas to go with it.) But he has more fun than I have with his hillbilly Eden, where Adam and Eve and their serpent friend cavort to a bluegrass guitar. Taylor is never unintentionally vulgar; it's just that his dance style and dance manners here are things I don't care for. This trio for a girl and two boys is stronger in context than it was when Taylor presented it as an independent piece last year; as a perfectly equilateral triangle it has noncasuistic implications that are important to the story of "American Genesis." But in the Haydn and Martinů sections one has to grope for the threads of the scenario. Specific symbols and patterns of association fade into arbitrary ones. The music is a trap for Taylor's ambitions, and he never pulls free of it.

"American Genesis" is not at all a hard piece to watch—it's very close to being family entertainment—and the second time I saw it, it was clear that its few ambiguities arose not from the complexity of Taylor's ideas but from the structure of their execution. Taylor doesn't really have anything very profound to say. He's fashioned a spectacle of coloring-book simplicity, all outlines and harmless exaggerations without depth, but such simplicity is difficult to arrive at cleanly. Confusions crop up at those points where two or more elements in Taylor's grand design collide instead of meshing. Sometimes the music dictates the choreography to such an extent that the story hangs while the dance pattern is filled out. Sometimes extraneous characters appear for no reason, one feels, except that certain dancers need roles. And sometimes the



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casting sets up problems of its own. Taylor apparently couldn't resist following the Plymouth Rock scene with a Colonial-era minuet to a Haydn quartet, in which Lilith is introduced to Adam. But we have no way of knowing (unless we've read the program) that Carolyn Adams is Lilith or Greg Reynolds Adam, and because they are both black dancers we may think at first that they're supposed to be slaves. When we consult the program to find out who the other two (white) dancers in the minuet are, we read "Other Adam and Lilith," which simply won't do. Taylor doesn't use his black dancers for their blackness, and he seems deliberately to have avoided turning the Cain-Abel story into the Civil War. Yet the logic of the scenario is such that we expect certain explicit encounters and events to occur; we're compelled to seek links in the action where Taylor provides none. The story of Lilith doesn't develop, and the Cain-Abel story, set to the Martinů concerto, is carried out on too cosmic a scale and in the "wrong" setting—a Western sin city, with dance-hall girls who call up nothing but old de Mille and Loring ballets. Cain murders and murders; Abel (Greg Reynolds again) is borne on repeatedly en cortège. By the time we begin to suspect that Reynolds *is* being used for his blackness, and that it may be the story of American racial warfare in whatever era, the curtain descends. Taylor's intentions are always simpler than you think. If he weren't trying to be so absolutely schematic, his intentions would be easier to follow. But success on his terms means that the piece has to be a tour de force from start to finish (like his "Orbs," which made Beethoven quartets sound like Taylor music), and force is exactly what the piece doesn't have. Taylor seems to have wanted magic instead—the miracle of parts clicking naturally into a coherent whole.

Much of the time, though, the piece does succeed on Taylor's terms; it's a semi-miracle. He keeps the dual conceits building through the piece. Ultimately—shakily—they do add up. The black costume Taylor wears as Lucifer is topped in the first scene by a high Puritan Father hat and a black opera cloak lined in crimson. Taylor's thesis—that Puritanism encompasses good and evil alike—is hardly original, but his costume, which plays with the resemblance between two kinds of high hat and, I think, *is* original, catches that meaning precisely. Opposite himself Taylor has cast tall, straight-backed Bettie deJong as Michael, the

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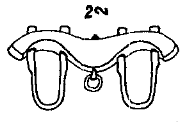

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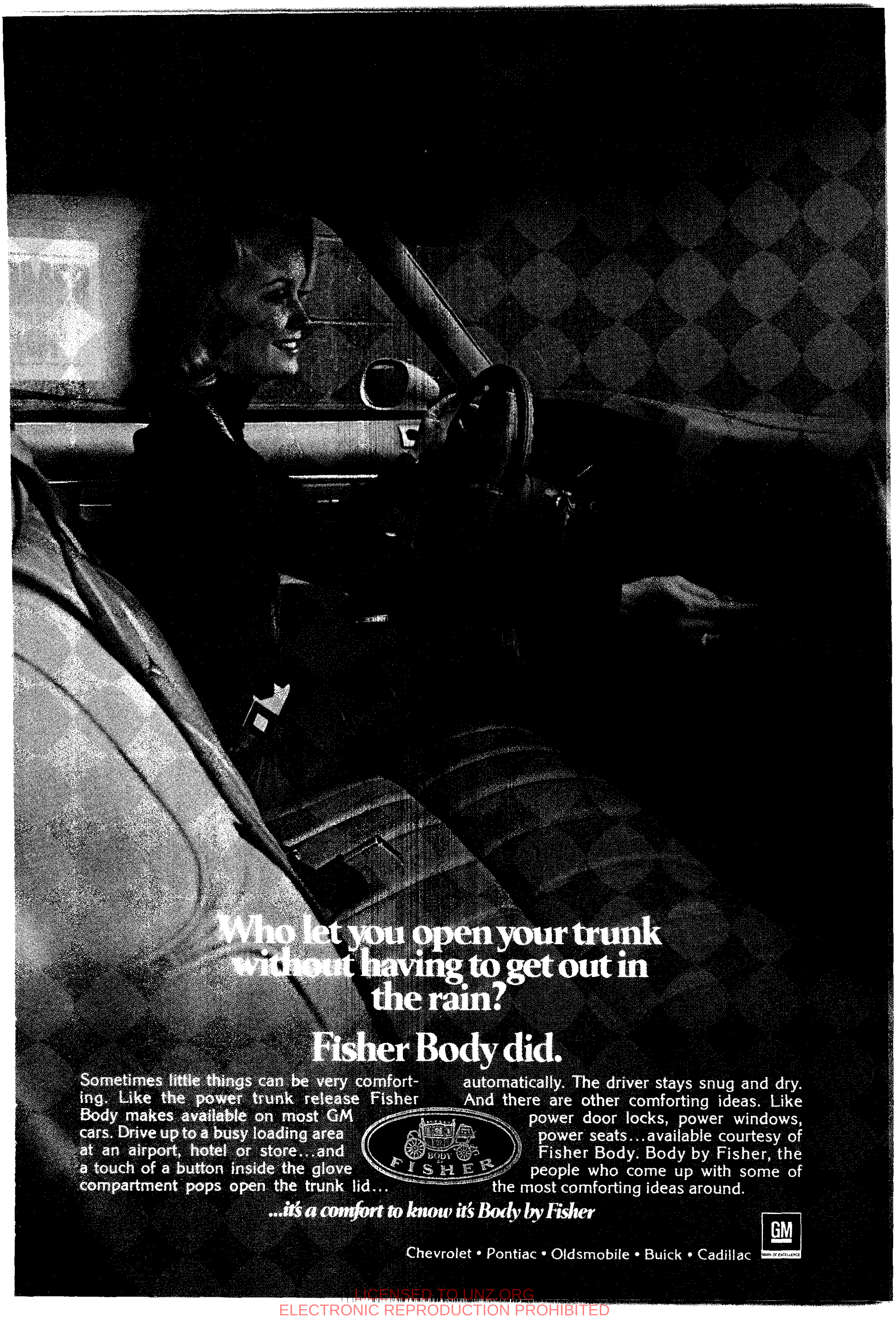

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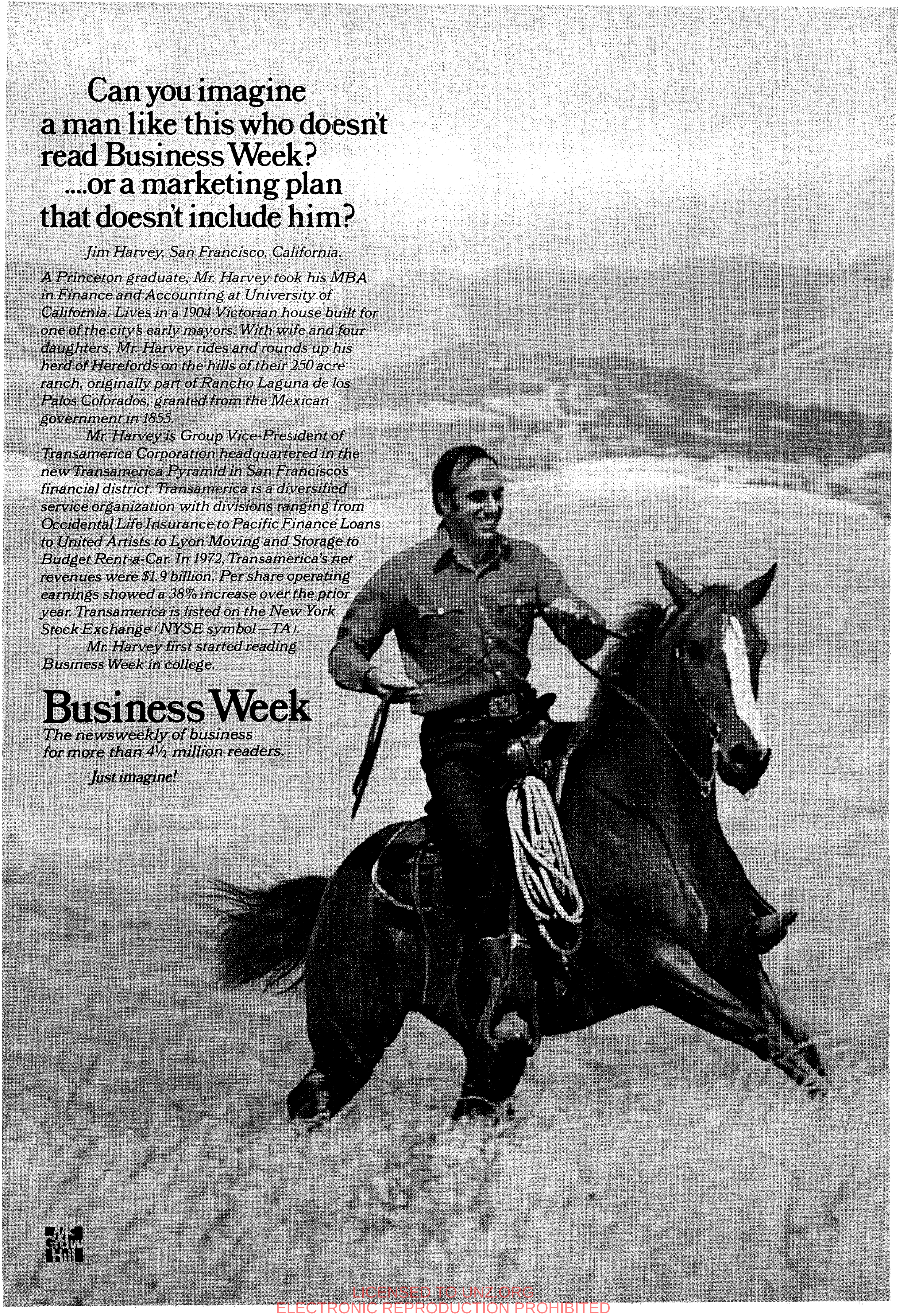

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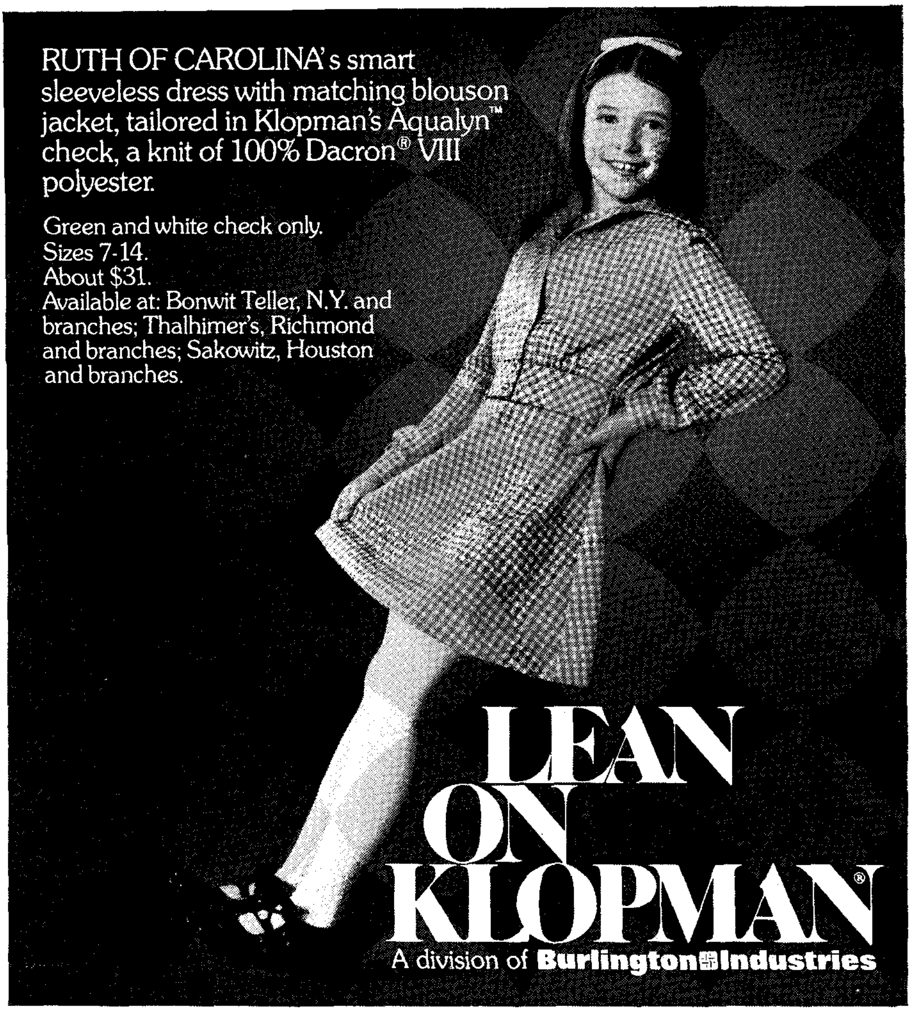
defending angel—another stroke of symbolic counterpoint. I thought it just as appropriate that de Jong scarcely changes her costume in successive eras while Taylor adopts lace ruffles or a satin vest. In the Flood scene, both appear, all shocked rectitude, as the Reverend and Mrs. Noah. For Lucifer and Michael and Gabriel (Eileen Cropley), who flutters through the piece, heralding, reconciling, consoling, there are three props—a pitchfork, a sword, and a clarion—wrapped in tinfoil. The meaning of a fourth prop, also foil-wrapped, isn't disclosed until the end of the Flood, when it turns out to be the olive branch. George Tacit, the designer of the costumes, also provided an all-purpose portable décor—a semicircular construction, painted on one side with a gray-and-silver rainbow à la Frank Stella. In the first scene, it's Plymouth Rock, and also, perhaps, the dawn of a new nation. With its back to the audience, and with Eve straddling its curve, it frames compartments in which Cain and Abel are born, each curled toward the other. Laid flat, the piece becomes a go-go platform for one of Lucifer's solos. And it reappears in a new guise as Noah's barnyard fence, his helm, and—upended—the wheel of his paddleboat. There hasn't been so much fun in the visual design of a dance work since Martha Graham abandoned her intricately functional forms and went decorative.

My chief complaint about the dancing is that there isn't enough of Carolyn Adams, the company's best dancer. Nicholas Gunn, as the Serpent, as Cain, and as a would-be song-and-dance man, has the biggest role, and attacks it hard, with thick-muscled pertinacity. I enjoyed him, but I think he might profitably seek out a few soft tones in his material. DeJong, Reynolds, Cropley, and the rest I liked as much as ever—Taylor, too, although he was so ill with the flu on the opening night that the performance had to be stopped. When I saw him again, he still hadn't recovered. His dancing has always interested me for the way his bulk dwindles as the force of a gesture travels through an arm or a leg, diminishing until the flyaway hand or foot looks as if it were attached to nothing at all. And he is a marvellous actor. He's played the Devil before, but "American Genesis" is a better piece than "Agathe's Tale." It should be seen, and seen twice.

IT has been a fine if somewhat reclusive season for Merce Cunningham and his company, who are now in



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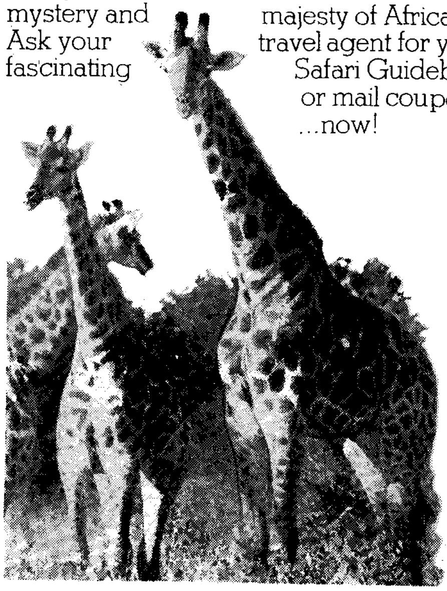

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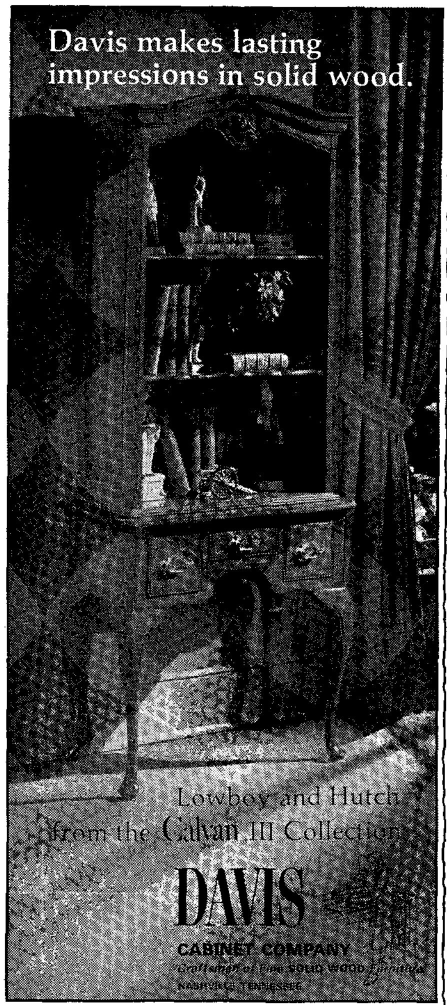

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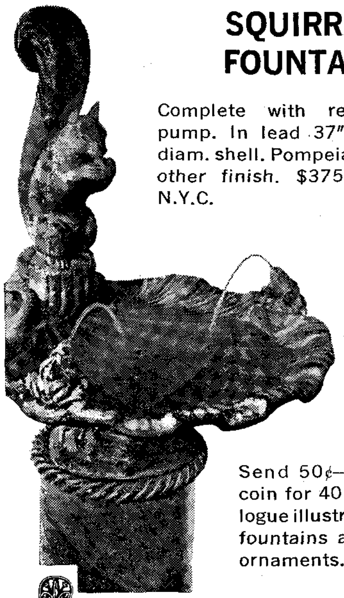

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the midst of a series of performances in New York. The series, which began in February and will continue through late April, constitutes the longest sustained exposure to the work of this great dancer and choreographer that local followers have enjoyed for some time, but, except for a two-day engagement early in March at the Brooklyn Academy and a lecture-demonstration last week at Town Hall, all the performances have been held, on weekends, at the Cunningham studio in Westbeth, which has a seating capacity of about seventy. Reservations are absolutely necessary and early arrival is recommended. The performance generally does not run more than seventy-five minutes, and there are no intermissions. Various sound accompaniments are provided, but, as is the custom with this company, they bear no relation to the dancing. On a Sunday evening recently, John Cage read a deranged version of portions of Thoreau's "Journals," in a voice that sounded like Vincent Price performing in Kabuki. The sound on other evenings has ranged from pleasant to tolerable, and its pitch seldom rises above a murmur. The only aural gaffe I've encountered occurred in the course of the Brooklyn Academy run when, during one of Cunningham's solos, as he strolled about shaking his wrists, a tape of a talk-show conversation about impeachment was played. It made Cunningham appear to be reacting to the remarks.

Cunningham's hands are like chords of music; full articulation flows straight to the electric extremities. He really does seem to have more in his little finger than most dancers have in their bodies. And the diversity and specificity of nuance of which his body is capable, after more than thirty-five years of professional dancing, are amazing. His performing this season has been limited mostly to quiet solos of great tension and delicacy, though I recall vividly one burst of allegro when he danced against the group in a different rhythm. The solo I mentioned is called "Loops;" another is just called "Solo" but is commonly referred to as "the animal solo" because of a passage in which Cunningham seems to turn by degrees into a furry beast. No obviously representational gestures are made. Cunningham seems to get *inside* the animal and reproduce its senses in different states of consciousness. Nor does he lose his humanity; he could be an old man or a dreaming baby.

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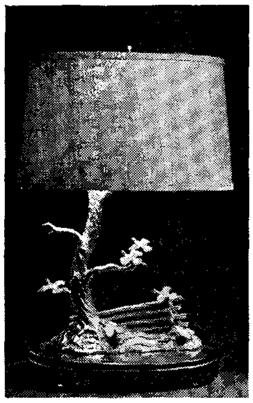

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est seen not in theatres but in big, open ooms. I also prefer it at close range. he Lepercq Space at the Brooklyn cademy is a fine location for a Cun-ingham dance, but there the audience, ated on opposite sides of the dance oor, was often forced to look through ne dance to see another. At the West-eth studio, the audience occupies a arrow margin along one wall, and it's asier to hold on to simultaneous dances hen they're spread out in front of ou. Like the Styrofoam molds that ushion appliances in custom-built acking cases, this grand, spacious oom, its floor an expanse of inviolate aple (visitors must remove shoes be-re entering), its high ceiling hung ith stage lights, its row of windows iving onto a skyline view, seems to ontain the dances in their pristine eauty. "TV Rerun" and "Landrov-r," two of Cunningham's recent orks, had largely escaped me when I rst saw them performed onstage at the cademy. In the studio they were both avishing.

So far, no new works are being pre-ented this season. Instead, Cunning-am puts together sections of some of is recent pieces, changing the order rom week to week. The performances re billed as "Events" and given num-ers. That Sunday was Event No. 95 Event No. 1 took place in Vienna in 964), and it consisted of parts of Canfield," "Changing Steps," "Sig-als," and "Solo." I regret the absence f Robert Morris's lighting design for 'Canfield" and Richard Nelson's for 'Signals," which were among the most eautiful and ingenious of late years, ut even out of the theatre "Canfield" enerates its peculiar nervous force. he force hasn't a chance to collect, as does in the theatre; already we are nto the various duets and small groups f "Changing Steps," performed two r three at a time. The dances are full f odd happenings (and odd steps, a ouple of which seem based on "Gi-elle"). Two girls face to face do a olemn wigwag with squared elbows. girl sits on a boy's back and remains eated as he rolls over. Later, the same irl (Valda Setterfield, who looks like a an Dongen lady) is hilarious trying to nterrupt or join a couple in a maniacal tomping dance. There is a pause as unningham completes "Solo," which e had begun during "Canfield." The lance is made almost wholly of tiny, lightly twitchy movements and still-esses too active to be poses. Lying on is side, he makes one or two pawlike asses around his head, then another. uddenly alert, he stares for a long,

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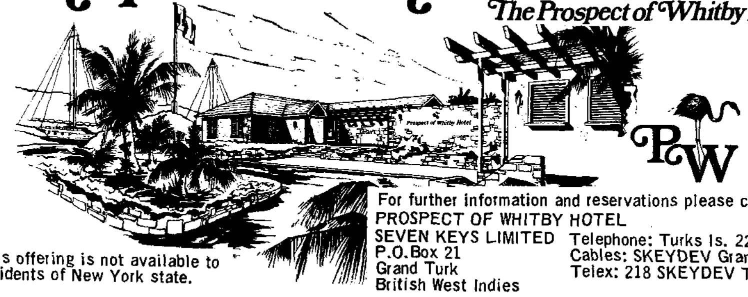
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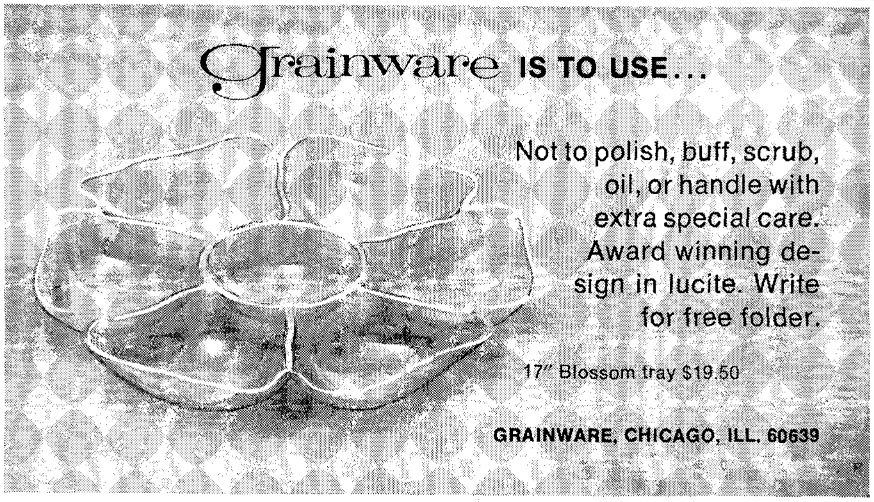
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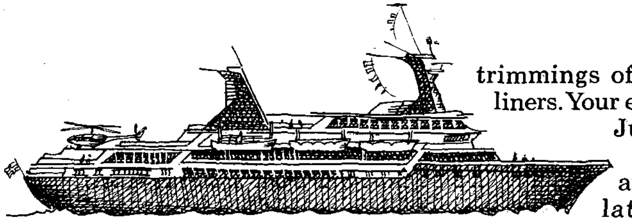

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suspended moment into the forest. The room is in complete silence. Beyond the windows, which rattle in the wind, a helicopter passes.

The mysterious drama of this dance is unique in the Cunningham repertory at the moment. There are often implied situations and relationships in the dances the company does, but none that have a dramatic impact. Incidents aren' stressed; the dancers don't use tha kind of timing. One is entertained solely by the formal values of dancing—by what Cunningham in his Town Hal lecture described as "the passage o movement from moment to moment in a length of time." Those who aren' disposed toward this dry sort of interes probably shouldn't risk a night at Westbeth, but those who get pleasure from the sheer physical act of dancing and from its cultivation by experts will find their pleasure taking an endless variety of forms, and, several times in the course of an evening, they may even be moved to ecstasy.

Cunningham's choreography has no external subject, and as an object i removes itself irrevocably and more swiftly than dancing that is set to music—music is a powerful fixative and memory aid. Although its basic vocabulary comes from classical ballet and its style is more precise than that of mos ballet choreography, the dancing is by classical standards nonsequential. I faces in all directions. It does not draw toward and away from climaxes. A first, it seems to have no markers tha pass the eye smoothly along. But soon the sense of it as a series of growing actions becomes deeply absorbing. Individual dancers begin to fascinate and can be studied like progress charts. The present company includes many new or newish dancers, among them two excellent boys, Chris Komar and Rober Kovich, who are sharply complementary. None of the girls have yet arrived in a class with Susana Hayman-Chaffey, a magnificent dancer, whose look of luscious contentment in impossible positions never fails to astonish me. I is she who consoles me for the loss o Sandra Neels and the irreplaceable Carolyn Brown.

Performers like this, and choreography that attempts to rid dancing of familiarity, dullness, and inertia, antagonize some people. At Town Hall, as we watched the company going through some new virtuosic combinations, an irritated voice called out, "We came here to see dancing. When are you gonna *dance*?" Cunningham has lost none of his power.

—ARLENE CROCE

# LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 23

IT is seen by some as a strength of contemporary liberalism, and by others as a weakness, that it rests on the assumption that human beings are in the main rational and decent, and on the further assumption that men have the capacity to organize themselves into societies that are politically and economically democratic. The confidence inherent in this doctrine, however, is only occasionally encountered in the individual liberal, who sees himself as a beleaguered enemy of an almost universal perversity, and who is given less to enjoying success than to viewing it as a sure prelude to defeat. The last year and a half, for example, has been marked by one liberal triumph after another, and may yet be marked by stripping the archenemy of liberalism, Richard M. Nixon, of all his powers and perquisites. If this comes to pass, it will be a climax that liberals have sought with vigor and resourcefulness not only in this decade but in the three decades before it. But the more the possibility seems likely to be a probability, the more they are fretting over it and entertaining the thought that they and their numerous causes might be better served in the long run if, should it come to a vote in the Senate, Nixon got the thirty-four votes necessary for acquittal.

The liberal reasoning is not wholly unpersuasive. If Nixon should be relieved of his duties, Gerald Ford would be established in the Oval Office and would have things pretty much to himself for almost three years. Ford may lack Nixon's wiliness and what may be described as Nixon's gift for innovation, but he is no political slugabed and knows better than most people how Nixon got himself into such a lamentable fix. Ford might show a flair for digging some pitfalls of his own—he has already dug a few minor ones by seeming at one moment too much in Nixon's pocket and at another a bit premature at dissociating himself from his patron—but they would be for the most part different pitfalls from Nixon's. His assets are far from overwhelming (until he was tapped by Nixon after Spiro Agnew's hasty retreat, no one, with the possible exception of Ford and Mrs. Ford, ever regarded him as eligible for any higher calling than that of a member of the lower house), but in the present peculiar circumstances they seem rather formidable. For one thing, Ford *does* look like the kind of man one could trust in a used-car deal. His manner is straightforward, if not automatically ingratiating, and he has the appearance of a muscular embodiment of the Protestant ethic. As a politician who has been around for quite a while, he would have the native wit to surround himself with men as unlike the Nixon crew as possible. And it is precisely these things that worry the liberals the most. Three years of spotlessly clean government under Ford might very well lead the electorate to ask for four more years of the same, which would mean one more deferment of liberal hopes for social betterment—integrated schools and housing, full employment, millions rather than billions for defense, billions rather than millions for public works and a cleaner environment. The analogy most often drawn is with Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. Coolidge and Hoover had served an Administration with more than its share of scamps, but each was a patently honest and virtuous man, untouched by scandal of any sort and therefore welcomed by the voters in 1924 and 1928. Many liberals dread this kind of outcome and would sooner have a chastened and carefully watched Nixon serve out his term, with Ford in the shadows and denied an opportunity to build a constituency of his own.

This, of course, does not mean that those who would just as soon have Nixon to kick around until 1976 would on that account vote against impeachment or conviction. If guilt beyond a reasonable doubt is established, those who denied or overlooked it when the roll was called would be regarded as accomplices after the fact and would risk being penalized at the polls. From the liberals' point of view, after all, Watergate has been no more than a windfall profit. It didn't take the revelations of the last few months to convince them that Nixon was bad news. As they see it, rifling the files of a Los Angeles psychiatrist is hardly more to be condemned than the proposal to elevate G. Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court, and it makes not the slightest moral difference that one was illegal and the other was not. Nixon has been the liberals' bête noire since the early days of his career in politics, and if he and all his felons had clung to the letter and spirit of the law, his presence in the White House would have still been distasteful to them. None of his recent asseverations have been regarded as any less dishonorable than his attacks on Adlai Stevenson and Dean Acheson in 1952 and his televised speech to the nation that same year in which he smothered under a heavy coating of self-righteousness and bogus humility the revelation that some of his California backers had contributed to a fund of eighteen thousand dollars—penny-ante stuff compared to Watergate—for his personal use. Still, many veteran anti-Nixonians would sooner see him stay on for three more years than turn the office over to Ford and run the risk of having seven more years of Nixonian ideology, or non-ideology. For while Ford would tolerate no more Watergates, he would be at least as reactionary in domestic affairs and less shrewd (though perhaps less abrasive as well) in foreign affairs. Also, by voting against sin many congressional sinners might appear to have cleansed themselves in the process and so might be retained on the payroll.

Until about a week ago, it looked as if the Judiciary Committee would urge impeachment on the House. It was far from certain that the Senate would convict, but there was a strong chance that it would. Since then, the outlook has undergone certain changes. The Republican House members farthest to the right have mounted a campaign against their party colleagues on the Judiciary Committee, charging that they are being led astray by Albert Jenner, the minority counsel, who, they say, is in secret sympathy with the Democrats. The campaign appears to be having an effect, and so has James St. Clair's demand to cross-examine committee witnesses. Even so, the committee's Democratic majority is holding firm, and a recommendation of impeachment still seems reasonably certain. What the Democrats wish to avoid at almost any cost, though, is a strictly partisan division, and it now appears at least possible that this will be

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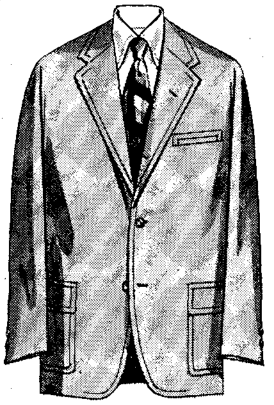

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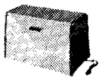

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the outcome. If it looks like a purely Democratic operation, the House as a whole may vote along party lines, with many Southern Democrats aligning themselves with the Republicans. Meanwhile, the outlook in the Senate has also been altered, though in a somewhat different way. When Senator Buckley called for the President's resignation, he found no immediate backers, but it is hardly a secret that many Republicans in the Senate would be gratified if the President could be prevailed upon to follow Buckley's advice, and though some of them may never say so publicly, ways will be found to intensify the pressure on the White House. It is hardly likely that the President will yield, but it is almost a certainty that Buckley's position will embolden some Republicans to cast their votes for conviction if the opportunity ever arises.

Even if impeachment is rejected in the House and no vote is ever taken in the Senate, it may be that things have already gone too far for the Republicans to recover by 1976 under any kind of leadership. The three Republicans who were defeated in congressional elections this year appear to have had nothing to do with recent misdeeds and were simply victims of the widespread displeasure with their party. While it is true as a general proposition that the public has a short memory, Watergate, taken as a whole, is without precedent in American history and has been vastly more damaging than the scandals of the Harding Administration. It is quite conceivable that nothing that Ford and the new team he would recruit could do in three years would restore faith in the Republican Party. (Indeed, it was not faith in Republicanism that accounted for Nixon's reëlection in 1972; rather, evidently, it was lack of confidence in the man and the programs offered by the Democrats, for the huge Nixon victory was accompanied by the election of Democratic majorities in both houses of Congress.) At the moment, it would appear, there are no very strong candidates in either party, with the possible exception of Gerald Ford, who will be in a relatively strong position if he becomes the incumbent and avoids falling on his face between now and 1976. His main opponents would be Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan, both of whom have considerable support and considerable opposition. There is also Senator Charles Percy, for whom support is lukewarm. As for the Democrats, who in recent years have had an abundance of capable and available men in the Senate, they are now suffering from a

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dearth. Adlai E. Stevenson III might be regarded as a contender if he is returned by an overwhelming margin this November. Edward Kennedy is mmensely popular and somewhat more than routinely capable, but he has said that he is unavailable now and that if he changes his mind he will not announce it until next year. Perhaps the ablest of the lot is Senator Henry Jackson, whose mastery of government is unexcelled but whose commitment to American intervention in Vietnam and to huge military budgets makes him unacceptable to millions of Americans, particularly among the young. Senator Walter Mondale, of Minnesota, is attractive, able, and available, but he is low in what campaign professionals call the "recognition factor," and cannot be taken altogether seriously at present, partly on that account. Also, if any one of these men (with the exception of Henry Jackson, who has said he would find George Wallace an acceptable running mate) were selected, Wallace would declare his own candidacy and perhaps make possible the election of a Republican who would have no trouble containing his enthusiasm for civil rights.

There are some observers who think t no longer reasonable to analyze American politics by applying rules and standards that were generally applicable as recently as 1972. The Watergate revelations affect attitudes not only toward the people involved and the party they served but toward the whole society and nearly all its institutions. By no means can all this change be attributed to Watergate, for before (and during) Watergate there was Vietnam, heightened unemployment, an outbreak of assassinations, and any number of other events that bred alienation. The thoroughly alienated, it is pointed out, do not satisfy themselves merely by switching from one party to another but instead decline involvement on any terms, and it may be that the percentage of those voting in the next two or three elections will be the lowest ever. Though the spread of alienation cannot be disputed, or the ugliness of the forces that brought it on, the fact is that counter-tendencies have also been on the rise. The thoroughness of the Watergate investigations is as unprecedented as the events themselves. Consciences have been aroused as they have not been aroused against any domestic evil since slavery. Even in the late sixties, the rebellious young who fought intelligently to topple Lyndon Johnson and win a nomination for Eugene McCarthy were at least as numerous as

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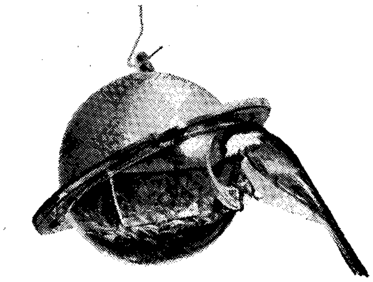

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those who thought they could dramatize their causes merely by defying conventions of dress and speech—and it is now worth noting that the latter have not clung to their mode of defiance with the tenacity of the former, who chose to alter society by altering its institutions. Whether their power is sufficient to gain all their ends is doubtful, but they have been an invigorating and heartening force, and it may even be that their anger provided much of the fuel with which their elders have pursued the Watergate affair to its present stage.

AT the polls, the eligible young are still outnumbered by those whom they think of as no longer young—over thirty seems still to be the benchmark—and Watergate will be the decisive issue only in the event that the economy shows signs of improvement and that war does not threaten. Watergate will surely be an issue whatever else happens or fails to happen, but it will diminish in power if unemployment and high prices remain at their present levels or if the President carries his obsession with "national security" to the extent of trying to save some other obscure piece of territory from Communism with American arms. It is within the Administration's power to avoid military involvement, but it is by no means certain that it can restore health to the domestic economy. The lifting of the Arab oil embargo will have little or no effect on prices and only a marginal effect on unemployment, both of which were unacceptably high long before the energy crisis. The President has yet to find anyone whose domestic views or techniques satisfy him, and the best of the lot, Secretary of the Treasury George Shultz, will soon be seeking employment elsewhere. Taxes are mounting alongside prices, and while the Administration has tinkered with them now and then and the President has proclaimed himself a Keynesian, nothing has availed.

In foreign policy, Nixon has enjoyed his greatest successes to date. He produced neither the "peace" nor the "honor" he promised in Vietnam, but he withdrew American combat troops, and for most Americans that was enough. He established something close to normal relations with China, and he somewhat improved relations with the Soviet Union. American policy seems to have played a large part in bringing at least a temporary end to hostilities between Israel and Egypt, and is said to be doing the same thing in the continuing warfare between Israel and

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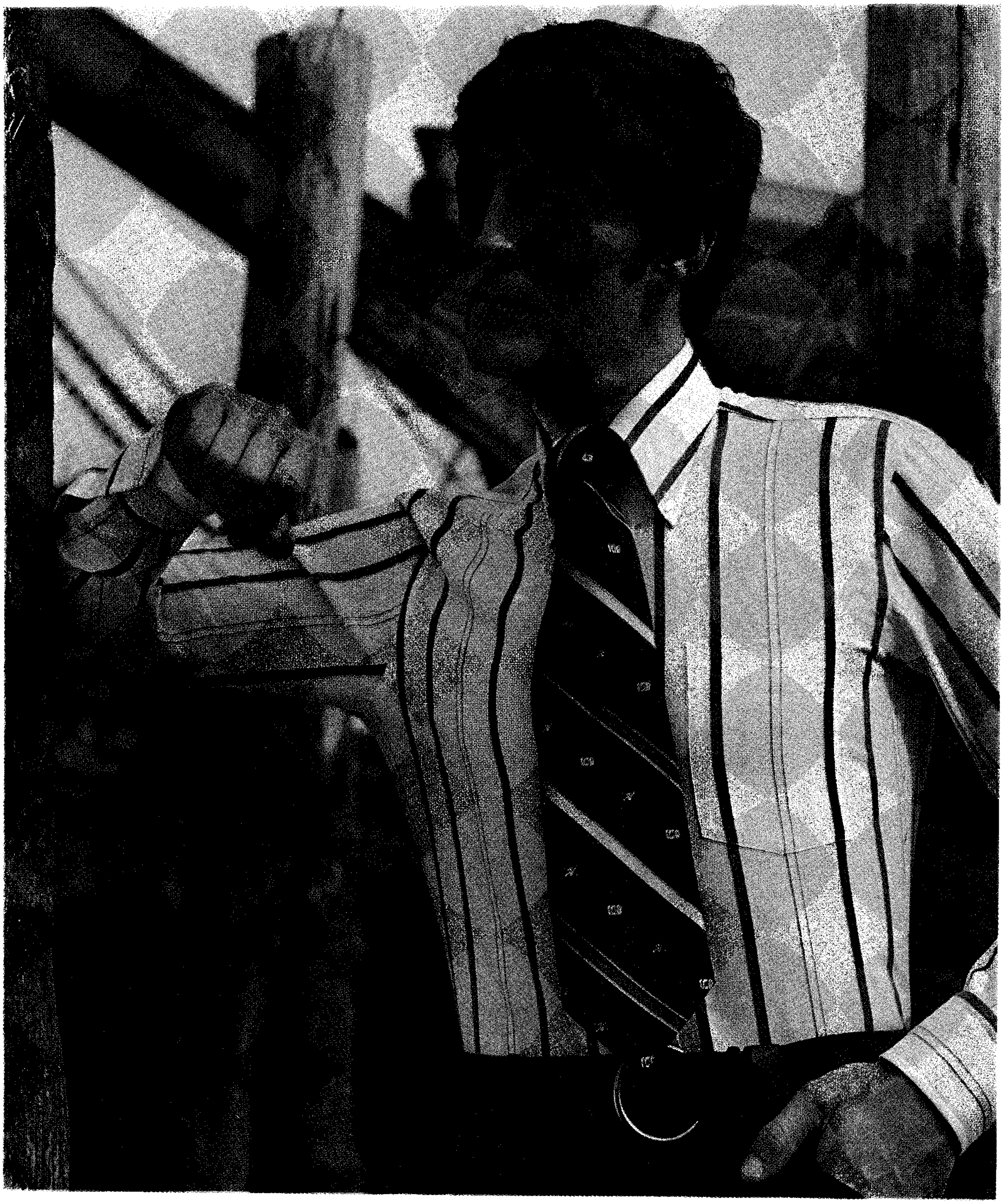

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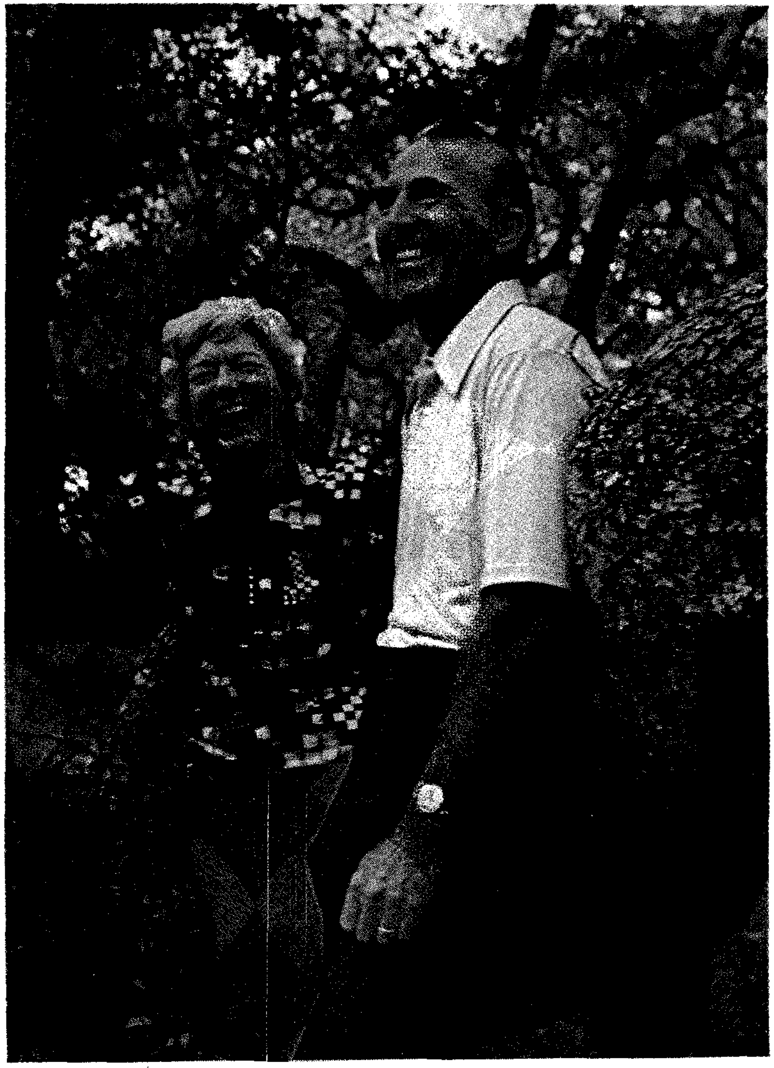

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Syria. It may be that Henry Kissinger's diplomacy was the deciding factor in all this, but since Nixon recruited Kissinger and gave him all the powers he needed, the credit in history goes to the President. While these desirable events were in progress, we paid for them with a worsening of relations in several other parts of the world. The Arab oil embargo, which was intended primarily as a punishment for us, was a disaster for most of our industrialized allies and only a major inconvenience for us. It brought some economies almost to a stop and heightened the rate of inflation almost everywhere—even in countries that were either neutral or pro-Arab. Nixon and Kissinger had hoped for a strengthening of our relations with Western Europe and Japan, but what they have achieved is a heightened bitterness and animosity. We feel, with some justice, that Europe and Japan owe a strong measure of their prosperity to the military security we have provided for so many years at great cost and effort, and the President has not been reluctant to point this out, with a show of considerable annoyance and an implied threat of leaving them to their own devices. It may be a long time before the Western European and Japanese economies—and our own as well—return to the prosperity they knew in the mid-sixties, and unless fossil fuels are replaced by something far less finite, it may be that the prosperity of a decade ago will never return. In either case, little of the responsibility for these developments is to be borne by leaders of this Administration. If there has sometimes been a certain surliness in their manner, it is hardly greater than the surliness of many other leaders. We are all going through a period in which surliness is bound to flourish. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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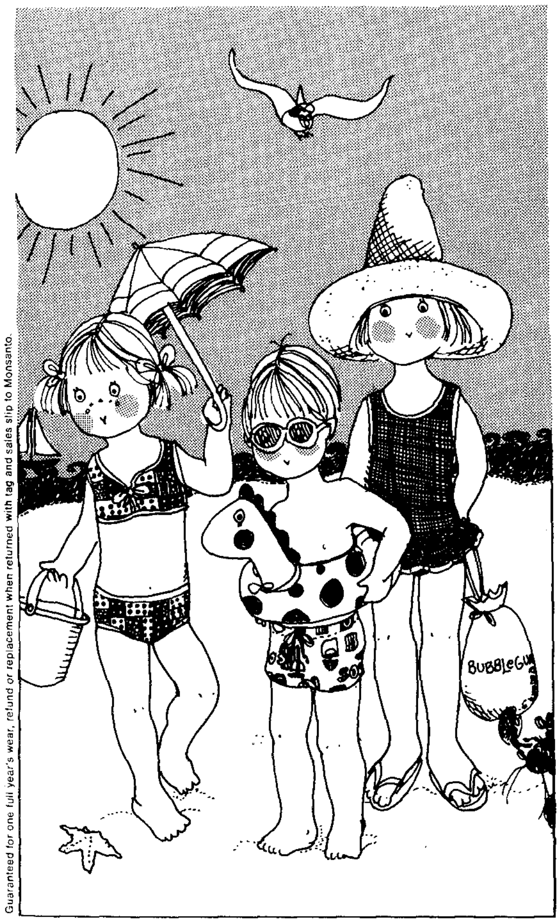

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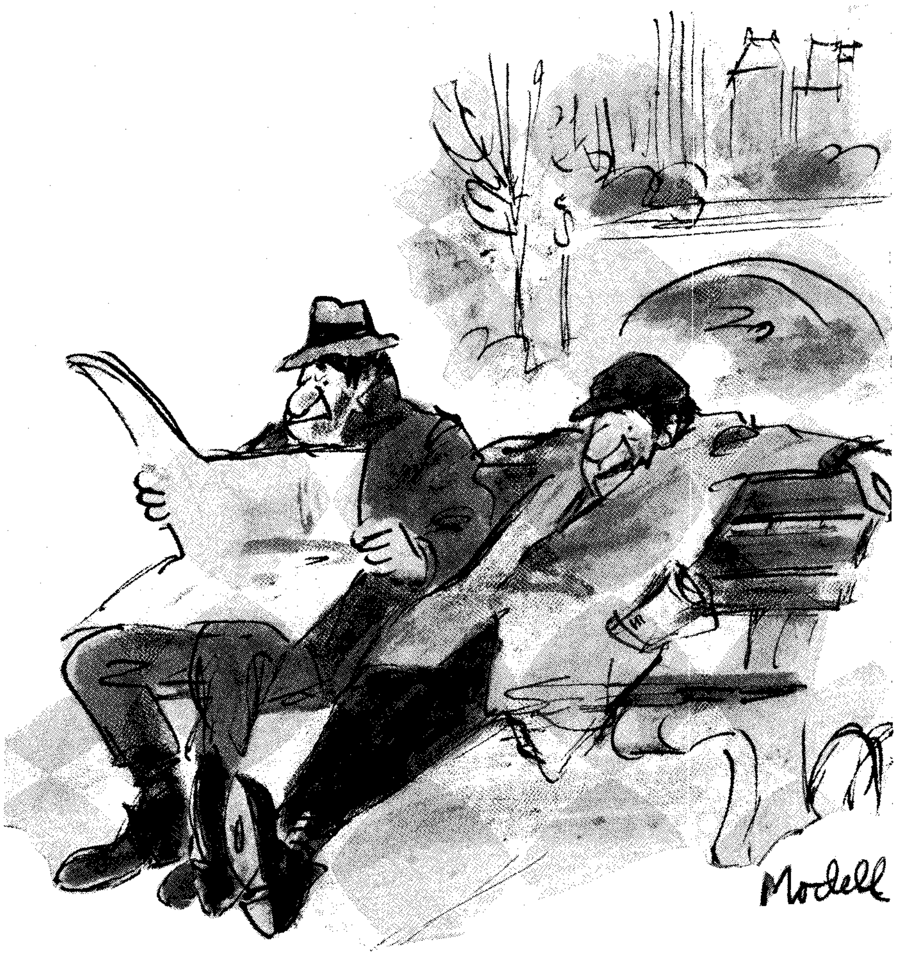
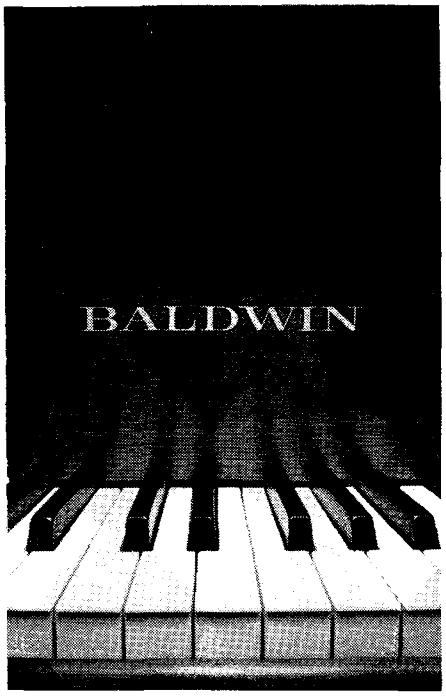
## *World of Its Own*

FERNAND BRAUDEL's "The Mediterranean and the Mediterranean World in the Age of Philip II" (in two volumes, translated by Siân Reynolds, and published by Harper & Row) is a work of almost limitless richness—what its author calls an attempt at "total history." It is about geography, economics, politics, diplomacy, and war; it is about the daily life—agricultural, urban, and maritime—of the rich and the poor; it is gossip and description and anecdote; it is about endings—the ending of the Mediterranean world's domination of Western civilization—and it is about continuities and parallels. In the sixteenth century, the peoples of the Mediterranean cooled off in the summer with what we call "Italian ices;" they got the ice from snowcapped mountains that nearly everywhere surround the sea. Since the Mediterranean littoral is not a bounteous area, its peoples traded far from home for food; Braudel mentions cattle driven from Central Europe—which recalls the Western cattle drives from Texas to Dodge City. In exchange for food (wheat from Poland, say), the Mediterranean world exported such luxuries as silk, and Braudel finds Armenians selling Turkish saffron in Lublin in 1530. American readers who have lately become disenchanted with large cars may be interested to learn that after a century of experiment Mediterranean shippers decided that small ships were more profitable than big ones. Braudel estimates that in the sixteenth century the Mediterranean area was, in terms of travelling time, the size of the whole world in 1939, but even so it was the scene of constant motion, voluntary (trading, war, piracy) and involuntary (expulsions of Jews and Muslims from Christian lands, and shipments of captives to be sold as slaves). Poverty impelled many to move; along with the makings of dessert, those snowcapped mountains produced an excess of hardy, hungry males who offered themselves as warriors—in particular the Albanians, who fought all around the Mediterranean. That explains why the lovers in "Così Fan Tutte" return to test their fiancées' fidelity disguised as Albanians; Albanians were once as common in Naples as German tourists are now. Other people in the book have become characters in opera. Braudel discusses the rise of brigandage in the Mediterranean world; some bands were led by impoverished nobles, such as Verdi's (and Victor Hugo's) Hernani. Hernani's sovereign was Charles V of Spain; his son, Philip II, turns up as a villain in Verdi's "Don Carlo," which is based on a play by Schiller, and Carlos, Philip's defective son, appears in it as a liberal reformer. The Protestant world did (and probably still does) think of Philip II as a villain; his generals (Alva and Parma) fought the Dutch rebels savagely, and Parma might have treated the English as badly if Philip's Armada had not been wrecked. Braudel considers Philip not a villain but an austere, plodding, and unimaginative fellow (something like the penultimate Hapsburg ruler, the Emperor Franz Josef, Philip's remote collateral descendant, who also had a troublesome son, Rudolf). Yet then, as they are now, many people were cruel out of a sense of duty.

The Mediterranean world was not Spain's alone, although Philip's Mediterranean dominions also included the Duchy of Milan and the Kingdoms of Naples and Sicily. Constantinople was the capital of the Ottoman Empire, which ran (at a minimum, then) all the way from Egypt to Hungary, and was the amazement of Europe because it was so much more efficient than anything in Christendom. In Suleiman the Magnificent (who died in 1566), the Turks seem to have had one of history's all-time topnotch rulers. Braudel points out that both Spain and Turkey were great territorial empires in a world of little countries and city-states. The Ottomans, like the Spaniards who started regaining Spain from the Arabs, were rude country warriors who in the course of several centuries tenaciously attacked, and eventually supplanted, city dwellers whose level of civilization was far higher than their own. (Mao's conquest of the city by the country is not a new story, and I doubt that it is a happy one; in the West, at least, the city has been the home of high culture, and civilization, I think, rests on two very fragile bases—high culture and good topsoil.) Though the Spaniards and the Ottomans were rivals, and members of religions that in theory were bound to crusade against each other, and often did, they just as frequently traded with each other and exchanged chivalrous courtesies and cultural traits. And these



"The ones I worry about are all those poor slobs on fixed incomes."



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empires seemed always to be having similar problems. In both, for one example, late in the sixteenth century, the landed nobility staged a comeback, mainly at the expense of the peasants but also at the expense of the central state. In both jurisdictions, the reason was that business was bad everywhere at the end of the century (Elizabeth's parliaments, too, were complaining of economic difficulties), and this made land a better investment than trade. Efficient agriculture requires more capital than peasants have. Neither the King nor the Sultan felt strong enough to repress noble pretensions (as did Louis XIV in the next century), since the civil services—bureaucracy grew immensely in both empires—were not yet ready to manage all the tasks of government, and the sovereigns thought they still needed the nobles.

The glory of those great states, and the glamour of lesser nations that existed in their shadow (such as Venice), finally diminished. The Mediterranean had a long run, from the Pyramids and the Old Testament and the Iliad, and no two historians agree exactly upon when Mediterranean creativity began to wane, but it was noticeable that by the start of the eighteenth century northwestern Europe was richer, militarily more powerful, technologically more advanced, and lengthening its lead. Spain no longer set styles, Italy was a museum, and the Islamic Mediterranean was a backwater. Nothing happened to the gene pool—artistic geniuses continued to appear, and Mustafa Kemal Atatürk was one of this century's great modernizers—but European history moved north.

Death and decay, decline and fall are facts of life, to which human beings have responded with such contradictory admonitions as "carpe diem" and "remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Historians frequently turn to the fact of decline in order to warn or reassure; for example, Spain's decline has been attributed to the expulsion of the Jews in 1492; Braudel points out, however, that Spanish greatness did not start to ebb in 1493. Then there is the theory, popular in Protestant societies, that capitalism was the coming thing, and that Catholics cannot manage capitalism as well as Protestants; considering the genius of Italian bankers, manufacturers, and merchants of this and earlier ages, the notion is implausible. Hugh Trevor-Roper thinks that the growing weight of the Counter-Reformation state—the bureaucracy and the wave of building of churches and other showy public works, about which Braudel

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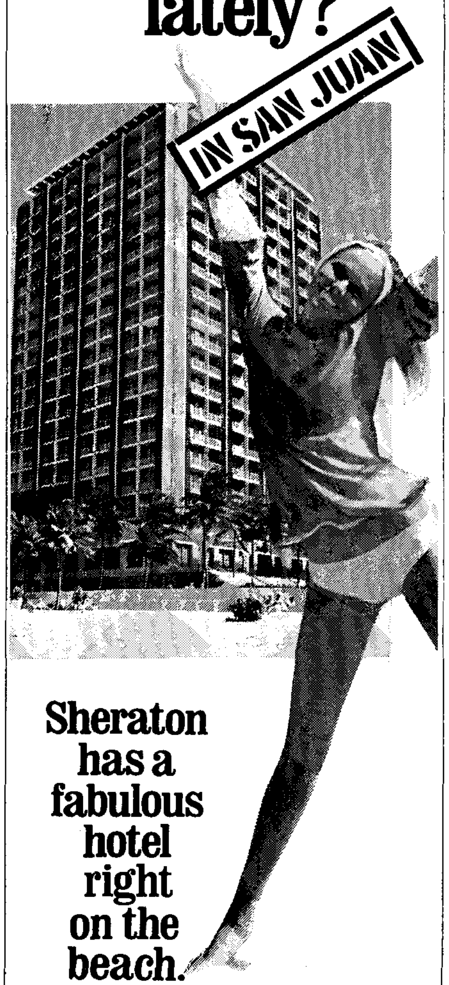

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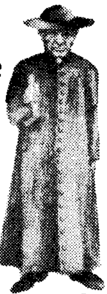

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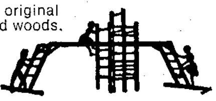

writes—sopped up moneys that would have gone into private investment, but this theory does not account for the decay of the Ottoman Empire, which had a bureaucracy but in which religious intensities never arrived at a Reformation or a Counter-Reformation.

Braudel, however, does not theorize; he describes. Having worked on the book for decades, he can take issue, on the basis of fact, with any high-flying theorist, but he revised the work several times to take account of new historical studies—the history of climate, for example, began to be studied only after the Second World War—and so he appears more tentative than argumentative. What he offers, then, is not answers but approaches. For one thing, he does not say that the cause of anti-Semitism is economic; he merely notes that whenever there is a depression in the Christian world Jews get persecuted. (Islam welcomed Jews as bringers of Western techniques; Jewish refugees set up the first printing press in the Ottoman Empire.) A subject that interests Braudel immensely is the concept of a civilization in space as well as in time, and the survival of certain civilizations even under alien rule. (An instance he gives is "Greekness" surviving the fall of Byzantium in the Greek church under the Turks.) I am not sure I entirely follow all Braudel's thoughts on this subject, but I daresay there is a kind of hard-to-define personality of place that develops and endures. It might be economically sensible, say, for Canada to join the United States, but there is evidently now a Canadian personality that differs from ours, even though probably nobody in either country could state exactly how we differ. Braudel is fascinated by the receptiveness of civilizations—what flora, techniques, objects, ideas, art forms, customs come from elsewhere, and when and how they come, and how they are used. He is also fascinated by what civilizations will *not* receive—what they reject in the process of becoming themselves.

His deepest concern—one that is most difficult for historians and most painful for human beings—is the contrast between, on the one hand, the brevity of human lives and the events (a war, a flood, a drought, a depression) that can be so decisive for individuals, and, on the other hand, the very long periods (centuries, indeed) it takes for societies to develop or to change in any important way. One such change I ponder, as I read Braudel, is that by the sixteenth century war had become, as it has remained ever since, a terrible financial burden upon

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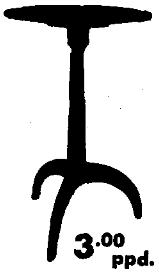

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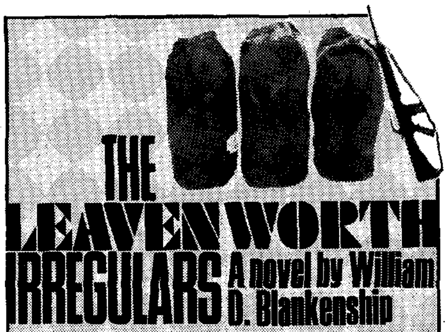

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organized states, though it still could be—as since time out of mind it had been—an extremely profitable form of private enterprise for those who could loot property and take prisoners for sale or ransom. Warmaking ceased to be profitable for anybody only when privateering ended, in the nineteenth century. Braudel's concern with "structure" (the foundation of a civilization) and "conjuncture" (what happens to people) is at once sophisticated and humane. He scants neither. By recalling the gaieties and entertainments as well as the tragedies, the thought and the daring and, above all, the busyness of these long-dead, somewhat different, but recognizable (especially in their orneriness) fellow human beings, Braudel reminds us, though not unkindly, of our own vulnerability.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

WATERSHIP DOWN, by Richard Adams (Macmillan). The rabbit hero of this gracefully written, grandly conceived oddity is a clever and rather noble fellow named Hazel (*sic*), and Watership Down is the name of the promised land that Hazel and a band of nervy bucks flee to and settle down in after a rabbit seer predicts (accurately) that a catastrophe will befall their warren. How the author got from R. M. Lockley's scholarly "The Private Life of the Rabbit" (to which he expresses his indebtedness) to this epic extolling courage, rebelliousness, the beauty of nature, and the democratic way is something of a mystery, but it is certainly a remarkable feat. From their first timorous hops into exile, through their sly maneuverings in the predator-filled woods and swamps, to their final triumphant doe-capturing expedition, which for sheer tactical inventiveness rivals Clausewitz, Mr. Adams' rabbits are fascinating. The book is a sort of Rabbit Odyssey, complete with rabbit myths, heroes, gods, wars, folklore, and, unfortunately, even a rabbit language (Lapine), to which one more or less adjusts after frequent consultations of the glossary. If it were even the slightest bit sentimental, it would all be preposterous—but it isn't. Mr. Adams is such a superb storyteller and nature writer (though his narrative does occasionally get a bit choked up with valerian and creeping toadflax and the like) that he somehow pulls the whole

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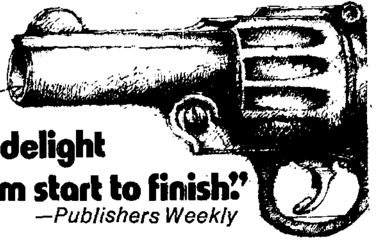

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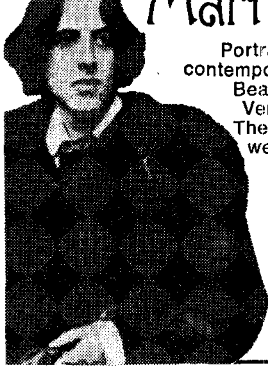

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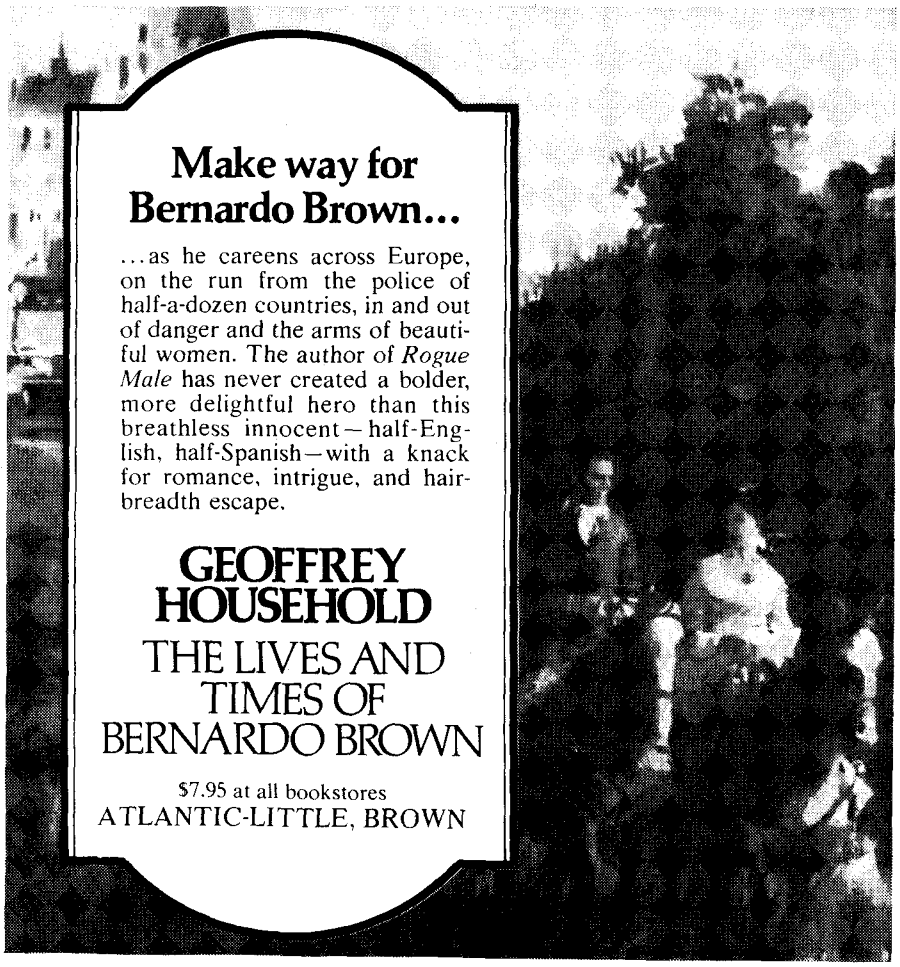
thing off. Those who react enthusiastically to Tolkien or Kenneth Grahame will probably find this book irresistible; those who don't won't.

THE RIVER GETS WIDER, by R. L. Gordon (Crowell). A forthright, elegant, thoroughly enjoyable, and ridiculously old-fashioned morsel about a dashing, ambitious, calculating Canadian Minister of Justice who is tried for murder. The book is presented in the form of written recollections contributed by the Minister's friends, enemies, and relatives, some of whom thought he was the best man in the world, others that he was the worst rogue who ever lived. In the time-honored way of such books, you, the reader, are "in the judge's chair."

### GENERAL

BYRON'S LETTERS AND JOURNALS, Volumes I and II, edited by Leslie A. Marchand (Belknap/Harvard). There have been four important editions of Byron's correspondence: by Thomas Moore, in 1830; by R. E. Prothero, 1898-1901; by John Murray IV, the grandson of Byron's publisher, in 1922; and by Peter Quennell, in 1950. All were in varying degrees bowdlerized, and the manuscripts used by Moore have since disappeared. Mr. Quennell restored some of the passages that Murray deleted, but he, too, in the interest of propriety, gave way to considerations that did not trouble the poet. Professor Marchand has made no deletions whatever. The first two volumes contain five hundred and seventy-three letters out of, the editor estimates, something in the neighborhood of three thousand, and they take Byron through the year 1812, by which time he had swum the Hellespont and become famous overnight with the publication of "Childe Harold" and was the object of Lady Caroline Lamb's appalling attentions. The juvenile letters are elaborately composed and ponderously witty, like those of any clever adolescent. The adult letters are dashed off at top speed, with little concern for anything but the simple truth, and they are irresistible.

THE ANGUISH OF CHANGE, by Louis Harris (Norton). The Harris Survey stands up as well as any of our polling organizations, and Louis Harris, its president, is himself an astute observer of American affairs. In this volume, all of it based on the data he and his colleagues have collected since the middle forties, he



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concludes that the change in American life and thought has been all but revolutionary, and he thinks that a failure to recognize this accounts for the failure of our political leaders to command respect or have much effect on events. Before the last world war, there were a number of institutions and professions—the church, the federal government, education and educators, and so on—that commanded the respect of a majority of Americans. Today, there is not a single one that holds the esteem of fifty per cent. A few decades ago, it was the victims of the system—mainly the poor—whose resentments ran deepest. The slight, but for the most part steady, rise in affluence after the war transformed the poor into the staunchest defenders of the status quo, while the spread of education among those who had become only a bit more affluent (Harris uses five thousand dollars a year or under to define the poor, and fifteen thousand dollars or over to define the well-to-do) has led them to be the harshest and most perceptive critics of the system. Thus, alienation runs deepest among the better-off and makes them welcome radical change in a way that scandalizes those who have yet to achieve economic advances. Mr. Harris's book is a sharp and persuasive estimate of crucial social changes.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

SLAYRIDE, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row). An English jockey employed by a Norwegian stable turns up missing after the last race of the day at the Øvrevoll course (near Oslo), and so does the day's tote. The official investigator for the English Jockey Club is called in. The blood at once begins to flow. This is one of the liveliest, most devious, and most credible of Mr. Francis's thrillers, and also the most novel-like. The setting, which is depicted for us almost subliminally, is an added great pleasure. But it is a pity that Mr. Francis wasn't dissuaded from such a sleazy title.

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KANSAS CITY (AP)—RUMORS OF AN INVASION OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE PRODUCTION BY "MASSIVE" JAPANESE ARE FALSE, THE DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES-JAPAN TRADE COUNCIL SAID TODAY.—*Wire received by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

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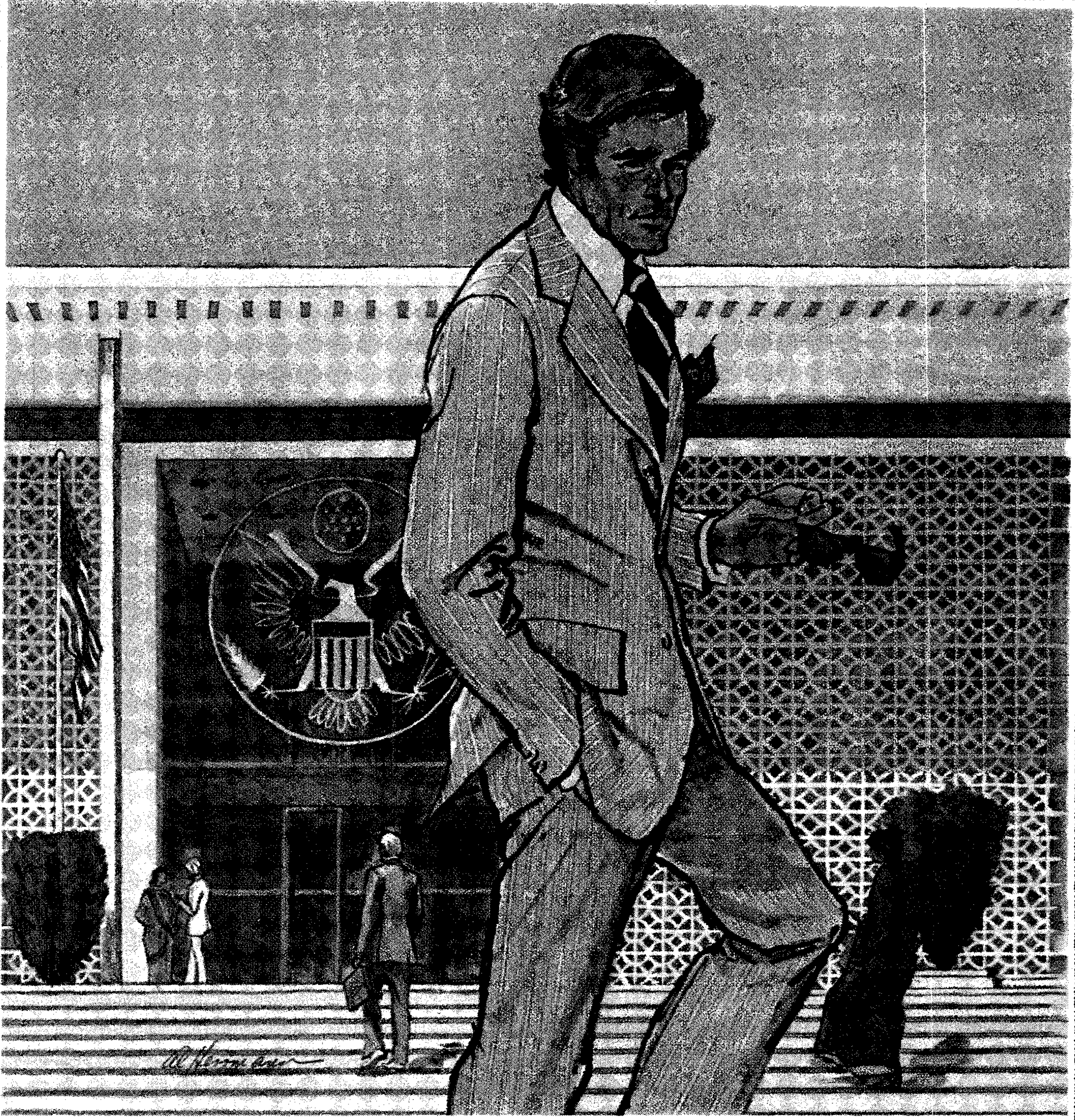

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